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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

VOL. X.

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CONTENTS.

SHORT HYMNS ON SELECT PASSAGES OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

JEREMIAH. PAGE.

Hymns 1272—1366 3

LAMENTATIONS.

Hymns 1367—1379 48

EZEKIEL.

Hymns 1380—1412 52

DANIEL.

Hymns 1413—1430 66

HOSEA.

Hymns 1431—1459 73

JOEL.

Hymns 1460—1467 86

AMOS.

Hymns 1468—1476 89

Digitized by Google

OBADIAH. PAGE.

Hymns 1477—1482 92

JONAH.

Hymns 1483—1490 94

MICAH.

Hymns 1491—1503 96

NAHUM.

Hymns 1504—1507 100

HABAKKUK.

Hymns 1508—1515 102

ZEPHANIAH.

Hymns 1516—1528 104

HAGGAI.

Hymns 1529—1534 109

ZECHARIAH.

Hymns 1535—1585 111

MALACHI.

Hymns 1586—1609 127

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HYMNS ON THE FOUR GOSPELS, AND ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

Including such "SHORT HYMNS" as were Published in 1762.

S. MATTHEW. PAGE.

Hymns 1—779 138

S. MARK.

Hymns 780—913 444

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SHORT HYMNS

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

JEREMIAH.

1272. *My people have committed two evils, &c.*—ii. 13.

1 AH! Lord, with late regret I own,
I have the double evil done,
Forsook the Spring of life and peace,
And toil'd for earthly happiness:
But what in them I sought with pain,
I could not from the creatures gain,
The cisterns which my folly hew'd
They would not hold one drop of good.

2 Now for my double sin I grieve,
Again the broken cisterns leave;
Again I after Thee would go,
And gasp Thy only love to know:
Fountain of true felicity,
Eternal God, spring up in me,
And fill'd with life, and love, and power,
My heart shall never wander more.

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1273. *Hast thou not procured this unto thyself, &c.*—ii. 17.

THE pains I have so long endured,
I have unto myself procured,
Myself I now confess and feel
Sole author of my total ill;
I left my Guide to happiness,
I lost the true internal peace,
Nor can my soul retrieve its rest,
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

1274. *Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, &c.*—ii. 19.

BY my own backslidings I
Terribly reproved have been,
Long, as at the point to die,
Groan'd—and added sin to sin:
Sin's reward in sin I gain,
Left its evil fruits to feel,
Fear, astonishment, and pain,
Late remorse, and present hell.

1275. *Know therefore, and see, that* it is *an evil* thing, *&c.*—ii. 19.

CHASTEN'D thus, O Lord, I know,
By Thy judgments' light I see,
Sin is bitterness of woe,
Hell is to depart from Thee:
When from Thee I would withdraw,
Cast out of my heart Thy fear,
Then the worm began to gnaw,
Then the fire was kindled here.

1276. *For of old time I have broken thy yoke.*—ii. 20.

1 YES, Thou didst my soul release,
(This fills up my guilt and pain,)
From the bands of wickedness,
From my old oppressor's chain!

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Yes, my dear redeeming Lord,
Once I felt Thy gracious power,
Heard the sweet forgiving word
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

2 Never more will I transgress,
Such was then my solemn vow;
Yet I quickly lost Thy grace,
Sliding back I know not how:
Farther still from God I roved,
Sunk in vile idolatry,
Every worldly thing I loved,
Clave to sin, and fled from Thee.

3 After all that I have done,
Favour may I yet obtain?
Wilt Thou own me for Thy son,
Take me to Thy arms again?
Ready to restore my peace
If Thou every moment art,
Now command my sin to cease,
Break, and now renew my heart.

1277. *Can a maid forget her ornaments*, or *a bride, &c.*—ii. 32.

1 A MAID cannot forget her dress,
A bride her ornaments forego,
Yet must we, Lord, with shame confess,
Vainest of all Thy works below,
Call'd by Thy name, Thy people we
Have all our lives forgotten Thee!

2 O might we put Thine image on,
That robe of spotless love receive!
Clothed with the Spirit of Thy Son
We could not then our Father leave,

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Nor couldst Thou from our mind depart,
For ever dwelling in our heart.

1278. *In thy skirts is found the blood of innocents.*—ii. 34.

THE blood of innocents I bear,
Of all to sin enticed by me,
Of souls an hoary murderer!
But lo, I to the city flee,
I plunge me in the fountain pure
Which purges my blood-guiltiness,
And bids me live with God secure,
And bids me die in perfect peace.

1279. *Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, &c.*—iii. 4, 5.

1 YES, from this instant now I will
To my offended Father cry:
My base ingratitude I feel,
Vilest of all Thy children I,
Not worthy to be call'd Thy son,
Yet will I Thee my Father own.

2 Guide of my youth hast Thou not been,
And rescued me from passion's power,
Ten thousand times preserved from sin,
Nor let the greedy gulf devour?
And wilt Thou now Thy wrath retain,
Nor ever love Thy child again?

3 Ah, canst Thou find it in Thy heart
To give me up so long pursued!
Ah, canst Thou finally depart,
And leave Thy creature in his blood!
Leave me out of Thy presence cast,
To perish in my sins at last?

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4 If Thou hast will'd me to return,
If weeping at Thy feet I fall,
The prodigal in justice spurn,
Or pity and forgive me all,
In answer to my Friend above,
In honour of His bleeding love.

1280. *Return, thou backsliding Israel, &c.*—iii. 12, 13.

1 Be it according to Thy word,
Merciful unto all, O Lord,
Be merciful to me:
Avert the wrath I deprecate,
Nor crush me with Thy judgments' weight,
Who would return to Thee.

2 Thy wrath shall not for ever last,
If pain'd at my pollutions pass'd
I groan to be made clean:
And lo, I now with grief confess
My inward parts are wickedness,
And all my life is sin.

3 I have mine idols multiplied,
Before the shrine of wrath and pride
With vile devotion fell;
Follow'd where'er the tempter led,
And by each beastly, devilish deed,
Debased my soul to hell.

4 My heart was harden'd from Thy fear,
Thy warning voice I would not hear,
But cast Thy words behind:
Yet for my Saviour's sake forgive;
And in Thy mercy's arms receive
Our whole apostate kind.

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1281. *Turn, O backsliding children, &c.*—iii. 14, 15.

1 THE promise we for *Israel* plead:
O that the once-belovèd seed
Back to their Lord might come!
Now bid them look on Thee, and mourn;
Where'er dispersed, collect, and turn,
And bring Thy wanderers home.

2 To *Jews* the gospel-faith impart,
And pastors after Thine own heart,
Thine ancient flock to feed
With knowledge of the Crucified,
The God who by their malice died,
And suffer'd in their stead.

1282. *And it shall come to pass, when ye, &c.*—iii. 16.

1 THOU hast, O Lord, Thine *Israel* bless'd,
With *Gentile* proselytes increased;
The ark revered of old
Is now no longer named, or known,
The *Jewish* state and church are gone
Into the Christian fold.

2 Yet still we look for happier days,
When *Adam's* whole backslidden race
Shall be to *Israel* join'd:
Jesus, call forth Thy holy seed,
And haste throughout the earth to spread
The church of all mankind.

1283. *At that time they shall call Jerusalem, &c.*—iii. 17.

1 BUT where Thou didst for ages dwell,
Thy brighter majesty reveal,
And call the land Thine own:
In *Jewry's* land Thy house repair,
Set up the' imperial standard there,
And fix Thy favourite throne.

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2 To *Salem*, as their central place,
Saviour, bring in the ransom'd race,
Thy glorious name to' adore,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
In spirit and truth to worship Thee,
Till time shall be no more.

1284. *In those days the house of Judah shall walk, &c.*—iii. 18.

1 THE mingled tribes where'er they lie,
Distinct to Thine all-seeing eye
They must Thy summons hear:
Hasten the day, when by Thy word
They all to their own land restored
Shall in our sight appear.

2 *Judah* and *Israel's* house incline
In one eternal league to join,
While both to *Canaan* come;
After their long captivity
Bid every soul regain in Thee
Its everlasting home.

1285. *But I said, How shall I put thee among, &c.*—iii. 19.

1 WHO shall explain the mystery?
God asks Himself, how can it be?
Will such an harden'd race
Their stubborn unbelief let go,
Accept the land which I bestow,
And live the sons of grace?

2 Yes; for Thou wilt Thy Son reveal,
The' apostates with Thy Spirit fill,
And take their sins away;
They then shall Abba Father cry,
And Thee through Jesus glorify
In one eternal day.

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1286.

THOU know'st, and Thou, O God, hast shown
The means a rebel to convert:
To make even me a pleasant son,
Thy Spirit breathe into my heart;
My heart He then shall certify
I am a child, with pardon bless'd,
And Thou wilt hear my new-born cry,
And lull me in Thine arms to rest.

1287. *Return, ye backsliding children*, and *I will, &c.*—iii. 22.

1 TURN again, ye faithless race,
Hasten to your Lord's embrace,
I will your backslidings heal,
Pardon on your conscience seal,
Take the sinful bent away,
Sin, and all its relics slay.

2 Lord, we answer to Thy call
Rising from our latest fall;
Thou our God and Saviour art,
Hear Thine echo from our heart,
Lo, we come, to be set free,
For Thyself we come to Thee.

1288. *Truly in vain* is salvation hoped for, *&c.*—iii. 23.

1 MAN may swell with towering hope,
Heap his hills and mountains up,
By his virtuous efforts vain
Holiness he cannot gain,
Cannot to perfection rise,
Save himself, or scale the skies.

2 But if Thou Thyself impart,
Thou our whole Salvation art,

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Feel Thy saints of Thee possess'd,
Full Perfection—in their breast,
All our grace laid up we see,
All our heaven enjoy in Thee.

1289. *If thou wilt return, return.*—iv. 1.

I WILL, through grace I will;
I do return to Thee:
Take, empty it, O Lord, and fill
My heart with purity:
For power I feebly pray;
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd to day,
And I shall sin no more.

1290. *O Jerusalem, wash thine heart, &c.*—iv. 14.

I CANNOT wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood to' impart
The spotless purity:
While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow,
Now Thine all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

1291. *Wash thine heart, that thou mayest be saved, &c.*—iv. 14.

1 FAIN would I wash my soul from sin,
In Jesu's wounded side,
From all the lusts that lodge within,
The spawn of self and pride.
I would be clean, Thou know'st I would,
Before I hence depart,
And feel the sprinkling of that blood
Which purifies the heart.

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2 But what Thou didst for sinners shed,
Thou only canst apply,
And purge whom Thy own hands have made,
From crimes of deepest dye.
Thou wilt blot out the' engrafted stain,
My nature's filthiness;
Nor let one evil thought remain,
To violate my peace.

3 Enabled by Thy word, I rise
And wash my sins away;
Strong in the life Thy death supplies
I for salvation pray.
I pray, believing that Thy blood
Its full effect may have,
And bring me sanctified to God,
And to perfection save.

4 Selfish and vain desires in me
Shall never more reside,
When Thou, with all Thy purity,
Dost in my heart abide.
Thy uttermost salvation then
I in Thy presence prove;
The crown of righteousness obtain,
The heights and depths of love.

1292.

1 WASH my own heart! It cannot be,
Unless by coming unto Thee
The' atoning Lamb of God,
Unless Thou help me to draw nigh,
And purge my crimes of deepest dye
In Thy all-cleansing blood.

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2 Thy blood can save from inbred sin
And make my leprous nature clean:
If Thou Thy Spirit impart,
Anger, concupiscence, and pride
Shall never with Thy Spirit reside,
Or lodge within my heart.

3 No evil thought shall there remain,
Pass through Thy temple, or profane
The place of Thy abode,
(Where all Thy glory is reveal'd,)
With the majestic presence fill'd
Of an indwelling God.

4 Come then, O Lord, into my heart,
That sin for ever may depart,
With every low desire;
That on the wings of faith and love
I may to those bless'd realms above
In every thought aspire.

5 O could I now in garments white
Ascend, and greet the sons of light
Who through Thy cross o'ercame,
Thy dazzling face with transport see,
And sing through all eternity
Salvation to the Lamb!

1293. *How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge, &c,*—iv. 14.

BREATHE into this foul heart of mine,
Fill'd with purity Divine
I then, O Lord, shall be,
And not a single thought unclean,
And not the least remains of sin
Shall ever lodge in me.

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1294. *Be thou instructed,* [Heb. *corrected,*] *&c.*—vi. 8.

FATHER, I will, I do repent,
Humbly accept my punishment;
Ah, do not Thou the sinner leave,
Who chastening at Thy hands receive:
Instructed by Thy rod, I mourn,
Till Thou in pardoning love return,
And take the cause of grief away,
And with my soul for ever stay.

1295. *They have healed the hurt* of the daughter, *&c.*—vi. 14.

1 PHYSICIANS of no price are they
Thy people's hurt who slightly heal,
Who bid us Thy commands obey
Before Thy pardoning grace we feel,
Before we feel our soul's disease,
Who wrap us up in worldly peace.

2 No peace is for the wicked found;
We all are wickedness within,
Till Thou search out our spirit's wound,
And pour the balm of *Gilead* in,
The joy and love, the oil and wine,
And heal our souls with blood Divine.

1296. 1 AH, simple souls, who fondly dream
Of instantaneous holiness!
Though pride and self extinguish'd seem,
While all within is joy and peace,
Ye soon shall own, with shame compell'd,
The' original wound was slightly heal'd.

2 It cannot heal your sloth, to say
"Ye need not suffer *first*, or grieve,
Ye need not fight *so long*, or pray,
But now, ye novices believe,*

* Compare Note on vol. ix., p. 393; also Wesley's Works, vol. vii., pp. 51–54; vol. xii., pp. 123, 259.

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But now the crown of victory seize,
But now be perfect—if you please!"

3 It cannot heal your pride, to praise,
And part you from the grovelling crowd,
To set you up for fools to gaze
At the strange miniatures of God,
Sinners transform'd by fancy's power
To saints, and perfect in an hour!

4 Rather a thousand-fold increase
Your flatter'd vanity obtains,
While in perfection's glorious dress
The self-exalting nature reigns,
And all your grace so highly prized
Is only *Antichrist disguised!*

1297. *Stand ye in the ways, and see, &c.*—vi. 16.

1 STAND we in the good old way,
Who Christ by faith receive,
Heartily we must obey,
If truly we believe:
Other way can none declare
Than this from which we ne'er will move:
Saved by grace through faith we are,
Through faith that works by love.

2 Walking in this heavenly path
By saints and martyrs trod,
Freely justified by faith,
We now have peace with God;
Peace, unutterable peace!
The faithful *feel* it in their breast,
Then the rest of holiness,
And then the glorious rest!

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1298. *Trust ye not in lying words, saying, &c.*—vii. 4.

1 THE men who slight Thy faithful word
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside!
The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.

2 The temple of the Lord—they pull
Thy living temples down,
And cast out every gracious soul
That trembles at Thy frown:
The church—they from their pale expel
Whom Thou hast here forgiven;
And all the synagogue of hell
Are the sole heirs of heaven!

3 O wouldst Thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief,
The world, the *Christian* world, convince
Of damning unbelief;
The formalists confound, convert,
And to Thy people join,
And break, and fill the broken heart
With confidence Divine!

1299. *Lo, they have rejected the word, &c.*—viii. 9.

WHAT wisdom can in sinners dwell
Who care for neither heaven nor hell,
Refuse their Saviour to embrace,
And scoff the word of truth and grace?

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Howe'er the world their prudence prize,
Unto their own damnation wise,
Their folly they too late shall know,
When mock'd by all the fiends below.

1300. *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, &c.*—viii. 20.

1 THE harvest of my joys is pass'd,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet am I unredeem'd at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead,
If on the margin of the grave
Thou canst not in a moment save.

2 Destroy me not by Thy delay,
Delay is endless death to me:
But the last moment of my day
Is as a thousand years to Thee:
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me Thy salvation now!

1301.

1 THE summer of my youth is pass'd,
The winter of old age is here;
Yet, O my God, unsaved at last,
Unchanged, unholy I appear:
I am not in Thine image found,
A mere, mere helpless sinner I,
A wretched cumberer of the ground,
Not fit to live, not fit to die.

2 Mercy as with my latest breath,
Mercy in Jesus I implore,
My Ransomer from sin and death,
Spirit of life, and love, and power.

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Enter this desperate, dying heart,
A saint out of a sinner bring,
And saved, I then in peace depart,
And Jesu's praise for ever sing.

1302. Is there *no balm in Gilead?*—viii. 22.

YES, there is, there is, my God,
Balm, abundant balm in Thee,
Rivers of atoning blood,
Streams of living purity!
Pour the blood upon my soul,
Plunge me in the cleansing wave,
Close my wounds, and make me whole,
Show forth all Thy skill to save.

1303. *Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes, &c.*—ix. 1.

1 I WANT the weeping prophet's heart:
O might my Lord to me impart
That bleeding sympathy!
On me, Thou Man of Griefs, bestow
The spring of tears, the depth of woe,
The love that was in Thee.

2 I would our desolate *Sion* mourn
By vile intestine vipers torn,
By endless tempests toss'd,
A *Babel* of religious strife,
Buried in forms, whose power and life
Of godliness is lost.

3 Or if Thou hast a few restored,
Yet strangers to their bleeding Lord
The multitude remain,
Dead to a God they never knew,
People, and priests, and princes too
Are number'd with the slain.

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4 For these I would in secret grieve,
Their burden all day long receive,
For these incessant pray,
And many a mournful vigil keep,
Water my couch with tears, and weep
My pensive life away.

5 Only regard my dying cries,
And bid the ruin'd Church arise
Which more than life I love,
Call all her sons out of their grave,
And *this* whole house of *Israel* save
To sing Thy praise above.

1304. *Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place.*—ix. 2.

1 O THAT I could the desert find
Sequester'd from the faithless kind,
Forgotten and unknown
To earth's remotest corner flee,
And hid in calm obscurity,
Converse with God alone.

2 Lend me Thy wings, celestial Dove,
From earthly objects to remove,
Shut out the world of care,
Banish the creature from my sight,
And let me find my whole delight
In musing and in prayer.

3 But O! in vain the world I shun,
If out of sin I cannot run,
Or from myself depart,
If 'scaped from all external woe,
I carry still where'er I go,
The troubles in my heart.

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4 This inbred enemy to rest,
That harasses my wretched breast,
Who shall expel him hence?
Answer, O Lord, by entering in,
Chase from my heart the man of sin,
Divine Omnipotence!

5 When all my unbelief is gone,
Then shall I dwell secure, alone
With Him that fills the skies;
Whose presence makes the secret place,
And opens in the wilderness
A constant paradise.

6 Come, Jesus, now Thy foe to' exclude,
Into the sacred solitude
My Spirit now receive;
And present in my happy breast,
My perfect peace, my heavenly rest,
My life eternal live.

1305. *Let not the wise* man *glory in his wisdom, &c.*—ix. 23.

1 LET not the wise his wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in his might,
The rich in flattering riches trust
Which take their everlasting flight;
The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man,
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust, he turns to dust again!

2 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth His blood apply,
I glory in His sprinkled blood.

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The Lord my righteousness I praise,
I triumph in the love Divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ, through endless ages mine.

1306. *O Lord, correct me, but with judgment, &c.*—x. 24.

FATHER, if Thou must reprove
For all that I have done,
Not in anger, but in love
Chastise Thine humbled son;
Use the rod, and not the sword,
Correct with kind severity,
Bring me not to nothing, Lord,
But bring me home to Thee.

1307. *Pour out Thy fury upon the families, &c.*—x. 25.

1 TREMBLE, ye families profane,
Where the great God is not adored,
Who take the name of Christ in vain,
But do not invocate your Lord;
Regardless of His smile or frown,
Ye pull His heaviest judgments down.

2 Before the threaten'd curse takes place,
And sweeps your prayerless souls to hell,
Daily unite to' implore His grace,
Invite Him in your tents to dwell,
Let every house His worship show,
And every heart His presence know.

1308. *Give glory to the Lord your God, &c.*—xiii. 16.

1 GIVE glory to your God and Lord,
By casting all your sins away,
Warn'd by His Spirit and His word,
Sinners, repent, believe, obey,

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Before He chase you from His sight,
And cover with *Egyptian* night.

2 Before ye lose your stumbling feet,
And on the dreary mountains fall,
Shrink from the dark unfathom'd pit,
On Jesu's name for mercy call,
Snatch, save us from the gulf beneath,
The horrors of eternal death.

1309. *Can the Ethiopian change his skin, &c.*—xiii. 23.

CAN the *Ethiop* change his skin?
His spots the leopard lose?
Can a soul inured to sin
The paths of virtue choose?
Yes, my kind almighty Lord,
At Thy transforming word they may;
I at Thy transforming word
Repent, believe, obey.

1310.

1 CAN the dark *Ethiop* change his skin,
Leopard without his spots appear?
Then I from old habitual sin,
May live redeem'd, and blameless here
May do my Saviour's utmost will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

2 To sense and pride by nature prone,
In sense and pride by custom bred,
Beneath the double chain I groan,
And never, never can be freed,
Unless I find the liberty
In blood Divine pour'd out for me.

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3 That blood the mighty deed can do,
  Can nature unto grace convert,
Obliterate sins of deepest hue,
  Change the foul colour of my heart,
From darkness turn me into light,
And wash the swarthy *Ethiop* white.

4 Soon as that efficacious blood
  Applied by living faith I feel,
I feel my heart and life renew'd,
  Wrought is the thing impossible;
Effaced are all my inbred stains,
And not one spot of sin remains.

1311. *Wilt thou not be made clean?*—xiii. 27.

No: I would not hitherto
  With my uncleanness part,
Still complain'd of sin, nor knew
  I hugg'd it in my heart;
I Thine hallowing will withstood:
Thou wast ready long ago;
  Waitest now to' apply Thy blood,
  And wash me white as snow.

1312.

When I use the proffer'd power,
  And to the Fountain fly,
Thou wilt in that self-same hour
  Forgive, and sanctify;
Partly sanctify me then;
And if I at Thy cross abide,
  Wash my inmost nature clean,
  And take me to Thy side.

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1313. *When* shall it *once* be?—xiii. 27.

Now, even now, I yield, I yield
With all my sins to part;
Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
And purify my heart,
Purge this love of sin away,
Then I into nothing fall,
Then I see the perfect day,
And Christ is all in all.

1314. *O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof, &c.*—xiv. 8, 9.

1 HOPE of Thy church and Saviour, hear!
In all our pass'd distresses near,
In all our faith's decays,
Why shouldst Thou at a distance stand,
Now as a stranger in the land,
And hide Thine angry face?

2 Or if Thy people to revive,
Thy Spirit doth for a season strive,
And visit us in love,
Why dost Thou vanish from our sight,
A guest that tarrieth but a night,
Impatient to remove?

3 Canst Thou at sin astonish'd be,
At *Israel's* incredulity,
And not know what to do?
Why should Omnipotence give place,
Or cease its miracles of grace
In such a land to show?

4 Yet in the midst of us Thou art,
Thou dost in many an humble heart
Thy gracious sway maintain,

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Our candlestick is not removed ;
Thy name is still by those approved
Who bear Thy name in vain.

5 Thee in our creeds we still confess,
Hold fast our form of godliness,
And search Thy written word :
Ah ! do not, Lord, our nation leave,
Till with Thy Spirit we receive
A power to call Thee Lord.

6 Confirm in our degenerate days
And perfect Thine own work of grace
But now again begun,
Still with our favour'd nation stay,
Till every island flee away
Before Thine azure throne.

1315. *I am weary with repenting.*—xv. 6.

1 DREADFUL soul-o'erwhelming word !
Have we wearied out the Lord ?
Can the God of mercy be
Weary of forgiving me ?
Are His last compassions spent,
Will He never more repent,
Never more my sins pass by,
Leave me to sin on, and die ?

2 Justly may'st Thou give me up
Dying without peace or hope,
Righteous is my God, if Thou
Finally forsake me now :
But if He, the sinners' Friend,
He, whose mercies never end,
Prays that I may turn and live,
Father, Thou must still forgive !

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1316. *Why is my pain perpetual, and my wound, &c.*—xv. 18.

1 AH! why am I left to complain
In gloomy despair of relief?
No end of oppression and pain,
No respite, or ease of my grief!
To soothe my incurable wound
No friendly physician I see;
No balm is in *Gilead* found,
No promise of mercy for me.

2 In vain for redemption I look;
My hope in a Saviour unknown,
It passes away like a brook
Dried up in a moment and gone!
But God cannot finally fail;
The Fountain of life from above
Shall rise in the depth of the vale,
Shall flow with a current of love.

1317. *The heart* is *desperately wicked.*—xvii. 9.

NOT all the mortal sons of grace,
Not all the angels can
Correct his desperate wickedness,
Or mend the heart of man:
But Jesus in the perfect day
Creating power shall show,
Take the old heart of sin away,
And dwell within the new.

1318. *Who can know it? I the Lord.*—xvii. 9, 10.

WITH man this is impossible,
Himself aright to know,
God only can the depths reveal
Of our infernal woe:

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Thou dost in purity delight,
Most holy, Lord, Thou art,
And yet Thou bear'st that hideous sight,
A naked, human heart.*

1319.

OMNISCIENT God, to man declare
His heart unsearchable,
And show us, as our souls can bear,
A glimpse of our own hell,
That glad out of our souls to run,
And take the blessing given,
We in Thy manifested Son
May find our present heaven.

1320. *The heart* is *deceitful above all* things.—xvii. 9.

1 How often, Lord, have I believed
Myself instead of Thee,
Ten thousand, thousand times deceived
By my credulity!
In every victory of grace
I thought the conflict o'er,
So strong my hill of holiness,
I can be moved no more.

2 But oh, how desperately proud
My wretched heart unknown,
Which told me "I am fill'd with God,
And all the work is done!"
It whisper'd, "I am saved from sin,
And need no farther care,
If now I feel it not within,
It is no longer there."

3 Yet surely, Lord, I may expect
Thy promises fulfill'd,

* Compare Young's "Night Thoughts," Night iii., l. 227.

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Thine image stamp'd on Thine elect,
Thy truth and mercy seal'd:
Thou wilt in that appointed day
Thy Spirit's might employ,
Thrust out the foe, its relics slay,
And finally destroy.

4 Thy sanctifying word is sure;
Thy word concerning *me*
Shall make me free indeed, and pure
From all iniquity.
Then shall my heart no more deceive,
While by my Saviour known,
Whate'er I am to Thee I leave,
And trust to Thee alone.

1321. *Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed.*—xvii. 14.

If Thou Thy healing power exert,
Before my soul and body part,
My soul to health restored
Shall happy in Thy favour live,
And perfected in love retrieve
The image of its Lord.

1322.

Physician of the fallen race,
Apply the medicine of Thy grace,
And while my heart believes Thy word
Raised from the death of sin I live,
Complete salvation I receive,
To perfect health, and love, and holiness restored.

1323. *Save me, and I shall be saved.*—xvii. 14.

Good Lord, for Thy own goodness sake,
The sin out of my nature take,
And cleansed from all impurity,

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And still besprinkled with Thy blood,
In real holiness renew'd
My soul shall humbly rise, a temple meet for Thee.

1324.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy balmy grace impart,
Physician of the sin-sick heart;
Thou only canst its plague remove,
And heal me by Thy precious love.
A sinner, at the point to die,
I live, if Thou Thy blood apply;
To perfect sanity restored,
And one with my almighty Lord.

2 That health of soul I gasp to know,
Which only Jesus can bestow:
Jesus, Thy sovereign skill display,
And take this seed of sin away;
The' original infirmity,
O were it now expell'd by Thee
Who didst my every pain endure,
And die Thyself to' effect my cure.

3 The world with feeble saints agree,
In vain to urge, "It cannot be!
Sin must remain, howe'er expell'd
And heal'd; ye never will be heal'd!"
I trust my kind Physician's skill,
And saved according to Thy will
Shall live, a saint in love complete,
Shall die, a sinner at Thy feet.

1325.

1 HEAL me, O gracious Lord, for well
Thou know'st myself I cannot heal,
All sin and weakness I:

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But I shall be to health restored,
If Thou pronounce the sovereign word,
If Thou the balm apply.

2 Save, for myself I cannot save,
Thou know'st in me no help I have,
No tendency to good.
But if Thou my salvation art,
I shall be pure in life and heart,
And after God renew'd.

3 God over all, Thy power I own,
Thine energy of grace make known,
Thy love in me reveal;
Then shall I joyfully proclaim,
Jesus, Thy wonder-working name
Omnipotent to heal.

4 Then shall I my Physician praise,
Extol the God of pardoning grace,
Of peerless purity,
A monument of Thy saving love,
The truth of Thy perfection prove,
And live and die like Thee.

1326. *Behold, the days come, that I will raise, &c.*—xxiii. 5.

EARTH rejoice, the Lord hath raised
His own incarnate Son,
On the throne of *David* placed,
And on His heavenly throne,
Righteous Branch of *Jesse's* stem
Righteousness He doth maintain,
King of saints, He reigns in them,
And shall for ever reign.

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1327. *In His days Judah shall be saved, &c.*—xxiii. 6.

1 JUDAH now, the land of praise,
Is with His Spirit fill'd,
Inward *Jews*, the sons of grace,
Enjoy their pardon seal'd,
Long as Jesus rules the sky,
His people shall in safety dwell,
All the strength of sin defy,
And all the powers of hell.

2 Him in every age the same
We joyfully confess,
Justly glory in His name
The Lord our Righteousness!
Ours in righteousness bestow'd,
Ours in righteousness brought in,
Ours with all the life of God
For ever fix'd within.

1328. *What* is *the chaff to the wheat?*—xxiii. 28.

WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat?
Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?
Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply,
And those who by Thy word are fed
Their souls shall never die.

1329. Is *not My word like as a fire?*—xxiii. 29.

JESUS, Lord, our hearts inspire
With that true word of Thine,
Kindle now that heavenly fire
To brighten and refine,

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Purify our faith like gold,
All the dross of sin remove,
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into Thy perfect love.

1330. Is *not My word like a hammer?*—xxiii. 29.

If Thou dost Thy gospel bless,
If Thou apply the word,
Then our broken hearts confess
The hammer of the Lord:
Fully, Lord, Thy hammer use,
Force the nations to submit,
Smite the rocks, and break, and bruise
The world beneath Thy feet.

1331. *I will give them an heart to know Me, &c.*—xxiv. 7.

1 True and faithful as Thou art,
To all Thy church and me
Give the new believing heart
That knows and cleaves to Thee;
Freely our backslidings heal,
And by Thy balmy grace restored,
Grant that every soul may feel
"Thou art my pardoning Lord!"

2 Might we now with pure desire
Thine only love request,
Now with willing heart entire
Return to Christ our rest;
When we our whole heart resign,
Jesus, to be fill'd up with Thee,
Thou art ours, and we are Thine
Through all eternity.

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1332. *Ye shall find* Me, *when ye shall search, &c.*—xxix. 13.

If grace doth more than sin abound,
If willing to be found Thou art,
Why have not I my Saviour found?
I sought Thee not with all my heart:
Ah, give me, Lord, the seeking grace,
The vehemence of an heart sincere,
And then display Thy smiling face,
And then my hallowing God appear.

1333. *Alas, for that day* is *great, so that none, &c.*—xxx. 7.

1 Great in evil is the day
Which now I groan to feel,
While He doth my heart display,
Mine inbred sin reveal,
Lay the depths of Satan bare,
Extort the agonizing cry,
Save me sinking in despair,
Or I for ever die!

2 Pity in my last distress,
And leave me not alone,
In my utter feebleness
Thy perfect strength make known;
Bring me then out of the fire,
Thy face in holiness to see,
Seven times purified, entire,
And all complete in Thee.

1334. *In that day I will break his yoke, &c.*—xxx. 8.

Hasten, Lord, the day of rest
From this indwelling sin,
Vindicate Thy church oppress'd,
And still enslaved within;

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Burst our bonds, and let us go
From every thought of evil freed,
Pure in heart, and saints below,
And like our sinless Head.

1335. *They shall serve the Lord their God, &c.*—xxx. 9.

SIN that we may serve no more,
Its last remains erase,
Fill our hearts with peace and power,
With Christ our righteousness;
Raise *our David* to the throne,
That every child of *Adam* may
Thee, and Thy co-equal Son,
World without end obey.

1336. *Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest, &c.*—xxx. 10.

1 GOD of truth, we wait on Thee,
Whose arm shall bring us back:
Turn our long captivity
For Thy own mercy's sake,
Save Thy church in *Babylon*,
Who of Thy pardoning grace possess'd,
Still for full redemption groan,
And love's eternal rest.

2 By Thy Spirit's outstretch'd hand
Our captive souls release,
Bring us forth into the land
Where wars and fightings cease,
Swallow up our will in Thine,
Our fear and sin at once remove,
Sin by purity Divine,
And fear by perfect love.

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1337. *I* am *with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee.*—xxx. 11.

WITH me, Lord, I know, Thou art,
And dost from sin restrain;
Keep'st the issues of my heart,
While pride and self remain:
Still I on Thy power rely,
Till wholly sanctified I am,
Fully saved to glorify
Mine utmost Saviour's name.

1338. *Yet will I not make a full end of thee, &c.*—xxx. 11.

No, Thou wilt not make an end
Of me, but of my sin;
On Thy promise I depend
For purity within:
That I may partake the grace,
Thou still dost tenderly reprove;
Chasten'd from my earliest days
I bless my Father's love.

1339. *I will restore health unto thee, and I will, &c.*—xxx. 17.

ON Thy word my soul is stay'd,
Thy word, O God, is sure:
Heal the wounds which sin has made,
Complete my spirit's cure;
That I may relapse no more,
Root out the seed of my disease,
Me to perfect health restore,
To perfect holiness.

1340. *Who* is *this that engaged his heart, &c.*—xxx. 21.

WHO hath engaged my heart to' address
My Father's gracious throne?
Lord, if I use the power, the praise
I give to Thee alone:

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My heart was first engaged by Thee;
  And sure as Thou art near,
Thou wilt set up Thy throne in me,
  And reign triumphant here.

1341. *I have loved thee with an everlasting love, &c.*—xxxi. 3.

Is there a soul Thou dost not call,
  A heart Thou dost not, Lord, incline?
My Saviour, lifted up for all,
  Thou wouldst with cords of love Divine
Draw every sinner to Thy breast:
  O may I never more draw back,
But yield to be completely bless'd,
  And all Thy proffer'd fulness take.

1342.

1 DRAW me, Saviour, from above,
    Still to every sin inclined,
  Bind me with the cords of love;
    Love alone my soul can bind.
  Stop its vile propensity,
    Change its grovelling appetite,
  Jesus, manifest to me,
    Be Thyself my pure delight.

2 By Thy most mysterious pain,
    By Thy bloody sweat, I pray,
  By Thy dying love to man,
    Take, O take my sins away;
  By Thy supplicating cries,
    Me out of myself remove,
  Crucified before my eyes,
    Force my heart its God to love.

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1343. *The Lord hath ransomed Jacob, &c.*—xxxi. 11.

Too strong for this weak soul of mine
Satan, the world, and sin, I own,
But trust, O Lord, that love of Thine,
Which laid Thy life a ransom down;
My soul by love's victorious power
Thou wilt to perfect liberty,
To perfect holiness restore,
Only because Thou diedst for me.

1344. *They shall come and sing in the height of Zion, &c.*—xxxi. 12.

1 SING, ye happy souls, that press
Toward the height of holiness,
Praise Him whom in part ye know,
Freely to His goodness flow,
All His promises receive,
All the grace He hath to give.

2 Jointly, Lord, we come to Thee,
All in one request agree,
Feed us with the living Bread,
With Thyself our spirits feed,
Give the unction from above,
Oil of joy, and wine of love.

1345. *And their soul shall be as a watered garden, &c.*—xxxi. 12.

1 FOR Thy truth and mercy's sake,
As a water'd garden make
Every soul that gasps for God,
With Thine holiest love o'erflow'd,
Till by just degrees we rise
Thy terrestrial paradise.

2 When from Thee we cannot turn,
Then we never more shall mourn,

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Quite recover'd from our fall,
Shall not sin or grieve at all,
Then we pray, give thanks, adore,
Sing, and triumph evermore.

1346. *I will satiate the soul of the priests, &c.*—xxxi. 14.

PLEADING now Thy faithful word,
Let the priests enjoy their Lord,
Satiate every hungering soul,
Bid Thy people's joy be full,
Fill'd with all Thy sanctity,
Bid us lose ourselves in Thee.

1347. *There is hope in thine end.*—xxxi. 17.

I TAKE Thee at Thy word:
Let it accomplish'd be:
According to Thy promise, Lord,
In death remember me!
O seal it on my heart;
And when I life resign,
My hope if in my end Thou art,
Thou art for ever mine.

1348. *I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning, &c.*—xxxi. 18.

1 HAST Thou not heard my sad complaint?
Do I not still myself bemoan?
With all Thy chastisements I want
Thy grace, to break my heart of stone:
Till Thou my stony heart hast broke,
Rebellious in distress and pain,
I struggle to throw off Thy yoke,
I kick against the pricks in vain.

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2 If Thou my stubbornness convert,
Converted I shall truly be,
For Thou the great *Jehovah* art,
My Lord, my God, who died for me:
Rent by that final groan Divine,
The rocky mountains must remove,
And hearts inflexible as mine
Bow down to Thy expiring love.

1349. *Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned.*—xxxi. 18.

THROUGHOUT my fallen soul I feel
Repentance is impossible;
Till Thou the rock hast rent,
And changed to flesh the heart of stone,
Like Satan in his chains, I groan,
But never can repent.

1350.

1 SHOW Thy converting grace on me,
And truly turn'd I then shall be,
My soul to perfect health restore
And then I shall relapse no more,
But Thee my utmost Saviour own,
And live and die for God alone.

2 Faith to be heal'd Thou know'st I have,
Acknowledging Thy power to save,
Thy will to speak the leper clean,
Thy promise to extirpate sin;
And lo! I only live to prove
The truth of Thy almighty love.

3 Ah wouldst Thou, Lord, my soul inspire
With spiritual, intense desire,
With hatred of iniquity,
With love of righteousness, and Thee,

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And make me, Saviour, as Thou art
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart.

4 When in Thine image I awake
I must Thy happiness partake,
Possessor of Thy heavenly mind
Rest to my weary soul I find,
Receive the earnest in my breast,
And glide to everlasting rest.

1351. *Surely after that I was turned, I repented.*—xxxi. 19.

TURN'D by Thy Son's victorious blood,
Father, I now at last repent,
Instructed by Thy mercy's rod
With shame accept my punishment;
Smiting on this unworthy breast
To lift mine eyes I scarcely dare,
Myself I loathe, abhor, detest,
And faint my youth's reproach to bear.

1352. Is *Ephraim My dear son? &c.*—xxxi. 20.

1 FATHER, for Jesu's sake alone,
Tell me that Thou art reconciled,
And own a rebel for Thy son,
Thy son beloved, Thy pleasant child;
Thy justice spake the' afflicting word;
But now with yearning pity see,
With bowels of compassion stirr'd,
And still for good remember me.

2 Mercy I ask in Jesu's name,
(Who bought the grace for all mankind,)
Forgiveness through His blood I claim,
Forgiveness through His blood I find:

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For mercy and redeeming grace
Still on my Saviour I depend,
Till in His strength I win the race,
And through His wounds to heaven ascend.

1353. *A woman shall compass a man.*—xxxi. 22.

WHEN He did our flesh assume,
That everlasting Man,
Mary held Him in her womb
Whom heaven could not contain!
Who the mystery can believe?
Incomprehensible Thou art;
Yet we still by faith conceive,
And bear Thee in our heart.

1354. *I will write My law in their hearts.*—xxxi. 33.

1 THAT blessed law of Thine,
Jesus, to me impart,
Thy Spirit's law of life Divine,
O write it in my heart;
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

2 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to Thee:
Soul of my soul remain;
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

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1355. *They shall all know Me.*—xxxi. 34.

ESSENCE incomprehensible,
Jehovah, who can know,
Who was, and is, and comes to dwell
With all His saints below!
Then the whole world shall be restored
And bow to Jesu's name,
Fill'd with the knowledge of the Lord,
The infinite I AM.

1356. *They shall all know Me, from the least, &c.*—xxxi. 34.

NOT from the greatest to the least
The saving word shall move,
The poor are chosen first, and bless'd
With Thine enriching love:
Now let Thy knowledge upwards spread,
Till all their Lord embrace,
Through faith from sin for ever freed,
For ever saved by grace.

1357. *I will remember their sin no more.*—xxxi. 34.

BUT long as I my sins repeat,
My sins Thou never canst forget,
But while I persevere in ill,
My crimes Thou must remember still;
Lord, that Thy promise may take place,
Evil out of my heart erase;
I then shall in Thy grace abide,
Fully, for ever justified.

1358. *I will give them one heart, and one way, &c.*—xxxii. 39.

1 No, they cry, it cannot be!
Christians never will agree!
All the world Thy word deny,
Yet we on the truth rely,

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Sure, in that appointed day,
Thou wilt give us all one way,
Show us each to other join'd,
One in heart, and one in mind.

2 Hasten then the general peace,
Bid Thy people's discord cease,
All united in Thy name,
Let us think, and speak the same:
Then the world shall know and own
God Himself hath made us one,
Thee their Lord with us embrace,
Sing Thine everlasting praise.

1359. *I will make an everlasting covenant, &c.*—xxxii. 40.

1 THAT covenant of eternal grace
When wilt Thou make with me?
My heart I open to embrace
The God of purity:
Now let me feel Thy Spirit brought in,
And when in me Thou art,
Feel it impossible to sin,
Impossible to part.

2 In proof, Thou wilt not cease to love,
But still Thy servant bless,
This inbred stumbling-block remove
By perfect holiness:
I know the covenant is sure,
Seal'd with Thy Spirit's seal,
And in me, when my heart is pure,
Thou wilt for ever dwell.

1360. *I will bring it health and cure, &c.*—xxxiii. 6.

1 PHYSICIAN of the sin-sick race,
Come with Thy plenitude of grace
To this poor dying soul,

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The oil and wine of grace pour in,
And heal the desperate wounds of sin,
And make my spirit whole.

2 Ah, give me, Lord, in Thee to find
The spirit of an healthful mind,
The kingdom from above,
Thine utmost truth in me reveal,
Mine unbelief and misery heal
By perfect peace and love.

3 Thy presence doth my bliss ensure,
Thy presence is my nature's cure;
The truth, the peace Thou art,
And Thee possessing, I possess
Life, everlasting righteousness,
Perfection in my heart.

1361. *This* is the name *wherewith she shall, &c.*—xxxiii. 16.

WHO truly know His name
In righteousness restored,
Partakers of His grace they claim
The title of their Lord,
His shining character
Throughout their lives express,
And all His superscription bear
In perfect holiness.

1362. *Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate.*—xliv. 4.

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;

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My soul shall then, like Thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctified by love Divine,
For ever cease from sin.

1363. *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve, &c.*—xlix. 11.

1 O THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I Thy promise plead,
Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead,
Lo, I cast on Thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in Thy word alone,
I to Thee my children leave;
Call my little ones Thine own,
Give them, all Thy blessings give,
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to Thy grace commend
Into Thine embraces take,
Be her sure immortal Friend,
Save her for my Saviour's sake;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in Thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me, we shall meet above,
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

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1364. *Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord, &c.*—l. 5.

1 COME, let us use the grace Divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ our Lord,
Give ourselves up through Jesu's power
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live, and die.

2 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind;
We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow:
And if Thou art well-pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

3 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive,
Present with Thy celestial host
The peaceful answer give;
To each the covenant-blood apply
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day!

1365. *I will pardon them whom I reserve.*—l. 20.

THEN Thou wilt pardon me,
Reserved for this alone
That I may Thy salvation see,
And know the God unknown;

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Thou wilt Thy blood apply,
I shall be soon forgiven,
Kept out of hell so long, that I
May reign with Thee in heaven.

1366. *The children of Israel* were *oppressed, &c.*—l. 33, 34.

1 SAVIOUR-GOD, Thine *Israel* here
For ages hath remain'd
Bound in chains of guilty fear,
In *Babylon* detain'd,
Slaves to serve our lords compell'd:
The world, and our infernal foe,
Fast in sin's dark dungeon held,
And would not let us go.

2 But, O Lord of hosts, in Thee
We a Redeemer have,
Strong to set Thy people free,
Omnipotent to save:
Rise, and throughly plead our cause,
From all iniquity release,
Claim the purchase of Thy cross,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Break this *Babylonish* yoke,
And now redeem the' oppress'd,
Jesus, to Thy wounds we look
For liberty and rest:
Rest from sin that we may know,
Assure us of our sins forgiven,
Then the perfect love bestow,
And then the rest of heaven.

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LAMENTATIONS.

1367. Is it *nothing to you, all ye that pass by?*—i. 12.

OFT have I unconcern'd pass'd by,
Nor stopp'd on *Calvary*,
So small a thing, that Thou shouldst die,
Or nothing, Lord, to me!
But now I see, the bleeding cross
Is all in all to man,
To me Thy death is life, Thy loss
Is mine eternal gain.

1368. *Behold, and see if there be any sorrow, &c.*—i. 12.

LORD, we with awful thanks confess,
No sufferings could with Thine compare;
Thy Godhead did not make them less,
It only strengthen'd Thee to bear:
But through Thy mortal agony
What blessings are to sinners given!
The pains of hell gat hold on Thee,
That we might seize the joys of heaven.

1369. It is of *the Lord's mercies that we are not, &c.*—iii. 22.

1 WE *should* have been doom'd With devils to dwell,
But *are* not consumed, But *are* not in hell!
'Twixt us and the sentence Our Advocate stood,
And gave us repentance, And pleaded His blood.

2 Unworthy to live, Our Saviour we own,
Ascribe our reprieve To mercy alone;
The boundless compassion Of Jesus we praise,
And all our salvation Expect from His grace.

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1370. *The Lord's mercies* are *new every morning.*—iii. 22, 23.

His mercies in Jesus renew'd
Each morning I wake to adore,
A fountain of infinite good,
A sea without bottom or shore!
My Lord inexpressibly kind,
O when shall I thank Him above,
To Jesus eternally join'd,
Absorb'd in the depths of His love!

1371. *The Lord* is *my portion, therefore will I hope in Him.*—iii. 24.

Jesus, if mine Thou art,
Mine heritage is sure,
And must, though friends and life depart,
Unchangeable endure;
If on Thy constant love
I can till death rely,
My portion upon earth shall prove
My portion in the sky.

1372. *The Lord* is *good unto them that wait, &c.*—iii. 25.

Thee I seek, my pardoning Lord,
Waits my longing soul for Thee:
O be mindful of Thy word,
O be merciful to me,
On my heart Thy goodness seal,
Bid me in Thine image rise,
Mounted on Thy holy hill,
Ravish'd thence to paradise.

1373. It is *good that* a man *should both hope, &c.*—iii. 26.

Still I long for His returning,
Languish till His face appears,
Taste the blessedness of mourning,
Melted into gracious tears;

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Still in quiet expectation,
Calmly for my Lord I grieve,
Sure at last, the great salvation,
Sure, the Saviour to receive.

1374. It is *good for a man that he bear, &c.*—iii. 27-29.

1 GOOD, I feel it is, for me,
Chasten'd in my youth to be,
By my heavenly Father's care
Pain and sorrow's yoke to bear:
Thus I gain my heart's desire,
From an evil world retire,
Hide me in the secret shade,
Live, as free among the dead.

2 Let the world in eager chase
Pant for pleasure, power, or praise,
Silent and alone I sit,
Fall by turns at Jesu's feet,
Lay my mouth as in the dust,
Find Him merciful and just,
Joyful in affliction prove
All His ways are truth and love!

1375. *The Lord will not cast off for ever.*—iii. 31.

LONG an outcast from my Lord,
A deep revolter I
On Thy never-failing word
In darkness will rely;
Till Thy favour I retrieve
The promise to myself I take,
Me Thou wilt not always grieve,
Thou wilt not quite forsake.

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1376. *But though He cause grief, yet will He have, &c.*—iii. 32.

For the hiding of Thy face
If longer still I mourn,
In the riches of Thy grace
Thou wilt at last return;
I my Lord again shall see,
Thy multitude of mercies prove,
Lose my sin and misery
In depths of dying love.

1377. *He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve, &c.*—iii. 33.

Slowly doth Thine anger rise
To give Thy creature pain,
Forced to trouble and chastise
A rebel child of man;
But Thy mercy flies apace
A mourner's pardon to restore,
Wipes the sorrow from my face,
And bids me sin no more.

1378. *Wherefore doth a living man complain, &c.*—iii. 39.

1 Why should a sinful man complain,
Indulged with a reprieve,
Guilty of death and endless pain,
Yet suffer'd still to live!
I dare not murmur at the rod,
Whate'er on earth I feel,
But praise the mercies of my God,
Which keep me out of hell.

2 Conscious of what my sins demand,
I bow to my distress,
Adore a Father's gentle hand,
Whose chastisements are grace:

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And if I answer the intent
Of His afflicting love,
I'll praise Him for my punishment
In endless songs above.

1379. *The crown is fallen* from *our head, &c.*—v. 16.

1 FATHER, I now my sin confess,
The cause of all my sad distress
Compell'd alas to know;
Spoil'd of my crown by sin I am;
It turns my glory into shame
And everlasting woe.

2 I feel the meaning of this pain,
To Thee against myself complain,
My own destroyer I:
Unless Thou take my sin away,
Unless my bosom-foe Thou slay,
I faint, despair, and die.

3 O may Thy sweet implanted love
This root of bitterness remove,
This carnal mind destroy;
Renew'd in perfect righteousness
My soul shall then be life and peace
And pure eternal joy.

EZEKIEL.

1380. *I will establish My covenant with thee, &c.*—xvi. 62, 63.

1 O GOD most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And write perfection on my heart,

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To real holiness restored
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fulness of life eternal find.

2 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget,
But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
In speechless wonder at Thy feet:
O'erwhelm'd with Thy stupendous grace
I shall not in Thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

3 Then every murmuring thought and vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost,
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast;
Pardon'd for all that I have done
My mouth as in the dust I hide,
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified.

1381. *Make you a new heart.*—xviii. 31.

How can I my own heart renew?
The word confers the power to do:
The word I now embrace,
I yield to be renew'd by Thee,
Accepting first the pardon free,
And then the perfect grace.

1382. *Why will ye die?*—xviii. 31.

1 A DEATH devoted race
If Thou hast pass'd us by;
Excluded from Thy heavenly grace,
We *must* for ever die:

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But not by Thy decree;
(Who freely wouldst forgive;)
We perish, Lord, in spite of Thee,
Because we *will* not live.

2 Yet, O most patient Lord,
Suffice the season pass'd:
We hear the kind inviting word,
And turn to Thee at last,
The benefit embrace
To all so freely given,
And choose in Christ the life of grace,
The glorious life of heaven.

1383. *I will set up one Shepherd over them, &c.*—xxxiv. 23.

1 God, whose mercies never end,
Thy gracious promise keep,
Raise the Shepherd up, and send
To seek the wandering sheep,
A lost race to save and feed
When in one fold together join'd,
Join'd in spirit to our Head
The Shepherd of mankind.

2 The true heavenly *David* give,
The just and loving One,
After Thine own heart, to live,
And fix in us His throne:
When on every soul bestow'd,
He comes, and saves us from our sins,
Father, then Thou art our God,
And Jesus is our Prince.

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1384. *I will make with them a covenant of peace, &c.*—xxxiv. 25.

GOD in Christ, appear; and seal
Thy covenant of peace,
With us in the desert dwell,
And evil beasts shall cease,
Lions shall no more devour,
Nor wolves infest Thy quiet sheep,
None shall dare approach the bower
Where in Thy arms we sleep.

1385. *I will make them and the places round, &c.*—xxxiv. 26.

Us who climb Thy holy hill
A general blessing make,
Let the world our influence feel,
Our gospel-grace partake;
Grace to help in time of need
Pour out on sinners from above,
All Thy Spirit's fulness shed
In showers of heavenly love.

1386. *The tree of the field shall yield her fruit, &c.*—xxxiv. 27.

1 MAKE our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless,
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness;
Make us trees of paradise
Which more and more Thy praise may show,
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow.

2 Let us by our lives declare
The holy Root within,
Trees that cannot evil bear,
And saints that cannot sin,

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Pillars that go out no more,
Elect of our election sure,
Safe, when all the struggle's o'er,
And pure as God is pure.

1387. *They shall know that I* am *the Lord, &c.*—xxxiv. 27.

JESUS, bid the chains be broke
Which hold us bound within,
By Thy Spirit destroy the yoke,
The heart-oppressing sin,
To full liberty restored,
Renew'd in all our ransom'd powers
Then we know Thou art the Lord
Through endless ages ours.

1388. *They shall no more be a prey to the heathen, &c.*—xxxiv. 28.

TAKE this stumbling-block away,
That we may safely dwell,
Fall no more an helpless prey
To sin, the world, and hell:
Sin and fear at once shall cease,
If Thou our unbelief remove,
Then we live in perfect peace,
Who live in perfect love.

1389. *I will raise up for them a Plant, &c.*—xxxiv. 29, 30.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
That famous Plant Thou art!
Tree of life eternal, rise
In every longing heart:
Bid us find the food in Thee,
For which our deathless spirits pine,
Fed with immortality,
And fill'd with love Divine.

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2 Long we have our burden borne,
Our own unstableness,
Object of the heathen's scorn,
Who mock'd our scanty grace :
Jesus, our reproach remove,
Let sin no more Thy people shame,
Show us rooted in Thy love
Through life and death the same.

3 In Thy sinless people show
Thy power and constancy,
Give us thus to feel and know
Our fellowship with Thee,
Give us all Thy mind to' express,
And blameless in our Lord to' abide,
Transcripts of Thy holiness,
Thy fair, unspotted bride !

1390. *I will take away the stony heart, &c.*—xxxvi. 26.

CAN God remove the stone within,
Myself out of myself remove,
And make me sensible of sin,
And make me sensible of love ?
Omnipotent, my Saviour *can*,
All-gracious, Thou art willing too,
To change the stubborn heart of man,
To form even me a creature new.

1391. *I will give you an heart of flesh.*—xxxvi. 26.

LET me, according to Thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which bleeds for having grieved its Lord,
And never can itself forgive,
A heart Thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart which cannot faithless prove,
A heart, where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love !

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1392. *I the Lord have spoken* it, *and I will do* it.—xxxvi. 36.

1 GOOD is the saying of my Lord;
I trust Thy sanctifying word,
To every pardon'd sinner sure:
The Holy Ghost, the water clean
Shall surely make me pure within,
From all my sins and idols pure:

2 Thou wilt what Thou hast spoken, do,
My nature change, my heart renew,
And breathe Thy Spirit into my breast;
I then shall always faithful prove,
Fulfil Thy law of perfect love,
And one with God for ever rest.

1393. *I will yet* for *this be enquired of, &c.*—xxxvi. 37.

HUMBLY I do inquire of Thee,
Wilt Thou, O Lord, restore
Thy kingdom at this time to me,
And bid me sin no more?
I know Thou wilt the power impart,
For which in faith I pray,
And I shall then be pure in heart,
And see the perfect day.

1394. *The hand of the Lord was upon me, &c.*—xxxvii. 1, 2.

1 CAUGHT by the' almighty Hand,
That Spirit of the Lord,
Carried beyond myself I stand,
A witness of His word;
I see the book unseal'd,
Least of the prophets' sons,
I mark *Ezekiel's* valley fill'd
With visionary bones!

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2 Many they are and dry,
Spread through the open vale,
Millions of lifeless souls they lie
Within the Christian pale :
I pass the churches through,
The scatter'd bones I see,
And *Christendom* appears in view
An hideous *Calvary*.

1395. *And He said unto me, Son of man, &c.*—xxxvii. 3, 4.

1 CAN these dry bones perceive
The quickening power of grace,
Or Christian infidels retrieve
The life of righteousness?
All-good, almighty Lord,
Thou know'st Thine own design,
The virtue of Thine own great word,
The energy Divine.

2 Now for Thy mercy's sake
Let Thy great word proceed,
Dispensed by whom Thou wilt, to wake
The spiritually dead;
Send forth to prophesy
Thy chosen messenger,
And Thou the gospel-word apply,
And force the world to hear.

1396. *O ye dry bones, hear the word, &c.*—xxxvii. 4, 5.

1 HEAR ye dry bones, and feel
The word of truth and grace :
I will in you Myself reveal,
I will your spirits raise;

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(Jehovah speaks the word,)
The promise is for you,
Ye shall be gradually restored,
And fashion'd all anew:

2 Cover'd with flesh and skin
Ye shall your Saviour know,
And find the breath of life within,
Which I on all bestow:
The joyful news receive,
The grace to sinners given,
The knowledge of your Lord, and live
The sinless life of heaven.

1397. *As I prophesied, there was a noise, &c.*—xxxvii. 7, 8.

1 LORD, while at Thy command
Thy servants prophesy,
O let it spread through every land,
The sound of Jesus nigh!
The dead professors shake,
Before Thy life they breathe,
Dispose their senseless souls to wake
Out of the sleep of death:

2 Let every answering bone
By secret instinct move,
With sinews clothed, the flesh put on,
And then the skin above!
The form of godliness,
And then the virtue give,
Inspire them with Thy Spirit of grace,
And bid the body live.

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1398. *Come from the four winds, O breath, &c.*—xxxvii. 9, 10.

1 COME, O Thou Breath Divine,
From every quarter blow,
And whom Thou didst together join,
On them Thine influence show;
Thy wonder-working power
Be here again display'd,
And now to sudden life restore
The long-forgotten dead.

2 Inspired at God's command
By Thee, the Spirit of grace,
Let the whole house of *Israel* stand
And their Restorer praise,
Host of the living God
Throughout the earth declare
The heavenly Gift on all bestow'd,
The' indwelling Comforter.

1399. *These bones are the whole house, &c.*—xxxvii. 11, 12.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by Thee we plead
Thy promise made to *Abraham's* race,
To souls for ages dead:
Their bones as quite dried up
Throughout our vale appear,
Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see Thy kingdom here.

2 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art the Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed One:

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To save the race forlorn
Thy glorious arm display,
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

1400. *Ye shall know that I* am *the Lord, &c.*—xxxvii. 13, 14.

1 THY Deity to prove
By signs infallible,
O let the Spirit of Thy love
In ancient *Israel* dwell!
To life eternal raised
They then shall understand
Who saved, and brought them back, and placed
In their own happy land.

2 O that they now restored
Might all with us confess
Thee, Jesus, Thee, their heavenly Lord,
The God of truth and grace;
With us Thy glory spread,
And praise, till time shall end,
The Friend of *Abraham*, and his seed,
The world's eternal Friend.

1401. *They shall become one in Thine hand.*—xxxvii. 17.

WHO can reconcile and make
The Christians of one mind?
Both the sticks if Jesus take,
They in His hands are join'd:
Lord, Thy promise we believe,
Thou wilt perform the grace foretold,
All our jarring sects receive,
And blend us in one fold.

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1402. *I will gather the children of Israel, &c.*—xxxvii. 21, 22.

ISRAEL'S, Judah's tribes command
To flock from every side,
All unite, and to the land
Of their forefathers guide:
All Thy saints bring in alone,
And let us Thee alone adore,
Join'd, and perfected in one,
And never parted more.

1403. *Neither shall they defile themselves, &c.*—xxxvii. 23.

WHILE Thou dost our souls restore
To their unsinning state,
Give us evil to abhor,
And every idol hate;
Nature's filthiness remove,
Filthiness of self and pride,
Only Thee that we may love,
And pure till death abide.

1404. *I will save and cleanse them, &c.*—xxxvii. 23.

SAVIOUR, cleanse us from all sin,
And thus Thy people make,
Wholly Thine, when pure within
Thy nature we partake;
Then our God Thou fully art,
When Father, Son, and Spirit reveal'd
Dwell within the sinless heart,
And speak the promise seal'd.

1405. *David My Servant* shall be *king over, &c.*—xxxvii. 24.

FATHER, now to *Israel* raise
Thy Servant and Thy Son,
Christ our heavenly *David* place
On His terrestrial throne:

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Found of Christ, the Shepherd good,
Let every wandering sinner find
Him, who ransom'd with His blood
The souls of all mankind.

1406. *They shall walk in My judgments, &c.*—xxxvii. 24.

HARKENING to their Shepherd's voice,
O let Thy happy sheep
Follow Jesus, and rejoice
Thy righteous laws to keep,
Never from Thy statutes stray,
But swiftly to perfection move,
Thee with all their powers obey,
With all their passions love.

1407. *They shall dwell in the land, &c.*—xxxvii. 25.

WHEN the house of *Jacob's* sons
Their *Canaan* repossess,
Shall not all Thy chosen ones
Abide in perfect peace?
Trusting in the literal word,
We look for Christ on earth again:
Come, our everlasting Lord,
With all Thy saints to reign.

1408. *I will make a covenant of peace, &c.*—xxxvii. 26.

FATHER, in our hearts reveal
The depths of love unknown,
'Stablish with Thy church, and seal
The covenant in Thy Son,
Covenant of perpetual peace,
Peace inviolably sure,
Pure, inherent righteousness,
Which always shall endure.

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1409. *I will place them, and multiply them, &c.*—xxxvii. 26.

PLANTED in the land of rest
Our number, Lord, complete,
Bless us still, with pardon bless'd,
And make for glory meet:
O might Christ, that holiest Place
Where all Thy fulness doth reside,
In His church with all His grace
Eternally abide!

1410. *My tabernacle shall be with them, &c.*—xxxvii. 27.

MIGHT He now exalted be
In all the heathen's view,
Christ the heavenly Sanctuary,
The Tabernacle true!
Us Thy favourite people make,
From whom Thou never wilt depart,
Father, Son, and Spirit, take
Possession of our heart.

1411. *And the heathen shall know that I, &c.*—xxxvii. 28.

THUS, O Lord, the world convince,
That by Thy hallowing grace
Thou hast saved us from our sins
Thy chosen witnesses:
Thus let all the heathen know
By feeling what Thy people feel,
"Dwells the Triune God below,
And shall for ever dwell!"

1412. *Neither will I hide My face any more, &c.*—xxxix. 29.

1 LORD over all, Thy Spirit pour,
In that full everlasting shower,
On every child of *Adam's* race!

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Then all our agonies are o'er,
And never wilt Thou chide us more,
Or from Thy church conceal Thy face:

2 Then wilt Thou on Thy throne appear,
Triumphant with Thine ancients here,
While various crowns Thy brow adorn:
Then shall the saints Thy glory see,
Till time commence eternity,
And all with Thee to heaven return.

DANIEL.

1413. *The stone that smote the image became, &c.*—ii. 35.

1 JESUS, fix Thy kingdom here!
Thy kingdom is the stone,
Sent from heaven in man to' appear,
And stand on earth alone:
Let it now the image smite,
Break the iron and the clay,
Conquer (not by power or might)
And force the world to' obey.

2 By this stone to powder ground
The kingdoms all shall be;
Then their place no more is found,
When earth submits to Thee:
Let Thy kingdom now prevail,
All opposing power disperse,
To a boundless mountain swell,
And fill the universe.

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1414. *In the days of these kings shall the God, &c.*—ii. 44.

1 GOD of heaven, appear below,
And let Thy kingdom come,
All these worldly powers o'erthrow,
And scatter, and consume!
Let the last on earth take place,
Never, never to decline,
Founded in perpetual grace,
The monarchy Divine.

2 Lord, as taught by Thee, we pray
That sin and death may end:
In the great millennial day
With all Thy saints descend:
Now display'd with glorious power
Let that final empire rise,
Stand, when time shall be no more,
Eternal in the skies.

1415. *O Nebuchadnezzar, we* are *not careful, &c.*—iii. 16.

O FOR the faith in Jesu's name
Which tyrants can despise,
Which triumphs o'er the threatening flame,
And all its rage defies;
Calmly replies with resolute scorn
To furious cruelty,
"My body tear, or rack, or burn,
Ye cannot injure *me*."

1416. *Our God whom we serve is able, &c.*—iii. 17.

LET the horrific king appear
And all his terrors show,
True *Israelites* disdain to fear
A stingless, baffled foe:

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Though seven-times hotter than before
The torturing fires increase,
The Lord our God whom we adore
Can save His witnesses.

1417. *And He will deliver* us *out of thine hand, &c.*—iii. 17.

LET earth and hell their powers employ,
A sure defence we have,
They are not nearer to destroy,
Than Jesus is to save:
And if it serve Thy glory, Thou
Shalt pluck us from the flame,
Our God in ages past, and now,
And evermore the same.

1418. *But if not, we will not serve thy gods, &c.*—iii. 18.

BUT if Thou wilt not save us here
From the tormentor's power,
Faithful to death we persevere,
And meet the fiery hour:
We will not bow our heart or knee,
And live to idols join'd,
Assured the life we lose for Thee
In paradise to find.

1419. *Lo, I see four men loose, walking, &c.*—iii. 25.

1 BEHOLD the miracle renew'd!
Whom faith Divine inspires,
We walk with Christ the Son of God,
And praise Him in the fires:
Kept by His presence and His name,
Who earth and hell subdued,
We quench the violence of the flame
Through our Redeemer's blood.

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2 Tempted, and persecuted here,
Afflicted and distress'd,
With steadfast faith we persevere,
And stand the fiery test:
The fire shall all our bands consume,
And in the furnace tried,
Out of the flames we soon shall come
Unhurt and purified.

1420. *Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?*—iv. 30.

1 And dost thou not thyself suspect,
Vain founder of the rising sect,
Or thine own language see?
"Is not this *Babylon* the great,
'Stablish'd in her sublime estate,
Built up to heaven—by me!"

2 The plan, and finish'd discipline,
The' exact *economy* is mine,
The whole, internal frame:
These monuments of my toil and thought
Now to perfection's summit brought
Immortalize my name.

1421. *Those that walk in pride He is able to abase.*—iv. 37.

Throughout my fallen soul I feel
The strength of pride invincible;
But Thou, the' almighty God of grace,
Canst proud aspiring worms abase:
All things are possible to Thee,
Display Thy humbling power on me,
And for His sake, to me impart
My Saviour's lowliness of heart.

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1422. *Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards, &c.*—v. 17.

WHAT hath this wretched world to give
Which Christians can with joy receive?
Its goods for a short moment stay,
And pass insensibly away:
I seek a permanent reward;
The favour of my glorious Lord,
The gift unspeakable be mine,
And all the heaven of love Divine.

1423. MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.—v. 25.

1 SINNER secure, the writing see!
Death, judgment, hell it speaks to thee:
The *number* of thy days
Is *finish'd* in a moment here,
With horror then thou must appear
Before thy Judge's face.

2 *Weigh'd* in the scale, thou wanting art,
And when thy soul and body *part*,
Thy guilty spirit flies
From earth, with kindred fiends to dwell,
Condemn'd the second death to feel,
The death that never dies.

1424. *We shall not find any occasion, &c.*—vi. 5.

ON me the wisdom pure bestow,
To walk unblamable with Thee,
To stop the mouth of every foe
Whose evil eye is fix'd on me:
O may I none occasion give,
But by my firm resolve to pray,
Thy constant worshipper to live,
And rather die than disobey.

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1425. *When Daniel knew that the writing, &c.*—vi. 10.

THUS, Lord, throughout my life would I
At stated times Thy grace implore,
At morning, noon, and night, draw nigh
Thy throne, to worship and adore,
For mercy every moment pray,
And never from Thy praises cease,
But glide insensibly away
To raptures of eternal bliss.

1426.

LET the infernal lion roar,
I still approach Thy throne of grace,
Daily present, as heretofore,
My sacrifice of prayer and praise:
Before my God by Satan's host
Found on my knees might I but be,
I'd glory, that my life it cost,
And die from man, to live with Thee.

1427. *Is thy God, whom thou servest, able to deliver, &c.*—vi. 20.

MY soul is among lions still,
But a good God I have
Who saves me from their mouth, and will
Me to the utmost save:
I sing His wonder-working grace,
And call the world to join,
Let all the name of Jesus praise,
The power of love Divine.

1428. *The saints of the Most High shall take, &c.*—vii. 18.

1 THAT kingdom of the saints below
To all believers given,
It is not of this world, we know,
But comes with Christ from heaven.

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We for no earthly grandeur wait,
No outward wealth or power,
But trust to reign, when pomp, and state,
And pride shall be no more.

2 That kingdom of the Lord most high
His people shall receive,
And, long before we reach the sky,
With Christ triumphant live:
And I shall reign on earth, possess'd
Of glory in my heart,
For ever, and for ever bless'd
With all Thou hast, and art.

1429. *To anoint the Most-Holy* [Heb. *Holiness of Holinesses*]. —ix. 24.

HOLINESS OF HOLINESSES,
On a sinful world bestow'd,
Jesus, all the nations blesses,
Consecrates our souls to God:
Yes, Thou art for us anointed,
That we may Thy unction know,
Priests and kings to God appointed,
Throughly sanctified below.

1430. *Go thy way till the end* be: *for thou shalt rest, &c.*—xii. 13.

1 DISMISS'D I calmly go my way
Which leads me to the tomb,
And rest in hope of that great day
When my Desire shall come:
Happy, with those that first arise,
Might I my lot obtain,
When Christ descending from the skies
Begins His glorious reign.

2 An end of all these earthly things
Shall I not wake to see?

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And wilt not Thou, O King of kings,
Appoint a throne for me?
I lay me down at Thy command,
But soon to life restored,
I trust on the new earth to stand
Before my heavenly Lord.

HOSEA.

1431. *I will allure her, and bring her into, &c.*—ii. 14.

1 SING to the God of faithful love!
His goodness and His truth we prove,
Allured into the wilderness;
Beneath the long-incumbent cloud,
We praise the two-fold gift of God,
The joyous, and the patient grace.

2 Who to His people came unsought,
He hath into the desert brought,
And fenced us round with sacred thorn,
Reproved our unbelieving haste,
And given our humbled souls to taste
The blessedness of all that mourn.

1432.

1 ALLURED into the desert
Of trouble and temptation,
Again we hear
The Comforter,
The God of our salvation:
The door of hope is open'd
Even in the depth of sadness,
His pardoning voice
Restores our joys,
And fills our heart with gladness.

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2 Even here He bids us triumph
In His experienced favour,
As in the days
Of infant grace,
When first we found our Saviour;
Out of the iron furnace
As when by *Pharaoh* driven,
In haste we came,
And hymn'd the Name
That spake our sins forgiven.

1433. *I will give her her vineyards from thence, &c.*—ii. 15.

1 HERE in the depth of sweet distress
Again our vineyards we possess,
And drink the dead-reviving wine:
He lifts our drooping spirits up,
Gives us an open door of hope,
And cheers with confidence Divine.

2 Again the hidden God appears,
He scatters all our gloomy fears,
The joy of conscious faith imparts,
He gives us back our former love,
Restores the kingdom from above,
And stamps forgiveness on our hearts.

1434. *She shall sing there, as in the days, &c.*—ii. 15.

1 WE sing as in those earliest days,
That rapturous infancy of grace,
When first we felt the sprinkled blood,
Exulting out of *Egypt* came,
And shouting our Redeemer's name,
Triumphant pass'd the parted flood:

2 Jesus the Lord again we sing,
Who did to us salvation bring,
And now repeats our sins forgiven;

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We now His glorious Spirit breathe,
Tread down the fear of hell and death,
And live on earth the life of heaven.

1435.

1 THE Name we still acknowledge
That burst our bonds in sunder,
And loudly sing
Our conquering King
In songs of joy and wonder:
In every day's deliverance
Our Jesus we discover;
'Tis He, 'tis He!
That smote the sea,
And led us safely over.

2 In sin's and Satan's onsets
He still our souls secures,
Our guardian God
Looks through the cloud,
And blasts our fierce pursuers:
He fights His people's battles
Omnipotently glorious,
He fights alone,
And makes His own
O'er earth and hell victorious.

3 Partakers of His triumph
In vehement expectation
We now stand still
To prove His will,
And see His great salvation;
With violent faith and patience
To seize the kingdom given,

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The purchased rest
In Jesu's breast,
The' inheritance of heaven.

1436. *Ephraim* is *joined to idols: let him alone.*—iv. 17.

My heart doth oft to idols cleave,
(With shame, O God, I own,)
Yet do not Thou the sinner leave,
Yet let me not alone:
Rather Thy froward child reprove,
Till with my sins I part,
Withdraw from earthly things my love,
And give Thee all my heart.

1437. *I will go* and *return to My place, till they, &c.*—v. 15.

Retired into His secret place
My absent Saviour I bemoan;
Forced by my sin, Thou hid'st Thy face:
My sin the mournful cause I own:
From saints if Thou withdraw Thy light,
Their faith to try, their grace to' improve,*
Yet sin alone brought back my night,
And robb'd me of Thy pardoning love.

1438. *In their affliction they will seek Me early.*—v. 15.

The promise of my chastening God
I humbled in the dust receive,
Respire beneath my sinful load,
In hope Thou wilt again forgive,
Return my evil to remove,
My sole desire to satisfy,
And let me taste once more Thy love,
Once more behold Thy face, and die.

1439. *Come, and let us return unto the Lord, &c.*—vi. 1.

Come, let us to the Lord return,
Who now beneath His judgments droop:

* [Never. J. W.]

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Torn by His anger if we mourn,
His healing love will bind us up:
Who raised our Surety from the dead,
Our twice-dead souls will quickly raise
To walk before our God, and lead
The sinless life of perfect grace.

1440. *Then shall we know*, if *we follow on to know, &c.*—vi. 3.

I FOLLOW on to know,
I never will turn back,
Till Thou on me Thy grace bestow
For Thy own promise sake:
And I shall feel Thy blood,
And I shall holy be,
And I shall find, my Lord, my God,
Eternal life in Thee.

1441. *O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?*—vi. 4.

WHAT *canst* Thou do to *me*, whose good
Is transient, as a morning cloud?
To me stability impart,
And fix *Thy* goodness in my heart.

1442. *Your goodness* is *as a morning cloud.*—vi. 4.

1 WHERE is my power to watch and pray,
And live for God alone?
The morning cloud is pass'd away,
And all my goodness gone:
I sink again, to idols join'd,
And let my God depart;
And not one good desire I find,
In this poor, desperate heart.

2 What can I do but lay me down,
In darkness, sin, and shame?
Beneath my Saviour's angry frown,
Beneath His feet I am:

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Left to myself, I never more
One good desire shall feel,
Unless the sinner He restore,
And save, because He will.

3 But if for me His bowels plead,
My soul He yet shall raise—
The fulness of His power to spread,
The freeness of His grace.
Fix'd by the presence of His love,
The morning cloud shall stay,
Or only pass away to' improve
Into the perfect day.

1443. *I will love them no more.*—ix. 15.

LOVED for a time, they might have been
For ever loved by Thee:
Nothing can separate but sin
Betwixt my God and me:
From sin, from wilful sin alone,
Saviour, my soul defend,
And Thou who freely lov'st Thine own,
Shalt love me to the end.

1444. *Their heart is divided.*—x. 2.

JESUS, who disdain'st a part,
Take my undivided heart;
Take what I can never give,
Till Thy Spirit I receive:
But possess'd of love Divine
Thine I am, for ever Thine.

1445. *How shall I give thee up?*—xi. 8.

"How shall I give thee up?"
Thy mercy cannot tell,

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It doth the hand of justice stop,
It keeps me out of hell:
Thine anger moves so slow,
Thy grace so swift doth move!
And mercy will not let me go,
Till I am safe above.

1446. *He took his brother by the heel in the womb.*—xii. 3.

STRUGGLING for mastery within
Nature and grace I feel;
But grace arrests my bosom-sin,
And grasps his brother's heel:
The younger still his sway maintains,
And treads the elder down,
Till grace the heavenly birthright gains
With an immortal crown.

1447. *By his strength he had power with God.*—xii. 3.

ON me that wrestling power bestow
Which will not let the' Almighty go,
Power to pray on, and never rest,
Till, with Thy heavenly nature bless'd,
I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
And bear Thine image on my heart.

1448. *He had power over the angel, and prevailed, &c.*—xii. 4.

1 ANGEL of covenanted grace,
The least of *Jacob's* praying race,
To Thee, to Thee, for help I cry:
Thou seest my supplicating tears,
Thou hear'st the clamour of my fears,
While *Esau* and his host are nigh.

2 Jesus, Thy gracious nature tell,
Thy saving name in me reveal,
The torturing passion to remove,

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To' expel what now Thou dost control,
Thy nature speak into my soul,
Thy favourite name of perfect love.

1449. *He found Him* in *Bethel, and there he spake, &c.*—xii. 4.

WHOM *Jacob* once in *Bethel* found,
We too have found the Lord,
Have heard His voice of mercy sound,
His reconciling word;
Where first we felt the sprinkled blood,
And saw our sins forgiven,
This is, we cried, the house of God,
This is the gate of heaven!

1450. *Israel served for a wife.*—xii. 12.

WHILE *Jacob* for a wife doth wait,
A length of servile years
(His love to *Rachel* is so great)
As a few days appears:
And shall I think it long to stay,
Or wish my labours pass'd?
A thousand years are but a day,
If Christ be mine at last.

1451. *Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me, &c.*—xiii. 9.

SELF-DESTROY'D for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent, and love,
Help to keep the graces given,
Help me quite from hell to heaven.

1452. *I will be thy King.*—xiii. 10.

ON earth I ask no more
Than to be ruled by Thee:

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Thy kingdom, Lord, restore,
Set up Thy throne in me,
Then shall I own with those above
Omnipotence is lost in love.

1453. *I will ransom them from the power of the grave.*—xiii. 14.

CAN the bands of death detain
One from sin by Jesus freed?
Surely I shall live again,
Feel the voice that wakes the dead,
Rise triumphant o'er the tomb,
See my heavenly Saviour come.

1454. *Take away all iniquity.*—xiv. 2.

MORE than for ease in mortal pain,
For purity I pray:
Let all Thy plagues on me remain,
But take my sins away:
My sins, even all my sins remove;
I nothing else desire;
O let me taste Thy perfect love,
And at Thy feet expire.

1455.

1 JESUS, all-redeeming Lamb,
Thine, yet still unsaved I am,
Monster of iniquity,
Bring a world of sin to Thee.
If Thou canst so greatly save,
If Thou wilt Thy purchase have,
If almighty Love Thou art,
Take away this bestial heart.

2 Vanity, concupiscence,
I can never banish hence,
Never can myself expel,
Loathe the sins I love so well.

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Carnal and corrupt in mind,
If a good desire I find,
Lord, it flows from Thee alone;
Answer, and accept Thine own.

3 Now inclined by Thee, I pray
Take the bestial heart away;
Far out of my soul remove
All that bars Thy purer love:
More than conquer it in me,
Quite destroy the enmity;
Root it out, this love of sin,
Bring Thy heavenly nature in.

4 If Thy time be fully come,
Now this Antichrist consume;
Finish the transgression now,
Saviour to the utmost Thou,
Everlasting righteousness,
Thou my hallow'd soul possess;
Peace and power, and purity,
Christ, be all in all to me.

1456.

1 THE cause of this perpetual pain,
Jesus, the inbred sin remove,
Peace for a dying soul ordain,
And save me by Thy purest love.
Then, or whene'er Thou wilt release
My soul in all Thy mind renew'd—
Created in true holiness
One spirit with my hallowing God.

2 But canst Thou take it *all* away?
But can I trust almighty Love

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The root to kill, the remnant slay,
The sinful nature to remove?
Jesus, I steadfastly believe
The saving power of God Thou art;
And wilt His perfect Image give,
Thyself, into my sinless heart.

3 O wouldst Thou now Thy presence show,
Thy nature in my heart reveal,
And thus destroy the' indwelling foe,
And me out of myself expel.
Thy presence finishes my sin,
Thy presence makes an end of *me;*
Come in, Thou holy God, come in,
And I shall all be lost in Thee.

1457.

1 As taught by Thee, O God, I pray,
Take all iniquity away,
Thou utmost Saviour of mankind,
Nor leave the least remains behind.

2 The guilt and power of sin remove,
The worldly, and the creature love,
The easily besetting sin,
The passion dominant within:

3 The lusting flesh, the carnal mind
To ill continually inclined,
The' original depravity
Which never can submit to Thee.

4 Thy Spirit's energy exert,
To circumcise and cleanse my heart
From wrath, concupiscence, and pride,
That Thou may'st in Thy house abide.

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5 Thy Spirit, Lord, can sin subdue,
Can utterly extirpate too,
His more than conquering power employ,
And root and branch the foe destroy.

6 Then Jesus, then, the good bestow,
Which none but the receivers know;
The constant joy, the perfect peace,
The everlasting righteousness,

7 The patient, meek, and heavenly mind,
The lowly heart, the will resign'd,
The primitive simplicity,
The true eternal life in Thee.

8 All the good things which now I claim,
And ask the Father in Thy name,
The gifts for men received above,
O give me more than all in Love.

9 The gift unspeakable confer,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
With Thee, and with Thy Father one,
God over all, and Good alone.

10 Thou art the thing my soul requires
To fill my infinite desires,
Infinite Good, Thyself impart
With all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

1458. *I will heal their backsliding.*—xiv. 4.

1 How am I heal'd, if still again
I *must* relapse with grief and pain
Into my old disease?

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If Christ, with all His power and love,
Can never *perfectly* remove
My desperate wickedness?

2 But, Lord, I trust, Thy gracious skill
Shall throughly my backslidings heal,
My sinfulness of soul,
Destroy the bent to sin in me,
Cure my original malady,
And make, and keep me whole.

1459.

1 O THAT His wrath were turn'd aside,
O could I know Him pacified,
Again with pardon bless'd.
How gladly should I then resign
My soul into the hands Divine,
And trust Him for the rest.

2 Jesus, my sprinkled heart assure,
Thou didst my life by death procure,
Didst buy the sinner's peace,
That I to sin entirely dead
From every thought of evil freed,
Might live to righteousness.

3 Now in the sense of cancell'd sin,
Thy sanctifying work begin,
Pour in the balm of grace.
My wounds bind up, my peace restore,
And saved by Thee, I sin no more,
But walk in all Thy ways.

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JOEL.

1460. *I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*—ii. 28.

THE word is unaccomplish'd still:
In honour of Thy Son,
Father, the mystery fulfil,
And send the Promise down;
That Spirit of universal grace,
That Spirit of glory pour,
And deluge all our ransom'd race
With one eternal shower.

1461. *I will show wonders in the heavens, &c.*—ii. 30, 31.

LET the God of truth and love
His mighty wonders show,
Wonders in the heavens above,
And signs in earth below,
Every Antichrist consume,
And all His glorious power display:
Then Jehovah's day shall come,
The final judgment-day!

1462. *Whosoever shall call on the name, &c.*—ii. 32.

JESUS, Thee in faith we claim
Our gracious Lord and just,
Invocate Thy saving name,
And for deliverance trust:
Safety is on *Sion's* hill,
Thy praying church remains secure,
All who know and do Thy will
Shall evermore endure.

1463. *Let the heathen be wakened, and come up, &c.*—iii. 12.

1 AWAKE, thou guilty world, awake,
Whom God doth by His judgments shake,
And to the dread tribunal come!

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Jesus on earth erects His seat,
And cites you *here* your doom to meet,
Type of your everlasting doom!

2 Avenger of His slighted laws,
His gospel and His people's cause,
In righteous wrath implacable
The Lord with sword and fire shall plead,
Throughout the world destruction spread,
And sweep His slaughter'd foes to hell.

1464. *Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe, &c.*—iii. 13.

1 Ye angels, put the sickle in,
The world is now mature in sin,
The press is full, the fats o'erflow:
The Lord's decisive day is near,
And countless multitudes appear
Before His judgment-seat *below:*

2 The sun shall set in endless night,
The moon and stars withdraw their light,
The shatter'd earth's foundation groan,
The ruin'd heavens His wrath shall feel,
And nature's last convulsions tell
That *Israel's* Strength remains alone!

1465. *The Lord shall roar out of Zion, &c.*—iii. 16, 17.

1 Lion of *Judah's* tribe, draw near,
Let all mankind Thy roarings hear,
Let all mankind revere Thy power;
Utter Thy voice, almighty Lord,
Pronounce the desolating word,
And thunder from Thy heavenly tower!

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2 Crown Thy impatient people's hope,
And fill our faith and knowledge up,
The kingdom to Thy saints restore;
And when Thy church is fill'd with Thee,
Pure holiness Thy church shall be,
And sin shall never enter more.

1466. *In that day, the mountains shall drop down, &c.*—iii. 18.

1 WELCOME the bright millennial day
When former things are pass'd away,
When earth in righteousness renew'd,
Blooms as at the beginning good!
Wine from the mountain-tops distils,
And milky currents from the hills,
Rivers of living water rise,
Pure as their Fountain in the skies.

2 Forth-issuing from Jehovah's throne
Sent by the Father and the Son,
The Holy Ghost His fulness pours
In glorious, everlasting showers;
The King of saints resides below,
His Spirit doth our vale o'erflow,
Brings back the garden of the Lord,
And shows us paradise restored.

1467. *Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem, &c.*—iii. 20, 21.

1 FAITHFUL, and true, for this we wait,
The glories of our first estate
With all Thy latest church to prove;
Purge out our old congenial stains,
Expel the' engrafted sin's remains
By perfect purity and love.

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2 *Sion* shall then in safety dwell,
Fulness of joy that cannot fail
Possessing, and of Thee possess'd;
Thy spotless bride completely fair
Shall then Thy glorious image bear,
And live with God, for ever bless'd.

AMOS.

1468. *Can two walk together, except they be agreed?*—iii. 3.

THAT ground of fellowship with God
O that I could possess,
Brought near through the atoning blood,
And reconciled by grace!
O might my heart with Thine agree,
Pursue Thy glorious end,
Then should I walk to heaven with Thee
Mine everlasting Friend.

1469. *The lion hath roared, who will not fear?*—iii. 8.

THE lion roars, before he tears,
The Lord in wrath and mercy great
Threatens before He strikes; but spares
A sinner prostrate at His feet:
Then let us fall with conscious fear,
And when we faint beneath our load,
Our contrite hearts a voice shall hear,
"The Lion is the Lamb of God!"

1470. *Yet have ye not returned unto Me.*—iv. 11.

STRICKEN for mine iniquity,
Forced by a thousand strokes to mourn,

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Yet have I not return'd to Thee:
To Thee I never shall return,
Till Jesus from the cross reprove,
And melt me down by dying love.

1471. *Prepare to meet thy God.*—iv. 12.

1 To meet my God
Arm'd with His rod
O how shall I prepare?
Prostrate, wallowing in my blood
I pray the Judge to spare.

2 But if Thou let
Me kiss Thy feet,
And mind Thee of Thy passion,
Then I in my Judge shall meet
The God of my salvation.

1472. *Seek ye Me, and ye shall live.*—v. 4.

SEEKING in Christ Thy face,
We found the life of grace;
Pardon'd now, by faith we live,
Till we fuller life attain,
Till Thine image we retrieve;
Then the life of heaven we gain.

1473. *I know your manifold transgressions, &c.*—v. 12.

OF my transgressions numberless
The measure, Lord, runs o'er,
But where iniquities increase,
Thy grace increases more:
My mighty sins to Thee are known;
But mightier still is He
Who laid His life a ransom down,
Who pleads His death for me.

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1474. *I will send a famine in the land, &c.*—viii. 11.

GLORY and thanks to Thee we give,
Our dear redeeming Lord,
Who dost at last our want relieve,
Our hunger for the word!
But multiply the children's bread,
But give Thy word success,
Till every famish'd soul is fed,
Is feasted, with Thy grace.

1475. *I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, &c.*—ix. 9.

STILL the prophetic curse takes place:
We see the once-peculiar race
Like sifted chaff dispersed and driven
Through every nation under heaven!
But lo, we now the promise plead
For every *Israelite* indeed:
And when the nation owns Thy call,
Thy mercy, Lord, shall save them all.

1476. *In that day will I raise up the tabernacle, &c.*—ix. 11, 12.

1 JESUS, as in the ancient days,
Return, Thy ruinous house to raise,
Its breaches close, its walls repair:
The men into Thy church receive,
The Christians, who as heathens live,
Dishonouring the great name they bear.

2 Thou who hast purchased them of old,
Take all the world into Thy fold,
And in one pure religion join,
That every soul its Lord may bless,
And every tongue with joy confess
The saving work of grace Divine.

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OBADIAH.

1477. *Upon mount Zion shall be deliverance.*—17.

DELIVERANCE is on *Sion's* hill,
The gift of *Sion's* King;
His grace doth with His Spirit's seal
To us the pardon bring:
Still let us to the mountain fly,
Which never can remove,
And safe in life and death rely
On Jesu's dying love.

1478. *There shall be holiness.*—17.

SAVED from the guilt and power of sin
By their atoning God,
His people shall be pure within
Through Jesu's hallowing blood;
The church, a mount of holiness
Shall in His image rise,
And perfected in love, possess
Their portion in the skies.

1479. *The house of Jacob shall possess their possessions.*—17.

1 THE elder serves the younger now:
We who so long to sin did bow,
Its power defy, its yoke disdain:
The praying church, the wrestling seed,
On our old tyrant-lusts we tread,
And lords of all our passions reign:

2 In patience we our souls possess,
And *Jacob's* house is fill'd with peace,
A peace which none can take away;

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All things we have, of Christ possess'd,
And Jesus in our faithful breast
Maintains His everlasting sway.

1480. *The house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house, &c.*—18.

1 JESUS, Thy people's hearts inflame,
The Spirit of faith in Thy great name
Let it a Spirit of burning prove,
Destroy whom it doth now o'erpower,
And kindling on our lusts devour
The stubble of our creature-love.

2 O that Thy heavenly fire within
Might now consume the man of sin,
Till none of *Esau's* house remain!
The word Thy sacred lips hath pass'd,
Thou must destroy Thy foes at last,
And Lord of all for ever reign.

1481. *Saviours shall come up on mount Zion, &c.*—21.

INSTRUMENTS of our salvation,
Jesus, let Thy servants come,
Publishing to every nation
Peace by Thee, with *Esau's* doom:
Antichrist must fall before Thee,
(Let Thy messengers proclaim,)
Then the world shall all adore Thee,
All extol Thy glorious name.

1482. *The kingdom shall be the Lord's.*—21.

THE kingdom of grace Shall soon be restored,
And all the lost race Bow down to our Lord;
Our Lord shall inherit His *Israel* again,
And Jesus's Spirit Eternally reign.

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JONAH.

1483. *Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God.*—ii. 1.

THEN only, when by sore distress
Compell'd, I seek in God relief,
O'erwhelm'd with floods of wickedness,
And swallow'd up in gulfs of grief;
Out of the deep my mournful prayer
Directing to the throne Divine,
And hoping against hope, I dare
In hell to call the Saviour *mine.*

1484. *I am cast out of Thy sight; yet I will look, &c.*—ii. 4.

THOUGH now out of Thy presence driven,
I will not quit my hope of heaven,
My hope, O God, of Thee:
I turn me to the holiest Place,
I look to Christ for pardoning grace,
I plead His death for me.

1485. *When my soul fainted within me, &c.*—ii. 7.

EVEN now my tempted spirit faints,
But calls Thy days of flesh to mind:
Remember Thou Thine own complaints,
And let my prayer acceptance find;
Jesus, my tears, and feeble cries
Unite and mingle with Thine own,
So shall my wailing pierce the skies,
And bring the Spirit from Thy throne.

1486. *Salvation* is *of the Lord.*—ii. 9.

SALVATION is the work of God,
A work entirely Thine,
Who bought'st our pardon with Thy blood,
Thy precious blood Divine:

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Whose blood applied the pardon brings,
And wholly sanctifies,
And speaks above *the better things*,
And speaks us to the skies.

1487. *The fish vomited out Jonah upon the dry* land.—ii. 10.

1 HIM dead and buried we confess,
The storm our sins had raised to' appease,
Three days and nights for us confined:
But lo, emerging from the grave,
He comes, a ransom'd world to save,
He preaches life to all mankind!

2 O that we all His words might hear,
A Greater far than *Jonah* fear,
And live, and die at His command!
Then shall the grave its prey restore,
Raised by His resurrection's power,
And cast *us* on the heavenly land.

1488. *Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd.*—iv. 6.

OUR joy in a created good
How soon it fades away,
Fades (at the morning hour bestow'd)
Before the noon of day:
Joy by its violent excess
To certain ruin tends,
And all our rapturous happiness
In hasty sorrow ends.*

1489. *The gourd withered.*—iv. 7.

IN vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head:

* [Not always. J. W.]

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But of my Saviour's love possess'd
No more for earth I pine,
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly Vine.

1490. *Jonah fainted, and wished in himself to die, &c.*—iv. 8.

LORD, I revoke my hasty prayer;
No more in peevishness of grief
I faint, the fiery test to bear,
Or summon death to my relief:
Better for me to live, if Thou
My tempted soul with strength supply,
And *then* my hoary head to bow,
And perfected through sufferings, die.

MICAH.

1491. *Is the Spirit of the Lord straitened?*—ii. 7.

SHALL man to God a method show,
Or teach the Spirit how to blow?
He passes all our fancied bounds,
Our systems, plans, and rules confounds,
Our marks, and states, in vain defined
By the blind leaders of the blind;
Who all at last with shame shall own
The' unerring Guide was Christ alone.

1492. *We will walk in the name of the Lord, &c.*—iv. 5.

DETERMINED I am Through Jesus's grace,
To walk in His name, To walk in His ways,
With constant endeavour To practise His word,
And own Him for ever My God and my Lord.

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1493. *In that day will I assemble her that halteth, &c.*—iv. 6, 7.

THOU universal Saviour, come,
To call both *Jews* and *Gentiles* home,
Thine ancient flock to exile driven,
With every nation under heaven;
A world of halting souls distress'd
Assemble to the gospel-feast,
And then in every heart of man,
Great King of saints, for ever reign.

1494. *And thou, O tower of the flock, &c.*—iv. 8.

1 JESUS, the church is our strong-hold,
The tower which Thou hast made Thy fold,
And lo, Thy promise we embrace,
Expect the image of our Lord,
Thy kingdom to our souls restored
In all the majesty of grace:

2 The wide, original domain
By *Adam* forfeited, again
Shall to Thy spotless church be given;
And we whom Thou dost call Thine own,
Shall take our seats around Thy throne,
Lords of the new-made earth and heaven.

1495. *Out of thee shall He come forth, &c.*—v. 2.

JESUS, Lord, assume Thy right,
And *Israel's* Ruler be,
God of God, and Light of Light,
From all eternity,
By Thy matchless power subdued,
Let all Thy glorious Godhead own,
'Stablish on our earth renew'd
Thine everlasting throne.

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1496. *Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.*—vi. 9.

FATHER, Thy kind design explain
In every scourge and cross,
What is the meaning of *this* pain,
This trouble, or *this* loss?
O might my heart distinctly hear
The language of the rod,
Answer Thy will, and always fear,
And always love my God.

1497.

I HEAR, the rod I hear
Which takes my strength away!
It tells me, my release is near,
It bids me always pray:
With Thine appointment, Lord,
I cheerfully comply,
And listen for that kindest word
"Go, get thee up, and die."

1498. *I will look unto the Lord; I will wait, &c.*—vii. 7.

LORD, I look for Thy salvation,
For Thyself I look to Thee:
Hear my earnest supplication,
Manifest Thy love in me:
Praying on, and never ceasing
I Thine utmost word shall prove,
Bless'd with all the gospel-blessing,
Fully saved in perfect love.

1499. *Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, &c.*—vii. 8.

FORBEAR, my foe, thy triumph vain:
Shouldst thou again my soul surprise,
I shall by all my losses gain,
And stronger from my falls arise;

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And though I may in darkness mourn,
As banish'd from my Father's sight,
I soon shall see my Lord return
In glorious everlasting light.

1500. *I will bear the indignation of the Lord, &c.*—vii. 9.

SCOURGED for my sin, the frown of God
In patient silence I abide,
Till Jesus pleads for me His blood,
And turns His Father's wrath aside:
He then shall finish my distress,
Our common foes for ever slay,
And show my heart His righteousness,
And bring me to the perfect day.

1501. *Who* is *a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth, &c.*—vii. 18.

JESUS, who is a God like Thee!
The God of pardoning grace
Will not impute iniquity
To the believing race:
He passes all our follies by,
And all our sins forgives,
His wrath doth in a moment die,
His love for ever lives.

1502. *He will turn again, He will have compassion, &c.*—vii. 19.

SAVIOUR, while after Thee we mourn,
Thou wilt compassion show,
In mercy to our souls return,
And all our sins subdue;
Thou wilt our utmost Saviour be,
Remove our inbred load,
And cast it all into the sea
Of Thine all-cleansing blood.

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1503. *Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, &c.*—vii. 20.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal,
Thy word, Thy oath to *Abraham's* race
In us, even us fulfil:
Let us to perfect love restored
Thine image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord
The life of angels live.

NAHUM.

1504. *The Lord* is *good, a strong hold in the day, &c.*—i. 7.

WE run in distress To Jesus our tower,
And trust in His grace, His truth, and His power:
The weakest believer He knows and approves,
And saves us for ever Whom freely He loves.

1505. *Now will I break his yoke from off thee, &c.*—i. 13.

I TRUST Thy promise, Lord, to break
The' *Assyrian's* yoke from off my neck;
My great Redeemer Thou
Wilt burst the bonds of inbred sin;
But haste to show Thyself within,
But bring the freedom now!

1506. *Behold upon the mountains the feet of him, &c.*—i. 15.

1 SINNERS, with joy look up!
The herald's feet appear,
He comes from *Zion's* sacred top,
A gospel-messenger!

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Good news he publishes
Of all mankind forgiven,
Salvation sent from God, and peace
Restored 'twixt earth and heaven.

2 Peace from above reveal'd,
Which never shall depart,
Peace by the Spirit's signet seal'd
On every faithful heart;
The end of war and sin
In Christ your peace obtain:
And when His kingdom reigns within,
It shall for ever reign.*

1507. *O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, &c.*—i. 15.

1 LET *Judah's* joyous house
With full salvation bless'd
In perfect love perform their vows,
And keep the gospel-feast:
Your God, ye holy few,
In spirit and truth adore:
The wicked shall no more pass through,
Shall waste your souls no more:

2 The wicked one is slain,
Is utterly destroy'd,
When Jesus in your hearts doth reign,
And fill the boundless void:
He roots out inbred sin,
He shows His royal bride
From every spot and wrinkle clean,
And wholly sanctified.

* Compare Wesley's Works, vol. xi. p. 426—446.

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HABAKKUK.

1508. *O Lord, how long shall I cry, and Thou, &c.*—i. 2.

How long shall I languish and moan,
How long of oppression complain,
In sorrow and heaviness groan,
And cry for a Saviour in vain?
To save me from sin and from fear
Both able, and willing Thou art;
O bring the deliverance near,
And whisper it into my heart.

1509. *I will stand upon my watch, and set, &c.*—ii. 1.

By faith I set me on the tower,
And watch the answer of my prayer:
Hasten, O Lord, the joyful hour,
And all Thy name in me declare;
O tell me now that love Thou art,
Speak to my troubled conscience peace,
Speak power into my feeble heart,
And life, and perfect holiness.

1510. *The vision* is *yet for an appointed time, &c.*—ii. 3.

By faith I *Babel's* fall foresee,
The *Babel* of indwelling sin:
I know the promise is for me,
And wait the' accomplishment within:
Thy word in that appointed day
Faithful and true we all shall prove,
And seeming slow, Thou wilt not stay,
But come, and perfect us in love.

1511. *The just shall live by his faith.*—ii. 4.

By faith accounted just,
By faith to God we live,
With patience wait His time, and trust
His fulness to receive;

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That finish'd holiness
We must at last obtain:
And faith shall then in vision cease,
And love triumphant reign.

1512. *The earth shall be filled with the knowledge, &c.*—ii. 14.

COME, the Lord our righteousness,
Jehovah, from above,
Ocean of unbounded grace,
Of glorious life and love;
Love immensely deep and wide,
Without a bottom or a shore!
Never shall that sea be dried,
When time shall be no more.

1513. *O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst, &c.*—iii. 2.

FATHER of everlasting grace,
Revive Thy work of righteousness,
Even in these dregs of time make known
Thy truth and mercy in Thy Son;
O call His precious death to mind,
That ransom paid for all mankind,
Thine anger with our sins remove,
And show the world Thy pardoning love.

1514. *In wrath remember mercy.*—iii. 2.

THINE anger at what I have done,
O Father, I mournfully bear,
But look to Thine innocent Son,
Who ever intreats Thee to spare!
Be mindful of Jesus, and me:
Thy mercy He suffer'd to buy,
And what He procured on the tree,
For me He demands in the sky.

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1515. *The Lord God* is *my strength, and He will, &c.*—iii. 19.

My strength when Thou, O Jesus, art,
My soul though halt and lame,
Runs swiftly, as the bounding hart,
Exulting in Thy name;
Beyond the reach of sin, above
The world, I then ascend,
Walk in the mount of holiest love,
And talk with God my Friend!

ZEPHANIAH.

1516. *Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth, &c.*—ii. 3.

Ye that do your Master's will,
Meek in heart, be meeker still,
Righteous, still yourselves confess
Seekers after righteousness;
Gracious souls, in grace abound,
Seek the Lord whom ye have found,
Follow on, nor slack your pace,
Till ye see His glorious face.

1517. *It may be ye shall be hid in the day, &c.*—ii. 3.

Warn'd of that vindictive day,
You who now your Lord obey,
To your dear Redeemer true,
Shall He not distinguish you?
Yes; He can, He will redeem
Every soul that looks to Him,
Hide, who on His truth rely,
Under, or *above* the sky.

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1518. *All the isles of the heathen shall worship Him.*—ii. 11.

THE precious promise made to all,
For *Britain's* isle we claim;
O that we on Thy name may call,
And magnify Thy name!
Preserve a people in our land
To make Thy goodness known,
And worship, while the world shall stand,
The glorious Three in One.

1519. *Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord, &c.*—iii. 8.

1 TREMENDOUS Lord, Thy voice we hear,
"In glorious majesty severe,
In anger great, I soon will rise!
Vengeance on that appointed day
Shall fiercely claim its destined prey,
And seize the victims of the skies.

2 I will Mine indignation pour,
On all the' assembled kingdoms shower
The vials of My jealous ire;
My wrath shall to the utmost come,
The whole devoted earth consume,
And burn My foes with quenchless fire."

1520. *Then will I turn to the people a pure language, &c.*—iii. 9.

1 ON Thee, great God, we still attend,
Till judgment shall in mercy end,
And wrath in universal grace:
The promise to Thy church is sure,
Our hearts, and lives, and language pure
Shall speak our new-Creator's praise.

2 Then every soul his Lord shall know,
And every spotless saint below
Perform Thy will, like those above;

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We all shall think, and speak the same,
And serve our God, and praise Thy name
With perfect harmony and love.

1521. *From beyond the rivers of Ethiopia, &c.*—iii. 10.

1 O God of all-redeeming grace,
Hasten those latest, happiest days,
When Thy dispersed shall be brought home:
Obedient to the gospel-word
O let the people of our Lord
From earth's remotest corners come!

2 With humble prayers and contrite sighs,
A well-accepted sacrifice,
To Thee their souls and bodies give,
Thy perfect will rejoice to prove,
And live the life of holy love,
And only for Thy glory live!

1522. *In that day shalt thou not be ashamed, &c.*—iii. 11, 12.

1 Then, then the' intestine war is o'er,
And guilty shame confounds no more,
When Thou hast rooted out our pride:
With vain complacency in grace
No more we boast our holiness,
Or in our "sinless state" confide.*

2 Out of the deep of poverty
Saviour, we give the praise to Thee,
Thee only good, and wise, and just;
Our utter nothingness we own,
Exalt our righteous Lord *alone*,
And in His name for ever trust.

* [See the next hymn. J. W.]

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1523. *The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, &c.*—iii. 13.

1 JESUS, my vehement spirit pants
To join the fellowship of saints,
The simple *Israelites* indeed,
Who nor in act, nor word transgress,
Preserved in purity and peace,
From guile and sin for ever freed.

2 With these may I my lot receive,
And by the silent waters live,
And on the hidden manna feast,
With these in pastures green lie down,
Assured that none shall take my crown,
Or break mine everlasting rest.

1524. *Sing, O daughter of Zion. The Lord, &c.*—iii. 14, 15.

1 ZION, be glad, rejoice, and sing,
And shout the' anticipated joy,
The Lord shall bruise thy foe, thy King
Shall cast him out and say "Destroy;"
Shall all thy plagues and sins remove;
And when He reigns alone in thee,
High on His throne of perfect love,
Evil thou never more shalt see.

2 Thy hands shall never more hang down,
Jehovah bids thy fears depart;
Jehovah is thy shield and sun,
Fix'd in the centre of thy heart:
Diffusing thence His heat and light
He bids thee all His nature prove,
And comprehend the depth and height,
And length and breadth of Jesu's love.

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1525. *He will save, He will rejoice over thee, &c.*—iii. 17.

THY gracious Lord shall soon for thee
His whole omnipotence employ,
Delight in thy prosperity,
And condescend to sing for joy:
Thy God well pleased and satisfied
Shall view His image in thy breast,
Shall glory o'er His spotless bride,
And in His love for ever rest.

1526. *I will gather* them that are *sorrowful, &c.*—iii. 18.

HEAD of Thy church, for Thee we look
Her long captivity to turn,
Whose solemn feasts despised, forsook,
Whose desolate estate we mourn:
With sorrow her reproach we bear,
But plead the sure, prophetic word,
And wait, in answer of our prayer,
To see *Jerusalem* restored.

1527. *Behold, at that time I will undo all, &c.*—iii. 19.

GATHER the nations in that day,
Thy once-distinguish'd flock bring in:
Our old oppressive tyrants slay,
With all the brood of inbred sin;
Our weak, degenerate souls forgive;
Where'er we have been put to shame,
Thy people's dignity retrieve,
And vindicate the Christian name.

1528. *At that time will I bring you* again, *&c.*—iii. 20.

COLLECTED, perfected in one,
Jesus, Thy sinless people show,
And through the wondering world make known
Thy glorious, spotless church below:

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O might I on her glories gaze!
Her glories all to me be given,
When God vouchsafes to sound her praise,
And spread her fame through earth and heaven.

HAGGAI.

1529. *Consider your ways.*—i. 7.

O MAY I call my ways to mind,
My past unfaithfulness,
And, when by Thee afflicted, find
The cause of my distress!
O may I for Thine absence mourn,
Till Thou my guilt remove,
And fill my heart by Thy return
With perfect peace and love!

1530. *Be strong, O Zerubbabel;...and be strong, &c.*—ii. 4.

1 GREAT Builder of Thy church, appear,
And stir up instruments to rear
An house which Thou may'st own for Thine;
Rulers, and priests, and people raise,
And strengthen by Thy promised grace
To labour in the work Divine:

2 The Spirit that *our* deliverance wrought,
Us out of *Babel's* bondage brought,
Continue to Thy servants still;
What Thou hast now begun, complete,
And shining from the mercy-seat
Thine house with all Thy glory fill.

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1531. *The Desire of all nations shall come.*—ii. 7.

JESUS, come, the world's Desire,
Still our hearts their Lord require,
Thee, who didst on earth appear
A poor unknown sojourner:
Come, no more a man of woe,
Come, and all Thy grandeur show,
King of kings, appear again,
Glorious with Thine ancients reign.

1532. *From this day will I bless* you.—ii. 19.

AUTHOR of faith, the grace impart,
The sure foundation lay,
By sprinkling with Thy blood my heart,
And bless me from this day;
Bless me with faith, and faith's increase,
With hope and purest love,
With true, consummate holiness,
And with a throne above.

1533.

1 To bless me, Lord, this day begin
To turn my heart against its sin
By penitential grace:
My heart with godly grief inspire,
With sacred fear, and strong desire
To see Thy smiling face.

2 The evangelic blessing give
When humbled at Thy feet I grieve
Beneath my guilty load;
The knowledge of Thyself reveal'd,
My pardon and salvation seal'd
By Thy atoning blood.

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3 When Thee in part I truly know,
Bid me in peace and safety go,
With every blessing bless'd;
With love and holiness complete,
My Saviour in the clouds to meet
My soul's eternal rest.

4 When raised out of the dust I stand
Placed with the sheep at Thy right hand
The final blessing give,
The palm, the glory, and the crown,
And bid me at Thy side sit down
In all Thy joy to live.

1534. *I will overthrow the throne of kingdoms.*—ii. 22.

LORD of Hosts, almighty Lord
Of men and angels come,
Sweep the earth with fire and sword,
To make Thy kingdom room,
Every other throne o'erthrow,
That Thine only may remain,
Reign Thy thousand years below,
And then for ever reign.

ZECHARIAH.

1535. *Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Turn ye, &c.*—i. 3.

LORD of Hosts, from Thee we take
The power to pray, and mourn,
We our sins confess, forsake,
And thus to God we turn:

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Turn to us in pardoning grace,
  Turn in blessings from above,
All the life of holiness,
  And all the heaven of love.

1536. *I will be unto her a wall of fire round about, &c.*—ii. 5.

LET Thy church in danger prove
  That Thou, O Lord, art nigher,
Compass'd by almighty love
  As by a wall of fire;
Fill us with Thy majesty,
And let Thy presence cast out sin:
  Zion then shall holy be,
  And glorious all within.

1537. *He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.*—ii. 8.

JESUS on the celestial hill
  Doth for His people care,
Doth suffer in His members still,
  And all our sorrows bear:
If crush'd on earth the foot complain,
  Feeling the injury
The Head above cries out in pain,
  "Thou persecutest Me."

1538. *Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion, &c.*—ii. 10.

SING with joyful acclamation,
  Zion's ransom'd daughter sing;
You I make Mine habitation,
  Unto you My kingdom bring,
    Reign within you,
Reign the saints' eternal King.

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1539. *The Lord shall inherit Judah His portion, &c.*—ii. 12, 13.

RISING out of Thy holy place,
Almighty Lord, appear,
To choose again Thy chosen race,
To claim Thy portion here;
Brought back into the promised land
Thine ancient flock restore,
That all mankind may see Thy hand,
And silently adore!

1540. Is *not this a brand plucked out of the fire?*—iii. 2.

BY a miracle of grace
My soul redeem'd hath been,
In the furnace of distress,
And in the fire of sin:
Rescued every day I am,
I prove the God of *Israel* mine,
Pluck'd out of the hellish flame,
And quench'd with blood Divine!

1541. *Take away the filthy garments from him.*—iii. 4.

JESUS, Angel of the Lord,
I stand before Thy face,
Foul, and by myself abhorr'd,
I humbly sue for grace;
Take these filthy rags away,
My guilt, and inbred sin remove,
In Thy righteousness array,
And crown me with Thy love.

1542. *Behold, I will bring forth My Servant the BRANCH.*—iii. 8.

THOU hast, O God, the work begun,
Brought forth Thy Servant and Thy Son,
The Branch from *Jesse's* root:

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But bring Him forth again in me;
And let the Branch become a tree,
And fill the world with fruit.

1543. *Not by might, nor by power, but My Spirit, &c.*—iv. 6.

NOT by our best endeavours vain,
Not by the strength of nature's will,
Shall we that great salvation gain,
And all Thy righteous law fulfil:
But strengthen'd by Thy Spirit's might,
We shall Thine utmost counsel prove,
And humbly walk with Christ in white,
Unblamable in spotless love.

1544. *Who* art *thou, O great mountain? &c.*—iv. 7.

1 LIVE without sin! It cannot be!
This the enormous mountain stands,
The grand impossibility,
The hindrance to our Lord's commands!
But when the God of perfect love,
To build His church, appears again,
The' enormous mountain shall remove,
And sink, and flow into a plain.

2 By faith we see our Lord descend,
And every obstacle give place:
He comes, He comes, our sin to end,
With all the' omnipotence of grace!
He comes, He comes, His house to build,
He bids the inbred bar depart:
And tempted then, we cannot yield,
We cannot sin, when pure in heart.

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1545. *He shall bring forth the Head-stone* thereof, *&c.*—iv. 7.

PARDON'D through Jesu's grace alone,
The one Foundation laid I see,
And trust, the Head the crowning stone
Shall be at last brought forth in me:
And all who dare expect the grace,
Through holiness for glory meet
Shall soon with joyful shouts confess
Jehovah's work is all complete.

1546. *The hands of Zerubbabel have laid, &c.*—iv. 9.

1 JESUS, by Thine almighty hands
The church's sure foundation stands
Deep-laid in every humble heart:
Thou art our Saviour and our Prince,
Who giv'st the sense of pardon'd sins,
The Author of our faith Thou art.

2 Thou, Lord, its Finisher shalt be;
The sacred house begun by Thee,
Shall soon to full perfection rise:
Thou wilt fulfil Thy people's hope,
And build Thy living temples up,
By holiest love to reach the skies.

1547. *Who hath despised the day of small things?*—iv. 10.

OF small imperfect things the day
'T is now alas, with me,
Who just begin for grace to pray,
And follow after Thee:
Yet wilt Thou not, O Lord, despise,
But help my weakness on,
Till I in all Thine image rise,
And love my God alone.

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1548.

1 THE first faint spark of good desire
Which feebly would to heaven aspire
Its kindler God will not despise;
The spark into a flame shall spread;
And bless'd by Him the smallest seed
Of faith into a tree shall rise:

2 This dawn of grace, this glimmering ray
Shall shine into the perfect day,
For faithful Thou, my Saviour art;
And I who tremble at Thy word
Shall find my paradise restored,
Shall love my God with all my heart.

1549. *They shall see the plummet in the hand, &c.*—iv. 10.

1 GREAT Founder of Thy church, in Thee
Our true *Zerubbabel* we see;
We see the plummet in Thy hand;
To Thee the Spirit, one and seven,
In various gifts and graces given,
Subdues the world to Thy command.

2 Jehovah's eyes, with Thee they are:
Thy wise and providential care,
Which doth the universe sustain,
Is chiefly for Thy saints employ'd,
Till all Thy saints are lost in God,
And thus their full perfection gain.

1550. *The Man whose name* is *The BRANCH, &c.*—vi. 12.

THY church, O God, shall find fulfill'd
Thy sure prophetic word,
The Branch, the Man Divine, shall build
The temple of the Lord:

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The temple of the Lord are these
  Who still in Christ abide,
Till raised to perfect righteousness,
  And wholly sanctified.

1551. *He shall bear the glory.*—vi. 13.

SAVIOUR, Thou didst the glory bear
  Even on the shameful tree,
Triumphant in Thy dying care,
  Thy bleeding love for me:
Most glorious was my Lord below,
  When in His garments dyed;
Not heaven itself a sight could show
  Like Jesus crucified!

1552.

ALMIGHTY Lord of earth and skies,
  The government receive;
The burden on Thy shoulder lies
  Who dost for ever live;
Thy Father's house, its royal state,
  And dignity unknown,
And all its gracious glorious weight
  Is hung on Thee alone.

1553.

THE Lord is King, let earth be glad!
  Jesus, the power is Thine,
Possess'd of Thy reward, and clad
  With majesty Divine;
Thy Father's heavenly joy to share
  Thou dost with God sit down,
And all the weight of glory bear
  In Thine eternal crown.

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1554. *He shall sit and rule upon His throne, &c.*—vi. 13.

THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
Sit Thou at My right hand!
For earth and heaven are subject made
To Jesus's command:
A King Thou rulest on Thy throne,
A Priest for me Thou art,
And spread'st Thy power and peace unknown
Thy kingdom in my heart.

1555. *The counsel of peace shall be between them both.*—vi. 13.

THEE Prince and Saviour we adore
In both Thine offices,
Thy priestly and Thy kingly power
Conspire to seal our peace;
Thy blood hath bought, Thy grace maintains
Our blessings from above,
And where Thy praying Spirit reigns,
He fills a throne of love.

1556. *Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion, &c.*—ix. 9.

HOSANNAH to the Son
Of *David* on His throne!
Lo! He comes, our Lord and King,
Comes to fix His kingdom here;
Let His church rejoice and sing,
Shout our great Redeemer near!

1557. *He is just, and having salvation; lowly, &c.*—ix. 9.

JESUS, Thy name we bless,
Thou art my righteousness,
Thou our great Salvation art,
Grace is all laid up in Thee;
Lowly Thou, and meek in heart,
Meeken, Lord, and humble me.

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1558. *He shall speak peace unto the heathen, &c.*—ix. 10.

1 COME, Lord, to all, far off and near,
Command the heathen world to hear,
Baptized or unbaptized, Thy voice;
The gospel of Thy kingdom spread,
Bid every soul Thy hands have made
In Thy redeeming love rejoice:

2 Thy kingdom of internal peace
Shall make our wars and fightings cease,
That rapturous sense of sin forgiven
Spoken by Thee to every heart
Shall bid our enmity depart,
And turn our new-made earth to heaven.

1559. *By the blood of thy covenant I have sent, &c.*—ix. 11.

OUT of the pit of sin I cry,
Sinking into the pit of hell,
Till Thou that covenant-blood apply,
And bid my heart the comfort feel:
Speak, Father, speak the gracious word,
Which makes the dying sinner live,
Send forth the prisoner of the Lord,
And now for Jesu's sake forgive.

1560. *Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners, &c.*—ix. 12.

IN hope of perfect liberty,
Our City of defence, to Thee,
Jesus, by faith we fly;
The double benefit impart,
Pardon, and purity of heart,
And take us to the sky.

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1561. *How great* is *His goodness, and how great, &c.*—ix. 17.

How great Thy beauty who can tell,
Or all Thy loveliness explore!
Their face the dazzled seraphs veil,
And prostrate at Thy throne adore:
Thy goodness all their thoughts transcends:
But man, his God's supreme delight,
Fill'd with Thy love, he comprehends
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height!

1562. *Woe to the idol shepherd that leaveth the flock! &c.*—xi. 17.

1 WHO is the idol shepherd? who
The slighted flock of Jesus leaves?
The man that steals his Saviour's due
And human praise with joy receives:
The charge of souls he undertakes;
But when the streams of trouble rise,
He sees the wolf, the sheep forsakes,
And basely as an hireling flies.

2 Justice Divine with sharpest sword,
His arm and his right eye shall smite;
(Hear this, ye traitors to your Lord;)
Bereave him of his power and light:
Soon as the threaten'd curse takes place
The wretch receives his instant doom;
Wither'd is all his strength of grace,
And all his light is hellish gloom.

3 Lord, help me that I never may
My gracious power and knowledge lose;
But meekly with Thy people stay,
Their burden bear, their praise refuse.

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Till clearly Thee, my faithful eye
  Thy perfect will with transport sees,
And strong my arm to force the sky,
  And grasp the crown of righteousness.

1563. *The Lord shall save the tents of Judah first.*—xii. 7.

THE men in tents who meanly live,
  The vilest and the worst
Hear the glad tidings, and receive
  The great salvation *first:*
The tents *are* saved, and fill'd with peace,
  The poor on Christ are cast:
But visit, Lord, the palaces,
  But save the rich at last.

1564. *He that is feeble among them at that day, &c.*—xii. 8.

FEEBLEST of all Thy people, I
  Experience Thine accomplish'd word,
Out of the deep, like *David*, cry,
  Or sing, and triumph in my Lord;
Exulting in the strength of grace,
  His joy, and blessedness I prove,
Or troubled that Thou hid'st Thy face,
  I languish for Thy constant love.

1565. *The house of David* shall be *as God, &c.*—xii. 8.

JESUS, what grace dost Thou bestow
  Upon Thy church, Thy family!
Their sins forgiven the children know,
  The fathers all resemble Thee:
The Angel of the Lord Thou art,
  And we shall in Thine image shine,
Created after Thine own heart,
  Sinless, angelical, Divine!

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1566. *I will pour upon the house of David, &c.*—xii. 10.

Now let Thy word take place
In every gift and grace,
Father, let Thy Spirit's stream
Make the wilderness a pool,
Pour'd on our *Jerusalem*,
Pour'd into my gasping soul!

1567. *They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced.*—xii. 10.

On me, even me, confer
That Spirit of faith and prayer;
Give me eyes, my Lord, my God,
Him whom I have pierced to see
Bearing all my sinful load,
Pouring out His blood for me!

1568. *They shall mourn for Him.*—xii. 10.

Who see, must surely feel
That piteous spectacle!
Stone to flesh the sight doth turn!
Yes, I share Thy dying smart,
Now I look on Thee and mourn,
Now I give Thee all my heart.

1569.

1 Hail all-redeeming Lord!
In honour of Thy word,
Thou wilt every soul receive;
Every soul Thy murderer was:
Jews themselves shall look, and grieve,
Vanquish'd by Thy bleeding cross.

2 Who first their hands imbrued
In Thy most sacred blood,

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Turn'd at last they all shall be,
Thee descending from above,
Thee, the true *Messiah* see,
See, and weep, believe, and love.

1570. *In that day there shall be a fountain opened, &c.*—xiii. 1.

By faith I to the fountain fly,
Open'd for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life, and heart's impurity:
From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows:
The purple and the crystal stream
Pardon and holiness bestows:
And both I gain through faith in Him.

1571. *What* are *these wounds in Thine hands? &c.*—xiii. 6.

What are these wounds, so deep, so wide,
That in Thy sacred hands appear?
By My own nation crucified,
By My own friends I suffer here:
My household foes, who bear My name,
Have nail'd Me to this shameful tree;
And every day I wounded am,
Thou poor, backsliding soul,—by thee!

1572. *Awake, O sword, against the Man, &c.*—xiii. 7.

Lo! the sin-avenging Lord,
That sin may be forgiven,
Wakes, and turns His righteous sword
Against the Man from heaven!
Equal to the Lord Most High
See the Filial Deity,
See the great Jehovah die,
To purchase life for me!

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1573. *Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep, &c.*—xiii. 7.

SMITTEN the Shepherd was,
Dispersed the frighted sheep:
But gather'd now beneath His cross
He doth His people keep;
From Him, whose hand doth hold,
We shall no more be driven,
For when His bosom is our fold,
We rest secure in heaven.

1574. *It shall come to pass,* that *in all the land, &c.*—xiii. 8.

DREADFUL, pride-chastising word
Of surest prophecy!
"Two in three that call Thee Lord,
Shall be cut off and die."
Who should then of grace presume?
Father, in Thine hands I am,
Save me from the' apostate's doom,
I ask in Jesu's name.

1575. *But the third shall be left therein.*—xiii. 8.

NEED I then, my God, despair
Thy favour to retain?
Lost if two in three there are,
The third shall still remain:
Of the third distinguish'd part
That I may live for ever one,
Stamp Thine image on my heart,
And join me to Thy Son.

1576. *I will bring the third part through the fire, &c.*—xiii. 9.

TRIED is every faithful man,
As gold and silver tried,
Purged by grief, and purged by pain,
And seven times purified:

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All who stand the fiery test,
Receive Thine image from above,
Bear Thy favourite name impress'd,
Thy favourite name of Love.

1577.

BROUGHT into the fire I am,
And Thou wilt bring me through,
I shall call upon Thy name
With all the creatures new,
I shall prove Thine utmost word,
Brighten'd with Thy glory shine,
Claim'd by Thee, shall claim my Lord
Through endless ages mine.

1578.

BROUGHT into the fire, Thy wonderful power
Unburn'd we admire, Unhurt we adore:
Brought through our temptation We shortly shall prove
Thine utmost salvation, Thy perfecting love.

1579. *They shall call on My name, and I will hear them.*—xiii. 9.

THROUGH our fiery trial, Lord,
The tempted remnant bring,
That we may Thy name record,
Thy praise incessant sing,
With Thy glorious Spirit fill'd;
And when the Comforter is given,
Every prayer shall then be seal'd,
And every hymn be heaven.

1580. *I will say, It* is *My people, &c.*—xiii. 9.

WHOM wilt Thou Thy people call
But sinners saved from sin,
Pure in heart, and righteous all,
And glorified within!

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These brought through the purging flame
Moulded in the form Divine,
Perfected in one shall claim
"My God, for ever mine."

1581. *The Lord my God shall come,* and *all, &c.*—xiv. 5.

COME, my God, Jehovah, come,
With all Thy saints appear:
Antichrist expects his doom,
And we Thy kingdom here:
Us, who for Thy kingdom pray,
Us, who for Thy coming groan,
O remember in that day,
And seat us on Thy throne.

1582. *The Lord shall be king over all the earth.*—xiv. 9.

THEE, Jesus, Lord of lords we know;
The kingdoms of the earth are Thine;
Hasten to' erect Thy throne below,
That last great monarchy Divine;
With earnest faith Thy people wait
To see Thee of Thy right possess'd,
The sole, immortal Potentate,
God over all for ever bless'd!

1583. *In that day shall there be one Lord, &c.*—xiv. 9.

THY glorious power, O Christ, employ,
To' unite the world beneath Thy sway;
Our idols utterly destroy,
Those other lords for ever slay;
Thy Spirit of harmony and peace
To every child of man be given,
And all shall then Thy name confess,
The name that fills both earth and heaven.

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1584. *Every pot in Jerusalem shall be holiness, &c.*—xiv. 21.

MEANEST vessel of Thy grace,
Jesus, unto me impart
True substantial holiness;
Come, and make me pure in heart,
Witness of Thy hallowing word,
Full of purity Divine,
All devoted to the Lord,
Body, soul, and spirit Thine.

1585. *In that day there shall be no more, &c.*—xiv. 21.

HASTEN, Lord, the promised day
Of Thy redeeming power;
Thy victorious arm display,
And sin shall be no more:
Stands Thy word for ever sure,
Thy church must all be saints indeed,
Every member shall be pure,
Completely like the Head.

MALACHI.

1586. *Ye offer the blind for sacrifice, &c.*—i. 8, 13.

1 OFT have I offer'd up the *blind*
In sacrifice to Thee,
My foolish ignorance of mind,
My zealous bigotry:
When languid to Thy house I came
To act a formal part,
I sacrificed the *sick* and *lame*,
My lips without my heart.

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2 Asunder sawn with anxious thought,
With soul-tormenting care,
In prayer to Thee the *torn* I brought,
In vain distracted prayer:
But that my vows at last may be
Accepted at Thy throne,
I now present them all to Thee
Through Thine atoning Son.

1587. *From the rising of the sun even unto the going, &c.*—i. 11.

1 THE Name be known from east to west,
The truth, and power, and love confess'd
Of Christ, our great exalted Lord!
Jesus, we long Thy day to see,
To hail Thy sovereign Majesty
By all the heathen world adored.

2 The only God supreme Thou art;
To Thee may every praying heart
Present itself an offering pure,
And let our whole converted race,
Who taste Thy love, and sing Thy praise,
To all eternity endure.

1588. *The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come, &c.*—iii. 1.

JEHOVAH to His temple came,
When in our flesh the Holy Child
Appear'd, and Jesus was His name,
And God and man were reconciled.
Jesus shall to His house again,
To every seeking sinner come;
And when His Spirit we obtain,
Our hearts are His eternal home.

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1589.

1 In wondrous condescension,
For Thy own promise sake,
My heart to be Thy mansion,
Great God, in mercy take:
Suddenly to Thy temple,
My Lord and Saviour come,
And make the poor and simple
Thy everlasting home.

2 I wait for Thy appearing,
Thou holy God unknown,
A beggar persevering
I seek Thyself alone,
More than Thy consolations
Thy precious self require,
To recompense my patience
With all I can desire.

3 Angel and Mediator
Of covenanted grace,
I would Thy purest nature
With all my soul embrace,
The true transporting pleasure,
In Thy enjoyment prove,—
The most unbounded measure
Of beatific love.

1590. *The Messenger of the covenant, whom, &c.*—iii. 1.

Angel of covenanted grace,
Come to this longing soul of mine!
Thy presence makes the holiest place,
Thy coming consecrates the shrine:

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As lightning let Thy coming be,
To all who bear Thy word in mind,
And who their *Eden* seek in Thee,
In Thee let them their *Eden* find.

1591. *Who may abide the day of His coming? &c.*—iii. 2.

WHO may His day abide,
Or stand by Jesus tried?
He whose sin the flames consume;
Glad to be by fire refined,
He shall from the furnace come,
Leave his inbred dross behind.

1592. *He* is *like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.*—iii. 2.

THAT soap from inward sin
Shall wash our nature clean,
Wash out all our spots and stains,
(If we to the end endure)
Purge the' original remains,
Make us pure as God is pure.

1593. *He shall sit* as *a refiner and purifier of silver.*—iii. 3.

COME then the purging flame,
The power of Jesu's name!
Jesus, with Thy blood appear,
Blood that washes white as snow,
Purify a people here,
Sinless make Thy church below.

1594. *He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge, &c.*—iii. 3.

1 FATHER, make good Thy word of grace,
And purify the priestly race
Who minister in things divine,

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Out of their hearts the dross remove,
Their worldly care, and worldly love;
As silver and as gold refine.

2 So shall their pure oblations please,
While clothed with Jesu's righteousness
They bring their offering to the throne,
Present the virgin pure and clean,
The church redeem'd from inbred sin,
The spotless consort of Thy Son.

1595. *Then shall the offering of Judah, &c.*—iii. 4.

1 THEN, Jesus, then, when seven times tried,
Thy people saved and sanctified
Thy glorious character shall bear!
A chosen race of priests and kings,
Each his accepted offering brings,
The incense pure of praise and prayer.

2 Returns the age of golden days,
The vigorous energy of grace,
That in Thine ancient servants shone;
While God with constant smiles approves
The souls whom join'd to Thee He loves,
For ever perfected in one.

1596. *I* am *the Lord, I change not; therefore, &c.*—iii. 6.

LORD, with joyful lips and heart
We own Thee gracious still;
Love, and only love Thou art,
And love unchangeable:
Wherefore unconsumed, we give
To Thee the glory of Thy grace,
Monuments eternal live
Of Thine eternal praise.

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1597. *Then they that feared the Lord spake, &c.*—iii. 16.

JESUS, united by Thy fear,
The promised grace we claim,
Who commune of Thy kingdom here,
And dwell upon Thy name:
Thou hearken'st now to every word,
Thou dost Thine ear incline,
And hear'st the heart that sighs, "My Lord,
I would be only Thine!"

1598. *A book of remembrance was written before Him.*—iii. 16.

PRESENT in our assemblies we
An hidden God adore,
Lamenting, till Thy face we see,
And trembling at Thy power:
Thou know'st our wants, Thou read'st our fears,
Who languish for Thy love,
And all our sad complaints and tears
Are register'd above.

1599. *They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, &c.*—iii. 17.

ACCORDING to Thy faithful word
It then shall surely be,
Thou wilt remember us, O Lord,
Who now remember Thee;
To seek, and challenge us for Thine,
Thou wilt from heaven come down,
And we around Thy head shall shine,
As jewels of Thy crown.

1600. *I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son, &c.*—iii. 17.

IN tenderest pity to Thine own,
Thou dost Thy wrath forbear;

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Thine every servant is a son
  Whom Thou delight'st to spare :
And while our hearts are bow'd to Thee,
  Thine easy yoke we prove,
And own it perfect liberty
  To serve the God we love.

1601. *Then shall ye return, and discern between, &c.*—iii. 18.

In the discriminating day
  They shall Thy justice find
That loved Thine easy yoke, and they
  That cast Thy words behind ;
Who served their God and who defied,
  Shall all the difference feel,
A difference how immensely wide !
  As wide as heaven from hell !

1602. *Behold, the day cometh, that shall burn, &c.*—iv. 1.

Lo ! it comes, Jehovah's day
  Of flaming vengeance comes,
Seizes on its ready prey,
  And all the proud consumes,
Root and branch the wicked burns,
Fit fuel for Thy righteous ire !
  Then Thy wrath enkindled turns
  To everlasting fire.

1603. *Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun, &c.*—iv. 2.

Happy they, who humbly dread
  The glorious King of kings :
He on them His beams shall shed,
  And cherish with His wings ;

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Christ, the Sun of righteousness,
On them shall rise, to set no more,
All the sin-sick sons of grace
To health, and heaven restore.

1604.

SUN of righteousness, arise,
My trembling heart to cheer,
Thou whose glory fills the skies,
Be manifested here;
Chase the darkness of my mind,
All my unbelief remove,
Heal my soul diseased and blind
By heavenly light and love.

1605.

1 I BOW to God in Jesu's name,
I tremble at His word,
Yet O! I still in darkness am,
Nor know my pardoning Lord:
My soul is sick of every sin,
Is all infirmity,
There is no holiness within,
There is no health in me.

2 Arise, Thou Sun of righteousness,
Extend Thy healing wings;
And bring into my soul the grace
That sure salvation brings.
My sins and sicknesses depart
If Thou in me appear;
And when I find Thee in my heart,
I find Perfection here.

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1606. *Remember ye the law of Moses My servant.*—iv. 4.

EXPECTING, Lord, Thine awful day,
We bow to Thy command;
Till heaven and earth shall pass away,
Thy holy law shall stand:
Still will we bear it in our mind,
Till all from earth remove,
With angels and archangels join'd
To serve our God above.

1607. *Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, &c.*—iv. 5.

ONCE He in the *Baptist* came,
And virtue's paths restored,
Pointed sinners to the Lamb,
Forerunner of his Lord:
Sent again from paradise,
Elijah shall the tidings bring,
"Jesus comes! ye saints, arise,
And meet your heavenly King!"

1608.

PREVIOUS to the dreadful day
Which shall Thy foes consume,
Jesus, to prepare Thy way,
Let the last prophet come;
When the seventh trumpet's sound
Proclaims the grand sabbatic year,
Come Thyself, with glory crown'd,
And reign triumphant here.

1609. *Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.*—iv. 6.

YES; we know, our Lord will come,
Smite the Antichrist of *Rome*,
All His plagues and judgments pour,
Earth accursed with fire devour!

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But the curse shall soon remove,
But the' incarnate God of love
Sitting on His throne shall show
EARTH RENEW'D IS HEAVEN BELOW.

END OF "SHORT HYMNS ON SELECT PASSAGES"
OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

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HYMNS

ON THE

FOUR GOSPELS,

AND

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

INCLUDING SUCH "SHORT HYMNS" AS WERE PUBLISHED IN 1762.

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HYMNS

ON THE

FOUR GOSPELS,

AND

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

S. MATTHEW.

CHAPTER I.

1. *The book of the generation of Jesus Christ.*—i. 1.

1 THE book (let all bow down and read),
The book of God to sinners given,
The birth of *Abraham's* blessed Seed,
Of *David's* Son, sent down from heaven!
Stupendous mystery Divine,
Gospel to ages past unknown!
Heathens and *Jews* through Jesus join,
And God and man in Christ are one.

2 Father of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Our Father through His birth Thou art;
Thy Spirit testifies the Word
Made flesh, to every faithful heart;
In us Thy new-born Son reveal,
Thy Son from all eternity,
And give Him still on earth to dwell,
By faith conceived and form'd in me.

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2. *The Son of David.*—i. 1.

HOSANNAH to the Son
Of *David* on His throne!
David's Son and King Thou art,
Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Reign in every human heart,
Sovereign, everlasting Lord!

3. *The Son of Abraham.*—i. 1.

THROUGH earth the blessing spread:
Derived from *Abraham's* seed,
Abraham's promised Son and God,
God in us Thyself reveal,
Jesus, come, on all bestow'd,
All with grace and glory fill!

4. *Who is called Christ.*—i. 16.

1 CHRIST, the true anointed Seer,
Messenger from the Most High,
Thy prophetic character
To my conscience signify:
Signify Thy Father's will;
By that unction from above,
Mysteries of grace reveal,
Teach my heart that God is love.

2 Thou who didst for all atone,
Dost for all incessant pray,
Make Thy priestly office known,
Take my cancell'd sin away:
Let me peace with God regain,
Righteousness from Thee receive;
Through Thy meritorious pain,
Through Thy intercession, live.

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3 Sovereign, universal King,
  Every faithful soul's desire,
Into me Thy kingdom bring,
  Into me Thy Spirit inspire:
From mine inbred foes release;
  Here erect Thy gracious throne;
King of righteousness and peace,
  Reign in every heart alone.

4 O that all were taught of God,
  All anointed by Thy grace;
Kings and priests redeem'd with blood,
  Born again to sound Thy praise;
An elect, peculiar seed,
  Offspring of the Deity;
Christians both in name and deed,
  One, entirely one, with Thee!

5. *Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise.*—i. 18.

LET all adore the' immortal King,
  Maker of heaven and earth!
Angels and men, rejoice and sing
  For your Creator's birth.
A Son is born, a Child is given,
  That mortals born again
May in the new-created heaven
  With God in glory reign.

6. *Thou shalt call His name Jesus, &c.*—i. 21.

SALVATION from our sins we found,
  Through Jesu's grace forgiven;
And Jesu's grace doth more abound,
  And makes us meet for heaven:

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The hallowing virtue of His name
Our spotless souls shall prove,
And to the utmost saved, proclaim
Our Lord's almighty love.

7.

JESUS *from*, not *in*, our sins
Doth still His people save:
Him our Advocate and Prince,
Our Priest and King we have;
Strength in Him with righteousness,
With pardon purity, we gain,
Priests His praying Spirit possess,
And kings for ever reign.

8. *They shall call His name Immanuel.*—i. 23.

1 CELEBRATE *Immanuel's* name,
The Prince of life and peace;
God with us, our lips proclaim,
Our faithful hearts confess:
God is in our flesh reveal'd;
Heaven and earth in Jesus join;
Mortal with immortal fill'd,
And human with Divine.

2 Fulness of the Deity
In Jesu's body dwells,
Dwells in all His saints and me,
When God His Son reveals:
Father, manifest Thy Son,
And, conscious of the' incarnate Word,
In our inmost souls make known
The presence of the Lord.

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3 Let the Spirit of our Head
Through every member flow;
By our Lord inhabited,
We then *Immanuel* know:
Then He doth His name express,
And God in us we truly prove,
Fill'd with all the life of grace,
And all the power of love.

CHAPTER II.

9. *Jesus was born in Bethlehem.*—ii. 1.

HAPPY the place, but happier still
The heart where Christ is born:
The heart which He vouchsafes to fill
Need neither sin nor mourn;
No city could with *Bethlehem* share
The honour of His birth,
But every soul by faith may bear
The Lord of heaven and earth.

10. *We have seen His star in the east, and are come, &c.*—ii. 2.

1 MINE eyes have seen His orient star,
And sweetly drawn I come from far,
Leaving the world behind;
His Spirit gently leads me on
A stranger in a land unknown,
The new-born King to find.

2 The word of all-preventing grace
Marks out the Saviour's natal place;
And follower of the word,
I keep His glimmering star in sight,
Which by its sure unerring light
Conducts me to my Lord.

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11. *Out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule, &c.*—ii. 6.

THOU dost in all Thy people dwell;
Come, Lord, and reign in me alone,
Set up Thy kingdom now, and seal
My heart Thine everlasting throne:
My Governor, if here Thou art,
And rulest me by the power of love,
Thou wilt Thy glorious power impart,
And crown with all Thy joys above.

12. *When they saw the star, they rejoiced, &c.*—ii. 10.

THE comfort lost, and soon restored,
Doth more transporting bliss afford,
And makes my joy o'erflow;
I bless the' enlightening word that brings
My soul to' adore the King of kings,
God manifest below.

13. *They saw the young Child, and fell down, &c.*—ii. 11.

1 HAIL, holy, heaven-descended Child,
Who God and man hast reconciled,
Whom angels bow before!
Whate'er I have of good to give,
To Thee, from whom I first receive,
I thankfully restore.

2 To Thee my heart I open wide,
The myrrh of passions mortified,
The gold of charity,
The incense sweet of humble prayer,
Jesus, Thy prostrate worshipper,
I now present to Thee.

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14. *Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him.*—ii. 13.

1 WHO *Herod* did of old inspire,
Doth still inspire his sons
With aim malicious to inquire
"Where are the perfect ones?"

2 Suffice that known to God they are,
Nor will themselves proclaim,
Kept ever, watching unto prayer
And hid in Jesus' name.

15. *Being warned of God, he turned aside, &c.*—ii. 22.

1 THE Son obeys the will Divine,
Conducted step by step below;
But we our Father's whole design
Concerning us at once would know:
The Word, the true essential Light,
Doth still, as taught of God, proceed;
But darker than *Egyptian* night
We boldly aim ourselves to lead.

2 In honour of the Infant-God,
Henceforth I His obedience trace,
The light by just degrees bestow'd
Attend the providential grace;
Observant of a Father's word,
Led with a child's docility,
Jesus, my Pattern and my Lord,
In life and death I follow Thee.

CHAPTER III.

16. *The voice of one crying in the wilderness, &c.*—iii. 3.

1 FAR from a world of noisy care,
I to the wilderness repair,
In silence and retreat

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Roused by the soul-awakening cry,
I hear the news of Jesus nigh,
And His forerunner meet.

2 I feel the voice that cries "Repent,"
And struck with conscious grief, lament
The sins which I confess,
In hope to find at last restored
The kingdom of my heavenly Lord,
The justice, joy, and peace.

3 Allured and strengthen'd from above
I every obstacle remove,
With every idol part;
The Spirit is His Harbinger,
And Jesus doth Himself prepare
His way into my heart.

4 Repentance is His work before,
And wrought to this I wait the power
Of faith and love Divine:
Come Lord, and bring Thy kingdom in,
Destroy the tyranny of sin,
And reign for ever mine.

17. *Think not to say within yourselves, We have, &c.*—iii. 9.

1 SONS of the church, yourselves who deem
The temple of the Lord,
Awake out of your fatal dream,
And tremble at the word;
Howe'er your privileges ye boast,
On outward helps rely,
Ye all must finally be lost,
Who unconverted die.

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2 Long as the things of earth ye love,
Nor will from sin depart,
Your own pretensions ye disprove,
Poor heathens still in heart;
Members of the true church in vain,
Unchanged and unforgiven,
Unless ye all are born again,
Ye cannot enter heaven.

18. *God is able of these stones to raise up children, &c.*—iii. 9.

SUPREME, incarnate Deity,
Display Thy sovereign power in me,
Stone into flesh Thou canst convert,
A slave's into a filial heart:
Speak; and begotten by the word,
I magnify my quickening Lord,
Though dead in sin, I rise forgiven,
A child of grace, an heir of heaven.

19. *Every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit, &c.*—iii. 10.

YE high in gifts, who lift your head,
As trees their leafy honours spread,
Ye barren souls who flourish fair,
And words in large abundance bear,
If still ye want the humble root,
If still ye bear no gracious fruit,
The righteous axe ye soon shall feel,
Cut down to feed the flames of hell.

20. *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, &c.*—iii. 11.

1 PURE baptismal Fire Divine,
All Thy heavenly powers exert,
In my deepest darkness shine,
Spread Thy warmth throughout my heart;

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Come, seraphic Spirit, come,
Comforter through Jesus given,
All my earthly dross consume,
Fill my soul with love from heaven.

2 Love in me intensely burn,
Love mine inmost essence seize,
All into Thy nature turn,
All into Thy holiness;
Spark of Thy celestial flame,
Then my soul shall upward move,
Trembling on with steady aim
Seek, and join its Source above.

21. *He will burn up the chaff.*—iii. 12.

1 BARREN, light, and void, and vain
Shall I still as chaff remain,
Flexible my heart and mind
Borne about with every wind?

2 Jesus, turn the chaff to wheat,
Make me for Thy garner meet,
Fruitful, fraught with virtue pure,
Firm the sifting test to' endure.

3 Me, and every precious grain,
Winnow with Thy Spirit's fan;
Make Thy tempted people clean,
Throughly separate us from sin:

4 Then our ready souls remove
To the granary above,
Mix'd with all Thy saints to rest,
Bread for God's eternal feast.

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22. *I have need to be baptized of Thee.*—iii. 14.

1 YES, the purest saint below
Needs to be baptized of Thee,
Needs Thy farther grace to know,
Needs Thy perfect purity:
Wash'd, we must be wash'd again,
Still perceive the blood applied,
Daily by Thy cross remain,
Dwell securely in Thy side.

2 Foulest of the sinful race
Unto Thee my wants I tell,
My continual want of grace,
Lord, I every moment feel:
Me into Thy death baptize,
Plunge, re-plunge me in Thy blood,
Till out of the grave I rise,
Rise with Thee, and reign with God.

23. *It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.*—iii. 15.

CLOTHED in our flesh and blood,
Saviour, Thou didst fulfil
The holy righteous law of God,
And answer all His will:
And we shall do the same,
Begotten from above,
Fill'd with the virtues of Thy name,
Inspired with purest love.

24. *And lo a voice from heaven, saying, &c.*—iii. 17.

FATHER, Thy heavenly voice I own,
Thy gracious majesty;
In Jesus Thy beloved Son
Thou art well-pleased with me;

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But our whole race to Christ unite;
And by His Spirit join'd
Thou wilt eternally delight
In all the ransom'd kind.

25.

1 FATHER, in Thy beloved Son
Thou art well-pleased, in Christ alone
Thou find'st Thy joy supreme;
Yet doth Thy soul in man delight,
If loving faith to Christ unite,
And make us parts of Him.

2 Not one of our rebellious race
Could e'er obtain Thy pardoning grace
Or good from Thee receive,
Hadst Thou not Him on all bestow'd,
That all who trust the dying God
Might in Thy favour live!

3 That Thou may'st kindly smile on me,
Father I bring Thy Son to Thee,
With Him approach Thy throne:
His death my powerful plea I make,
Accept me for the only sake
Of Thy beloved Son.

4 Nothing I ask but in His name,
Nothing but through His merits claim,
Who pleads my cause above:
My feeble prayers to His I join;
Regard my Advocate Divine,
And me in Jesus love.

5 Who in His Spirit walk and live,
My works as Jesu's works receive,
And all I have and am,

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With Him, that all my works hath wrought,
With Him, that gives my every thought,
Mysteriously the same.

26.

1 FATHER, Thy heavenly voice I own,
Propitious through Thy favourite Son
I know Thou art to me:
Clothed with His blood and righteousness,
Accepted in His worth, I bless
Thy gracious Majesty.

2 But did He not our nature take,
Thy grace and favour for His sake
That every soul might find?
To Jesus our whole race unite,
And then eternally delight
In all the ransom'd kind.

CHAPTER IV.

27. *Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit, &c.*—iv. 1.

1 CONSCIOUS of our infirmity,
We wisely from the world retreat,
The hazardous temptation flee,
And shun the shock we dread to meet:
But Jesus to the desert goes,
For us to conquer all our foes.

2 He wears our feeble flesh, within
Full of His own almighty grace,
Divinely sure the fight to win,
Himself exposes in our place,
That we on all our foes may tread
Already vanquish'd by our Head.

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28. *When the tempter came to Him, he said, &c.*—iv. 3.

1 WHOM God pronounced His favourite Son
Can Christ His Father's word disown?
Whom God acknowledged from above,
Can Christ suspect His Father's love?
As left in the distressing hour,
Mistrust His providential power?
And kept for forty days unfed,
Despair of life for want of bread?

2 In vain for Christ the tempter spread
The snare for the first *Adam* laid;
Urging our Lord to disbelieve
He could not God Himself deceive:
In vain doth hell with heaven contend:
He proves His Godhead on the fiend,
Opposes by the written word,
And foils him by the Spirit's sword.

29. *He answered and said, It is written.*—iv. 4.

TEACH me, O Lord, to fight like Thee;
With weapons from Thine armoury
The foe I then shall quell,
Skilful to use Thy two-edged sword,
Victorious through Thy written word
O'er all the powers of hell.

30. *Man shall not live by bread alone, &c.*—iv. 4.

JESUS, the word, by which alone
We live, doth from Thy mouth proceed:
The bread, unbless'd by Thee, is stone,
The stone which Thou hast bless'd, is bread:

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Life of the death-devoted race,
The bread of life vouchsafe to give,
And quicken'd by Thy word of grace
The life of holiness we live.

31. *Then the devil taketh Him up into the holy city, &c.*—iv. 5.

1 When Satan fails the souls to shake
Who in their God confide,
Sudden he changes his attack,
And urges them to pride:
He tempts them in the holy place,
That lifted up with joy,
And trusting in their gifts or grace,
They may themselves destroy.

2 Still to the pinnacle he brings
The men whom Jesus know,
Superior to all earthly things
Who see the world below:
Disciples of a tempted Lord
He sets them up on high,
That those who cannot doubt the word
May by presumption die.

32. *Cast Thyself down.*—iv. 6.

By Satan, or his instrument
I cannot be compell'd;
They may solicit my consent,
And I refuse to yield,
Firmly resist, enticed in vain,
To Christ the tempted fly,
And all the wiles of hell disdain,
And all the strength defy.

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33. *If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down.*—iv. 6.

FALSE confidence the tempter gives,
To rob us of the true,
And oft unwary souls deceives
His wiles who never knew:
He fills us with presumption vain,
Who needless dangers dare,
Exalts, to cast us down again,
And sink us in despair.

34. *The devil saith, It is written.*—iv. 6.

ONE, by his hellish father taught,
May take the tempter's place,
(His head with Scripture notions fraught,
His mouth with Scripture phrase,)
May carry on the fiend's design
The faithful to pervert,
And talk in language most Divine,
With Satan in his heart.

35. *He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee, &c.*—iv. 6.

1 Us in their hands the angels bear
In all our lawful ways:
But shall we from His precepts err,
And tempt the God of grace?
Ourselves as from the summit cast,
The' appointed means neglect,
And think we hold His promise fast
Who His command reject?

2 In vain the promise of our Lord
The disobedient pleads,
God never contradicts His word,
Or wills what He forbids:

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Father, Thy whole recorded will
Doth every part explain,
And none but who the terms fulfil
The promised good shall gain.

36. *Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.*—iv. 7.

O MAY I tempt my God no more
By needless trials of Thy power,
But humbly in Thy ways attend,
And through the means expect the end,
Nor wonders seek, Thy truth to prove,
Nor ask a sign that God is love.

37.

1 O MAY I tempt my God no more,
Or wantonly demand
Unneeded tokens of Thy power,
And Thy protecting hand;
But humbly safe in all my ways
On Thee my Lord attend,
And through the channels of Thy grace
Expect the promised end.

2 No powers extraordinary I claim
To help in time of need,
Assured I in Thy favour am,
And by Thy Spirit led:
A child of Providence Divine
Thy constant care I prove,
Nor ask a miracle or sign
To show that God is love.

38. *Again, the devil taketh Him.*—iv. 8.

LET not the follower of the Lord
Think all temptation pass'd,
The most severe, and most abhorr'd
May buffet him at last;

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Satan, before his warfare end,
  The hoary saint may try,
May tempt him to adore the fiend,
  To curse his God and die.

39. *The devil...sheweth Him all the kingdoms, &c.*—iv. 8.

SIN enter'd by the eye, and made
  Its way to *Adam's* heart;
Satan, who thus our sire betray'd,
  On Jesus tries his art:
But vain the serpent's hope to move
  The Son of God Most High,
Who built those glorious worlds above,
  Who fills both earth and sky.

40.

1 To damn us by our own desires,
  Satan the world employs;
With avarice, and ambition fires,
  And visionary joys,
By pomp, and state, and pageantry
  Allures us to his shrine,
And tells my soul, "Bow down to me
  And all my world is thine."

2 But we a kingdom here receive,
  A kingdom from above,
Which only Christ hath power to give,
  Which never can remove:
The devil's proffers we disdain,
  Who worship Christ alone,
Partakers of His patience reign,
  Partakers of His throne.

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41.

WHO teach their children to admire
The pomp which earth displays,
And bid them from their birth aspire
To riches, power, and praise;
They blindly take the murderer's part,
To him their offspring sell,
Poison their unexperienced heart,
And train them up for hell.

42. *Get thee hence, Satan.*—iv. 10.

INSPIRE me, Saviour, with that power
Which cast the tempter down,
So shall I bear the fiery hour,
And bid the fiend be gone!
Quell'd by the Spirit of Thy grace
Again the foe shall flee:
He cannot stand before my face,
When Thou residest in me.

43. *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, &c.*—iv. 10.

I SHALL, when Thou bestow'st the power,
In spirit and in truth adore,
And serve my God, like those above,
With perfect purity and love.

44. *Then the devil leaveth Him.*—iv. 11.

LOST by the first, the second Man
Jehovah did the fight regain,
Single He foil'd our hellish foe,
Who fled to' escape the deadly blow,
Nor could the serpent save his head,
For ever crush'd—when Jesus bled!

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45.

1 WHEN shall I share, O Lord, with Thee
That full, and final victory?
When shall my painful conflicts end?
Avenge me, Saviour, of the fiend,
Satan with all his works destroy,
And seal mine everlasting joy.

2 Weary of earth, my soul receive,
With Thee in glorious rest to live:
O might I serve my Saviour there,
The' unutterable rapture share,
And sing with all Thy hosts above,
And feast for ever on Thy love!

46. *Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent, &c.*—iv. 17.

JEHOVAH from Jehovah sent
Calls to a sinful world, Repent!
His mercy's powerful motive this,
Repent, and gain eternal bliss,
Repent, and take the blessing given,
The kingdom, and the King of heaven.

47. *Jesus...saw two brethren...casting a net into the sea.*—iv. 18.

THE schools of scribes, and courts of kings,
The learn'd and great He passes by,
Chooses the weak and foolish things,
His power and grace to testify;
Plain simple men His call endues
With power and wisdom from above;
And such He still vouchsafes to use,
Who nothing know but Jesus' love.

48. *He saith unto them, Follow Me, and I will, &c.*—iv. 19.

1 JESUS, Thy minister ordain,
By first redeeming me from sin,

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And give me heavenly skill to gain
Poor souls, and for Thyself to win:
Then shall I seek not theirs, but them,
Shall cast the net on the right side,
And nothing know, desire, esteem,
Or preach, but Jesus crucified.

2 Made willing by Thy powerful call,
My faith I by obedience show,
For Thy dear sake abandon all,
And cheerful in Thy footsteps go,
The Man of love and sorrow trace,
My calling in Thy sufferings see,
And freely ministering Thy grace
In life and death I follow Thee.

49. *I will make you fishers of men.*—iv. 19.

FISHERS of men 'tis Thine to make;
O for Thy truth and mercy sake
Instruct, whom Thou dost call,
To cast the net on the right side,
And tell mankind that Thou hast died
And purchased life for all.

50. *They straightway left* their *nets, and followed Him.*—iv. 20.

HAPPY the soul who casts behind
The world and its entangling snares!
By simple faith to Jesus join'd
He only for his Master cares:
Whate'er he for his Master leaves,
Whether his stock be large or small,
A grateful sacrifice he gives,
And much forsakes, who quits his all.

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51. *He saw other two brethren, James...and John, &c.*—iv. 21.

1 THE God of love our nature bore,
Not to destroy it, but restore:
The Friend of human race
Delights to make His goodness known,
And joins a pair by nature one
In closer ties of grace.

2 Whom nature joins He often parts,
To claim our undivided hearts,
Our faithfulness to prove,
To manifest His grace below,
That feeble worms may feel, and know
The wonders of His love.

52.

1 THERE is a time for souls to toil,
To cast our nets into the sea:
But call'd apart, to rest awhile,
Fishers of men employ'd by Thee,
Jesus, our labours we suspend,
And know the time our nets to mend.

2 We gain, in solitude and prayer,
Strength to pursue Thy love's design,
Ourselves for dangers fresh prepare,
And fortified by grace Divine,
We boldly launch into the main,
And cast the gospel-net again.

53. *They immediately left the ship and their father, &c.*—iv. 22.

1 THEIR sacred charge who undertakes
The' apostles' genuine successor,
He all his earthly hopes forsakes,
With all his fond attachments here,
Puts off his nature's soft excess,
And only lives his God to please.

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2 Lord, we Thy Spirit's call obey,
The servants of the church below,
Without regret, without delay,
Our friends, our all, for Thee forego,
And find, enrich'd by poverty,
Our more than all restored by Thee.

54. *Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching, &c.*—iv. 23.

1 JESUS, Thee Thy works proclaim
Omnipotently good;
Moses Thy forerunner came,
And mighty works he show'd:
Minister of wrath Divine,
His wonders plagued the sinful race:
Works of purest love are Thine,
And miracles of grace.

2 All Thy cures are mysteries,
And prove Thy power to heal
Every sickness and disease
Which now our spirits feel:
Good Physician of mankind,
Thou wilt repeat Thy sovereign word,
Chase the evils of our mind,
And speak our souls restored.

3 Who of other help despair,
And would Thy word receive,
Us Thou makest Thy tenderest care,
And kindly dost relieve:
Every soul-infirmity,
And plague of heart, Thou dost remove;
Heal'st whoe'er apply to Thee,
With balm of bleeding love.

4 Still Thou go'st about to teach,
And desperate souls to cure;

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Still Thou dost the kingdom preach
Which always shall endure;
Publishest the power of grace,
Which pardon and perfection brings,
Saves our fallen dying race,
And lifts us into kings.

55. *His fame went throughout all Syria, &c.*—iv. 24.

1 DRAWN by Thine extended fame,
Saviour, I come to Thee,
Sick of every vice I am,
And sinful malady:
Now a palsied soul I groan;
In rage I act the madman's part;
Torn by devilish pride I own
The legion in my heart.

2 But my most inveterate ill
Shall fly before Thy word;
Nothing can withstand the will
Of an almighty Lord:
Faith in Thine all-healing power
If by Thy gracious gift I have,
Speak, and in this welcome hour
The chief of sinners save.

3 Health into my spirit speak
Through Thy balsamic blood,
Then I shall go forth and seek
The sin-sick multitude.
Then I in Thy steps shall tread,
The tidings of great joy proclaim,
Wander everywhere to spread
Mine utmost Saviour's name.

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CHAPTER V.

56. *And seeing the multitudes, He went up into, &c.*—v. 1, 2.

1 I LEAVE a careless world below,
Mix'd with the multitudes I go,
By faith the mount ascend,
In strong desire to Christ draw near,
And wait in humble hope to hear
The sinner's heavenly Friend.

2 Open Thy mouth, celestial Lord,
Open my heart to catch the word
Which still proceeds from Thee;
And let Thy lips replete with grace
Drop peace and joy and righteousness
On all Thy church and me.

57. *Blessed* are *the poor in spirit: for theirs is the, &c.*—v. 3.

JESUS, on me the want bestow,
Which all who feel shall surely know
Their sins on earth forgiven;
Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
And taste in holiness Divine
The happiness of heaven.

58. *Blessed* are *they that mourn: for they shall be, &c.*—v. 4.

TURN, into flesh the stony turn;
And while for Thee alone I mourn,
The consolation send;
O come Thyself, my soul to' embrace,
And let my cheerful life of grace
In glorious comfort end.

59. *Blessed* are *the meek: for they shall inherit, &c.*—v. 5.

MEEKEN my soul, Thou heavenly Lamb,
That I in the new earth may claim
My hundred-fold reward;

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My rich inheritance possess,
Co-heir with the great Prince of peace,
Co-partner with my Lord.

60. *Blessed* are *they which do hunger and thirst, &c.*—v. 6.

ME with that restless thirst inspire,
That strength of infinite desire,
And feast my hungry heart;
Less than Thyself cannot suffice,
My soul for all Thy fulness cries,
For all Thou hast, and art.

61. *Blessed* are *the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.*—v. 7.

MERCY who show shall mercy find:
Thy pitiful and tender mind
Be, Lord, on me bestow'd:
So shall I still the blessing gain,
And to eternal life retain
The mercy of my God.

62. *Blessed* are *the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—v. 8.

JESUS, the crowning grace impart,
Bless me with purity of heart;
That now beholding Thee,
I soon may view Thine open face,
On all Thy dazzling beauties gaze,
And God for ever see!

63. *Blessed* are *the peacemakers: for they shall be, &c.*—v. 9.

LORD, give me that pacific mind,
Which spreads Thy peace throughout mankind,
And knits them all in one;
So shall He own me for His child,
Who all through Thee hath reconciled,
And take me to His throne.

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64. *Blessed* are *they which are persecuted, &c.*—v. 10.

NOT for my fault, or folly's sake,
The name, or mode, or form I take,
But for true holiness,
Let me be wrong'd, reviled, abhorr'd,
And Thee my sanctifying Lord
In life and death confess.

65. *Blessed are ye, when* men *shall...persecute you, &c.*—v. 11.

CALL'D to sustain the hallow'd cross,
And suffer for Thy righteous cause,
Pronounce me doubly bless'd,
And let Thy glorious Spirit, Lord,
Assure me of my great reward
In heaven's eternal feast.

66. *So persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*—v. 12.

THE prophets old, and rough, and true
Our patient types we see:
The prophets smooth, and false, and new
Protest "it need not be!"
But all who would in Jesus live
A daily death must die,
His portion upon earth receive,
His portion in the sky.

67. *Ye are the salt of the earth.*—v. 13.

STILL may the preachers of Thy word,
May the disciples be
Dispensers of Thy Spirit, Lord,
In faith and charity:
Apostles to the ransom'd race,
Let all Thy church be join'd
To spread throughout the earth Thy grace,
To season all mankind.

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68. *If the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall, &c.*—v. 13.

AH, Lord, with trembling I confess
A gracious soul may fall from grace,
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more!
Lest this my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to Thee,
And lead me to Thy mount above
Through the low vale of humble love.

69. *Ye are the light of the world.*—v. 14.

DARKNESS in ourselves, we shine
With lustre not our own,
Cheer the world with light Divine
Reflected from that Sun,
Till that Sun of righteousness
All His heavenly rays display,
Universal nature bless
With everlasting day.

70. *A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.*—v. 14.

CAN we from the world conceal
A church that 's built on Thee?
Seated on Thy holy hill
They must the city see:
Pride may frown, and prudence chide,
Bid us keep our faith unknown;
Faith its light no more can hide
Than the meridian sun.

71. *Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel.*—v. 15.

NOT for ourselves the light of grace
Didst Thou on us bestow,
But for the whole benighted race
Thy darken'd house below:

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The candlesticks Thy churches are,
The Spirit in them design'd
Thy truth and goodness to declare,
To lighten all mankind.

72. *Let your light so shine before men, that they may, &c.*—v. 16.

THE light in us *must* shine;
Thou, Lord, direct the rays,
So shall it show its Source Divine,
And glorify Thy grace,
So shall our works of faith
The charm'd beholders move,
To' extol, like us, in life and death
Our heavenly Father's love.

73. *Think not that I am come to destroy the law, &c.*—v. 17.

SAVIOUR, inspire with unknown awe
The souls who fondly dream
Thou camest to' abolish Thy own law,
Fulfilling it for them:
Put them in fear; and then display
The counsel of Thy will,
The law Thou didst *for* man obey,
In man again fulfil.

74. *Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle, &c.*—v. 18.

CAN a law from God proceed,
Useless soon, and null, and void?
No; when earth and heaven are fled,
This continues undestroy'd:
On the hearts of all mankind
Graven by its Author's hand,
Copy of the' eternal Mind
Firm it must for ever stand!

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75. *One tittle shall in no wise pass.*—v. 18.

YES, the law is like its Giver,
Holy heaven-descended word,
Word of Him that lives for ever,
Stands co-eval with its Lord:
Firmer than the earth's foundation
This survives the starry host,
In the wreck of all creation
Not one tittle shall be lost.

76. *Whosoever shall do and teach* them, *the same, &c.*—v. 19.

WHOE'ER the' authority impeach
Of Thy commanding word,
Still let my life and practice teach
Obedience to my Lord:
Master, to me the blessing give
Thy least commands to love,
Till from Thy mercy I receive
My great reward above.

77. *Except your righteousness shall exceed, &c.*—v. 20.

No partial, outward righteousness
Can make me meet to see Thy face,
But such as in Thyself did shine,
Internal, perfect, and Divine:
The faith which works by holiest love
Shall join me to Thy saints above,
The righteousness from heaven sent down
Shall form mine everlasting crown.

78. *But I say unto you.*—v. 22.

WHICH of the old prophets dared
So high a style assume?
Who by them His way prepared,
The Lord Himself is come!

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"I, the great Jehovah say!"
Open, Lord, this heart of mine,
All Thy words to hear, obey,
And prove them all Divine.

79. *Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be, &c.*—v. 22.

LORD, Thou forbiddest me in vain
By anger, or contempt to kill,
Unless Thou dost at once explain,
And strengthen me to' obey, Thy will:
The spiritual command I see;
But O, Thy Spirit's power impart,
And planting Thy own love in me,
Expel the murderer from my heart.

80. *First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come, &c.*—v. 24.

IN vain with angry hearts we dare
Nigh to Thine altar move,
Since neither sacrifice, nor prayer
Atones for want of love:
O may we each with each agree
Through Thine uniting grace,
Our gift shall then accepted be,
Our life of love and praise.

81. *Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means, &c.*—v. 26.

CAN they discharge the debt in hell,
Or satisfy Thy justice there?
They must with endless burnings dwell,
They must eternal torments bear,
For ever and for ever prove
That God is truth, as well as love.

82. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*—v. 27.

CAN a true follower of Thine
Such horrid crimes commit?

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One moment left by grace Divine,
We sink into the pit:
Ah, do not, dearest Lord, depart
One moment from Thine own,
But purify, and keep the heart
That would be Thine alone.

83. *He hath committed adultery in his heart.*—v. 28.

BUT will not our almighty Lord
The evil heart remove,
And fill us through His hallowing word
With His own heavenly love?
According to our faith in Thee,
To us it shall be done:
Holy and pure we then shall be,
And love our God alone.

84. *If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast, &c.*—v. 29.

FORBID it, Lord, that I should strive
Mine idols to conceal,
Or keep one bosom-lust alive,
And carry it to hell:
Rather from all I leave behind
My naked soul shall flee,
And lose its life on earth, to find
Its heavenly life in Thee.

85. *I say unto you, Swear not at all.*—v. 34.

1 THE world against their Maker cry,
Ye must for every trifle swear,
Oaths without end they multiply,
The weak and ignorant ensnare,
Transgressions, perjuries increase,
And harden Satan's witnesses.

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2 By oaths they learn their God to scorn,
By oaths their souls for nought they sell,
By oaths they cause the land to mourn,
By oaths rejoice and people hell,
And thus their property secure,
And make their own damnation sure.

86. *Neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: &c.*—v. 34, 35.

HEAVEN'S magnificence declares
Jehovah's brightest seat,
Earth with its productions bears
The impress of His feet:
Him we by the creatures know,
His goodness and His power revere;
All His works, above, below
Proclaim, that God is here!

87. *Resist not evil.*—v. 39.

THE trodden worm will turn again,
And nature hurt resent the smart,
Unless Thy gentleness restrain,
Unless Thy love o'ercome my heart:
The precept, and the pattern mild,
Thou givest; but add the patient power,
And changed into a little child
Thy follower shall resist no more.

88.

WHATE'ER to magistrates belong,
Who bear the sword and not in vain,
I dare not render wrong for wrong,
Or grief for grief, or pain for pain:
The spirit of fierce vindictive *Jews*
I hate, when Jesus' mind I know,
And goods, and life itself would lose
Rather than hurt my deadliest foe.

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89. *Love your enemies.*—v. 44.

1 O COULD I view them with those eyes
Which wept the bloody *Salem's* fall,
And echo back the Saviour's cries,
And on My heavenly Father call,
"Forgive them, O My God, forgive,
I thirst—to die, that they may live!"

2 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son,
Which turns the leopard to a lamb,
So shall I put His bowels on,
Who hellish hate by love o'ercame,
Who made His murderers His care,
And saved them through His dying prayer.

90.

1 LOVING my friends I freely pay
The debt that nature owes,
But how shall I Thy word obey
And love my mortal foes?

2 Hard struggling to comply in vain,
Throughout my soul I feel
This to an unregenerate man
Is quite impossible.

3 Doth Justice then to man enjoin
The thing that cannot be?
It cannot; but through grace Divine,
Through Jesu's strength in me,

4 If Thou the power of faith impart,
Lord, I can all things do,
And love my foes with all my heart,
When Thou hast made it new.

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5 If still my heart be unrenew'd,
The fault is all my own:
One drop of Thy redeeming blood
Can melt the hardest stone:

6 The balm for every soul-disease
Ready Thou art to' apply,
And when I call for grace and peace
Thou answer'st "Here am I."

7 Come then, with all Thy wounds confess'd,
My Saviour from above,
And pour into my vanquish'd breast
Thy sweet forgiving love:

8 Then when I feel Thy Spirit mine,
The mighty change I know,
And can like Thee my life resign,
To save my deadliest foe.

91. *Bless them that curse you.*—v. 44.

THE causeless curse is lost on me:
But shall I bless my foes in vain?
I bless them authorized by Thee!
The utmost good ordain'd for man
Be to my persecutors given:
Thy grace on earth, Thy joy in heaven!

92. *Pray for them which despitefully use you.*—v. 44.

MY mortal foe, whom for Thy sake,
Saviour, for Thine *alone*, I love,
Humbled into Thy favour take,
Prepare him for a place above,
Call him with me Thy throne to share,
And join us in Thy praises there.

93. *That ye may be the children of your Father, &c.*—v. 45.

How may we resemble God,
His genuine children prove?

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Jesus, Thou the way hast show'd
In universal love :
Let Thy love implanted be,
Pure, impartial, unconfined ;
Then mankind in us shall see
The Father of mankind.

94. *He maketh His sun to rise on the evil, &c.*—v. 45.

EVIL, or good, Thou lovest us all,
And dost to all Thy blessings give :
Thy sun doth rise, Thy rain doth fall,
On those who will not more receive,
Who *might* be water'd by Thy grace,
(Incessant showers of love Divine,)
And see that Sun of righteousness,
And bright from Him for ever shine.

95. *Be ye...perfect.*—[*Ye shall be perfect.* Gr.]—v. 48.

1 WOULDST Thou require what cannot be?
The thing impossible to me
Is possible with God :
I trust Thy truth to make me just,
The' omnipotence of love I trust,
The virtue of Thy blood.

2 Perfection is my calling's prize,
To which on duty's scale I rise ;
And when my toils are pass'd,
And when I have the battle won,
Thou in Thy precious Self alone
Shalt give the prize at last.

96.

1 IF, taught of Him, I understand
My Saviour's most benign command,
I shall be fully bless'd ;

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True is the promise of my Lord,
The duty is its own reward,
And crown of all the rest.

2 "*Ye shall be perfect*" here below,
He spake it, and it must be so;
But first He said, "Be poor;
Hunger, and thirst, repent, and grieve,
In humble, meek obedience live,
And labour, and endure." *

3 Thus, thus may I the prize pursue,
And all the' appointed paths pass through
To perfect poverty:
Thus let me, Lord, Thyself attain,
And give Thee up Thine own again,
Absorb'd and lost in Thee.

CHAPTER VI.

97. *Take heed that ye do not your alms* [*Practise not your righteousness.* Gr.] *before men, &c.*—vi. 1.

JESUS, if Thou Thy servant guard,
I shall obey Thy laws,
Nor seek from man my base reward,
Nor aim at his applause:
O may I cast the world behind,
While in Thy work employ'd,
And only bear it in my mind
That I am seen of God.

98. *They have their reward.*—vi. 2.

THROUGH false pretence of honouring Thee
Whoe'er themselves proclaim

* Compare Vol. ix., Notes on pp. 96, 396.

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Indulge their secret vanity,
  And cloak it with Thy name;
For all their works and righteousness,
  The hypocrites abhorr'd
In human, momentary praise
  Receive their whole reward.

99. *Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand, &c.*—vi. 3.

1 SAVIOUR, remove the vanity,
  Which poisons all I do for Thee,
  O make me studious to conceal
  What boastful nature would reveal;
  My good be to the world unknown,
  Or publish'd for Thy praise alone.

2 A time, I know there is to' obey,
  And act for God in open day:
  O that I then with single eye
  Thee, only Thee may glorify,
  The least in my own eyes appear,
  And always pray and always fear!

100. *Himself shall reward thee openly.*—vi. 4.

  FATHER, the good in secret done
  Will find acceptance at Thy throne;
  Thine eye the hidden virtue sees,
  Thy voice shall openly confess,
  Thyself the recompence shalt be
  Of all who humbly act for Thee.

101. *They love to be seen of men.*—vi. 5.

  LORD, Thou know'st, I would be *seen*
  Doing good by foolish men,
  Nature still usurps a part,
  More than shares with Thee my heart:

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Jesus, set my nature right,
Shut the creature from my sight,
Thou mine only Object be,
More than all the world to me.

102. *They have their reward.*—vi. 5.

THEIR reward they have, not Thine,
Human honours for Divine,
Have their aim, by man admired,
Have the thing their hearts desired:
When Thou dost as Judge appear,
Who received their portion here,
Stripp'd of all their earthly gains,
Only hell for them remains.

103. *Pray to thy Father which is in secret.*—vi. 6.

FATHER, for power I groan
In secret prayer to spend
My few sad hours with Thee alone
Shut up, till life shall end:
I think of no reward,
But wail my follies pass'd,
And humbly hope, through Christ my Lord,
I may escape at last.

104.

1 How great our gain that serve a King
Whom by petitioning we please,
Who numbers the requests we bring,
And counts them faithful services,
Our begging confidence approves,
And most the boldest suitor loves.

2 Our Father's goodness we adore,
Who doth our praying hearts inspire,

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Bestows whate'er we ask, and more,
More than our most enlarged desire,
And after all His blessings given,
Rewards our prayer itself with heaven.

105. *When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.*—vi. 7.

1 PRAYER is the language of the heart,
By humble faith to Heaven address'd,
Above the studied rules of art,
And more in groans than words express'd,
Groans by the wrestling Spirit bestow'd,
Groans which affect the heart of God.

2 Father, the prayer Thou dost require
Through Jesus I present to Thee,
In vehemence of inflamed desire,
In faith's resign'd simplicity,
In hope Thy promised grace to prove,
In speechless eloquence of love.

106. *Your Father knoweth what things ye have need, &c.*—vi. 8.

FOR the' Omniscient's information
Need we formal prayers repeat?
To excite His slow compassion,
God, the gracious God, entreat?
Lord, our hearts are bare before Thee,
Lord, to all Thy bowels move;
Help us, for our wants implore Thee,
Love us with a Father's love.

107. *After this manner.....pray ye.*—vi. 9.

WE must in our requests succeed,
When Jesus teaches us to plead,
We must receive our granted prayer
Who in His words our wants declare:

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Himself did the petition pen,
His Spirit seconds it in men,
And still the everlasting Son
To God presents it as His own.

108. *Our Father which art in heaven, &c.*—vi. 9—13.

1 FATHER of earth and sky,
Thy name we magnify:
O that earth and heaven might join
Thy perfections to proclaim,
Praise the attributes Divine,
Fear, and love Thy awful name!

2 When shall Thy Spirit reign
In every heart of man?
Father, bring the kingdom near,
Honour Thy triumphant Son,
God of heaven, on earth appear,
Fix with us Thy glorious throne.

3 Thy good and holy will,
Let all on earth fulfil:
Men with minds angelic vie,
Saints below with saints above,
Thee to praise and glorify,
Thee to serve with perfect love.

4 This day with this day's bread
Thy hungry children feed,
Fountain of all blessings, grant
Now the manna from above,
Now supply our bodies' want,
Now sustain our souls with love.

5 Our trespasses forgive;
And when absolved we live,

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Thou our life of grace maintain;
Lest we from our God depart,
Lose Thy pardoning love again,
Grant us a forgiving heart.

6 In every fiery hour
Display Thy guardian power,
Near in our temptation stay,
With sufficient grace defend,
Bring us through the evil day,
Make us faithful to the end.

7 Father, by right Divine,
Assert the kingdom Thine;
Jesus, Power of God, subdue
Thine own universe to Thee;
Spirit of grace and glory too,
Reign through all eternity.

109.

1 FATHER who art in heaven,
The' omnipotent I AM,
Homage Divine be given
To Thy most holy name;
Thine attributes and nature
Let all Thy works display,
And praise their great Creator
Through one eternal day.

2 Our first and last desire
That all our God may own,
Thy majesty admire,
And worship at Thy throne;
That all may bow before Thee,
Jesus, Thy power assume,
And manifest Thy glory,
And let Thy kingdom come.

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3 The virtue of Thy Spirit
To every soul impart,
And let us here inherit
The kingdom in our heart,
The evangelic blessing,
Inviolable peace,
Celestial joy increasing,
And finish'd holiness.

4 Thy kingdom's restoration
O might we feel within,
Thine uttermost salvation
Exterminating sin!
Let sin and Satan's power
At Thy appearing fall,
And all on earth adore
The glorious Lord of all.

5 Thy Spirit of inspiration
Pour out on all below,
And perfect renovation
Our ruin'd earth shall know,
The nations all shall bless Thee
In that millennial day,
And every tongue confess Thee,
And every heart obey.

6 The fulness of Thy graces,
Of Thy own Godhead give,
And in Thy kind embraces
Our fallen race receive:
Through love's most large effusion
Let us the Promise find,
The general restitution,
The life of all mankind.

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7 Thy kingdom's fruits mature
O that we all may bring,
Obedience full and pure,
And worthy of our King!
Thy holy will be ours,
Thy holy will alone,
As by the heavenly powers,
By all on earth be done.

8 No pause or intermission
The' angelic service knows,
While the transporting vision
Their vast reward bestows,
With that enraptured choir,
Let every creature gaze,
And earth and heaven conspire
In Thy eternal praise.

9 While in the flesh we tarry,
We ask our daily bread:
With all things necessary
Thy crying children feed:
And while Thou spread'st a table
Our bodies to supply,
With meat imperishable
Sustain us from the sky.

10 Father, for Jesus' merit
To the unworthy give
That strength-restoring Spirit,
By whom we truly live;
Send down the gracious shower,
The manna from above,
And now and evermore
Refresh our souls with love.

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11 On us bestow the pardon
Bought by His precious blood,
Who paid the utmost farthing
We to Thy justice owed;
The peace and consolation
Incomprehensible,
The knowledge of salvation
To all our hearts reveal.

12 Pardon'd without condition,
Our debtors we release,
With free and full remission
Of all their trespasses:
The bowels of our Saviour
As we to them extend,
Preserve us in Thy favour
And pardon to the end.

13 From trials unexempted
Thy dearest children are;
But let us not be tempted
Above what we can bear;
Exposed to no temptation
That may our souls o'erpower,
Be Thou our strong salvation
Through every fiery hour.

14 Ah! leave us not to venture
Within the verge of sin;
Or if the snare we enter
Thy timely help bring in:
And if Thy wisdom try us,
Till pain and life are pass'd,
Almighty Love stand by us,
And save from first to last.

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15 Deliver us from evil,
From every evil here,
The world, the flesh, the devil,
His works and character:
A total abolition
Of all his works I see
Comprised in this petition,
And promised, Lord, to me.

16 Fain would we cease from sinning,
In thought and word and deed,
From sin in its beginning
We languish to be freed:
From every base desire,
Our fallen nature's shame,
Jesus, we dare require
Deliverance in Thy name.

17 For every sinful action
Thou hast atonement made,
The rigid satisfaction
Thy precious blood has paid;
But take entire possession;
To make an end of sin,
To finish the transgression,
Most holy God, come in.

18 The mind of earthly savour,
The carnal enmity,
Which hates our God and never
Can subject prove to Thee,
The old rebellious nature
With all its relics slay,
Appear our New-Creator,
And bring the perfect day.

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19 Fulfilling Thy own prayer,
Destroy this fleshly mind;
Sin by the roots uptear,
No evil leave behind.
This huge enormous mountain
Of inbred guilt remove,
Dry up corruption's fountain,
And fill our souls with love.

20 Essence of holinesses,
Jesus, Thou only art
With plenitude of graces
Inhabiting the heart:
'Tis thus Thou dost deliver
Thine own in Thee secure,
And keepest us for ever
From all pollution pure.

110. *Lead us not into temptation.*—vi. 13.

1 LEAD me not into temptation,
Father, leave me not alone,
Thou, to whom my every passion,
Every secret thought is known:
If Thy providence forsake me
In the dark, unguarded hour,
Sin is sure to overtake me,
Hell is ready to devour.

2 In the feebleness of nature,
Never from Thy charge depart,
Infinitely good, and greater
Than the evil of my heart:
Watch, and hold me back from sinning,
Self-inclined from Thee to stray,
Stop me at the first beginning,
Turn my tempted heart away.

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3 With mine enemies surrounded,
Sin, the world, and Satan's snare,
Let me never be confounded,
Tempted more than I can bear:
Rather from the dread occasion,
Thy poor, helpless creature hide,
Bind the sinful inclination,
Turn my stronger foe aside.

4 Conflicts I cannot require,
Who myself can nothing do;
If Thou bring into the fire,
Surely Thou shalt bring me through:
Shalt from every ill deliver,
That I may Thy glory see,
Magnify Thy name for ever,
Saved through all eternity.

111. *Appear not unto men to fast.*—vi. 18.

WOULDST thou be truly mortified?
Be only to thyself severe.
Far from the surly *Stoic's* pride,
And *Pharisaic* character:
The sorrows of thy heart conceal,
Afflicted by a Father's rod,
Nor tell what thou art forced to feel,
Nor stumble those who know not God.

112.

THE' example which to man we owe
Surely there is a time to pay;
Then, only then, ourselves we show,
To guide them in the heavenly way:
There is a time when urged by pride
We would the' applause of man obtain;

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We then should our own goodness hide,
To save ourselves from endless pain.

113.

FATHER, create my heart again,
That dead to the esteem of men,
Contentedly unknown,
In all I think, or speak, or do,
I humbly may the praise pursue
Which comes from God alone.

114. *Thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward, &c.*—vi. 18.

LET heathens mock what God enjoin'd,
Or fools explain away,
I find it good, I soon shall find
It glorious, to obey:
The secret fast, observed to Thee,
Who hast the precept given,
Shall openly rewarded be
With the full feast of heaven.

115. *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.*—vi. 19.

SUFFICE, O Lord, the season pass'd;
Henceforth I every good refuse,
To this vile earth which ties me fast,
Which nature would regret to lose,
I set my heart on things above,
And want no treasure but Thy love.

116. *Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.*—vi. 20.

ASSIST me, Lord, against that day
In heaven to secure
Riches that cannot flee away,
Substance that must endure:
Thou art my fund infallible,
My portion here Thou art:

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O let Thy Spirit now reveal
The earnest in my heart!

117. *Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*—vi. 21.

If with my all I cannot part,
Cannot a child, or friend forego,
In vain I would disguise my heart;
My heart and treasure are below.

118.

1 Happy the man who knows
His heart is not his own,
And cheerfully what God bestows
Restores to God alone:
Not on the world misplaced,
Not to the creatures given,
His heart which hath the Lord embraced
Enjoys a constant heaven.

2 Jesus I own my heart
Was made for only Thee;
Worthy of all its love Thou art,
Its whole capacity:
O never let me rest,
Till I Thyself receive,
And with Thy joyous presence bless'd
The life of angels live.

119. *If...thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be, &c.*—vi. 22.

O for that single eye
For ever fix'd on Thee!
Jesus, my want supply
Of true simplicity,
And then throughout my nature shine,
And fill my soul with light Divine.

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120. *Ye cannot serve God and mammon.*—vi. 24.

THEN let the' unrighteous mammon go;
Suffice for me, that God I know,
And Jesu's richest grace:
My heart and treasure is above,
And all my joy to taste Thy love,
Till I behold Thy face.

121. *Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, &c.*—vi. 25.

1 LABOURING as one that labours not,
My wants industrious to supply,
Renouncing every anxious thought,
I would on God alone rely;
His blessing trust, His promise plead,
And ask of Him my daily bread.

2 Father, instruct my childlike heart
On Thee for all things to depend:
The Giver of my life Thou art,
And wilt support it to the end,
Thy banish'd one on earth sustain,
And bring me to Thyself again.

122. *Your heavenly Father feedeth the fowls of the air.*—vi. 26.

WILL man be diligent to serve
His fowls, and let his children starve?
Much less can God the ravens feed,
And let His nobler creatures need:
Doubtless He will our wants supply,
Who feeds His tenants of the sky,
Provides for all their plenteous food,
And fills the universe with good.

123. *Are ye not much better than they?*—vi. 26.

GREATEST of all His works below
Man only can his Maker know,

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Can love, and live of God possess'd,
Supremely and completely bless'd:
After so rich a gift bestow'd
What may we not expect from God?
His plenitude of love Divine,
Even all He is in Christ is mine.

124. *Which of you by taking thought can add one, &c.*—vi. 27.

UNPROFITABLE all and vain,
Away this soul-distracting care!
I cannot lengthen out my span,
I cannot change a single hair:
Then let me hang upon His word
Who keeps His saints in perfect peace,
My burden cast upon the Lord,
And only care my God to please.

125. *Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider, &c.*—vi. 28.

WHO bids the careless lilies grow
My scanty substance can augment,
Sufficiency of food bestow,
And raiment, and therewith content:
Who stoops to clothe a fading flower
Will every needful blessing give,
And fit the creature of an hour
An endless life with Him to live.

126. Shall He *not much more* clothe *you, O ye of, &c.*—vi. 30.

THE cause of my misgiving fear,
Lord, I my unbelief confess:
Author of faith, in me appear,
And bid my doubts and terrors cease:
Rich is the man of faith possess'd;
And when to me the grace is given,
I bear the earnest in my breast
Of all Thou hast in earth and heaven.

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127. *After all these things do the Gentiles seek.*—vi. 32.

HEATHENS, whatever call'd, they are,
A murmuring, self-tormenting race,
Who never seek relief in prayer,
Who pine for earthly happiness,
Their whole of comfort here receive,
Labouring for perishable food,
As atheists in the world they live,
And thus proclaim, There is no God!

128. *Your...Father knoweth that ye have need of all, &c.*—vi. 32.

MY Father knows the things I need,
My Father knows, let that suffice:
I trust Him now, to clothe and feed
His child, who on His care relies:
I in Thy providence believe,
Its charge and proper business prove,
And daily from Thy hands receive
The manna of Thy heavenly love.

129. *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His, &c.*—vi. 33.

I SEEK the kingdom first,
The gracious joy and peace,
Thou know'st, I hunger, Lord, and thirst
After Thy righteousness;
My chief, and sole desire
Thine image to regain,
And then to join Thine heavenly choir,
And with Thine ancients reign.

130. *And all these things shall be added unto you.*—vi. 33.

MY God will add the rest,
Will outward good provide:
But with Thy kingdom in my breast,
I nothing want beside:

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Glory begun in grace
Delightfully I prove,
And earth and heaven at once possess
In Thy sufficient love.

131. *Take...no thought for the morrow.*—vi. 34.

THE past no longer in my power:
The future who shall live to see?
Mine only is the present hour,
Lent, to be all laid out for Thee:
Now, Saviour, with Thy grace endow'd
Now let me serve and please my God.

132. *Sufficient unto the day* is *the evil thereof.*—vi. 34.

WHY should I ask the future load
To aggravate my present care?
Strong in the grace to-day bestow'd,
The evil of to-day I bear;
And if to-morrow's care I see,
Fresh grace shall still suffice for me.

CHAPTER VII.

133. *Judge not, that ye be not judged.*—vii. 1.

JESUS, rebuke my fiery zeal
And bid it all depart,
This rash, censorious pride expel,
This Satan from my heart;
That only to myself severe,
When others I reprove,
My censure may to all appear
The meek result of love.

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134. *With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.*—vii. 2.

"SHALL I my righteous zeal suppress,
Or openly the truth declare?"
The rigorous, rash, unjust excess
You must in pitying love forbear,
Your bitterness and wrath forego,
To sin severe, to sinners kind;
For mercy who refuse to show,
Shall judgment without mercy find.

135. *With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured, &c.*—vii. 2.

INTENTIONS, hearts to God are known,
The Judge that always judges right:
Usurp not then His awful throne
To brand the secret hypocrite;
Or God in righteousness extreme
To mark what thou hast done amiss,
Shall thee with hypocrites condemn
To *Tophet's* bottomless abyss.

136. *Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy, &c.*—vii. 3.

BLIND to our own through selfish love,
Another's sin we plainly see,
Another's sin with haste reprove,
But spare our own infirmity;
By nature and the serpent taught,
Our grossest evils we disguise,
But aggravate our neighbour's fault;
And malice gives us piercing eyes.

137. *Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of, &c.*—vii. 5.

WHILE faults in others I reprove,
If my own sins I cloak and love,
I may with self-importance swell,
And boast the bold reformer's zeal;
But God denominates me aright
A blind, censorious hypocrite.

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138.

Ye partisans of every sect,
Who smallest motes in others see,
But never once yourselves suspect,
Stark blind with zeal and bigotry;
Reformers of the world who seem,
And judge as cannot all beside,
Ye have not yet cast out the beam
Of fierce uncharitable pride.

139. *Then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote, &c.*—vii. 5.

If wilful sin hath blinded *me*,
My brother's faults I cannot see,
But if I have cast out the beam,
I may discern the mote in him,
And kindly help him to remove
The smaller hindrances of love.

140.

1 Sin cannot duty supersede,
Nor am I from reproving freed:
A sinner, still I must reprove
Sinners in lowliness of love,
But ask, when ready to condemn
The mote, have I cast out the beam?

2 Assist me, Lord, to lay aside
The zeal of novices untried,
The unreform'd reformer's haste
Too fierce, too violent to last,
And let me with myself begin
By now renouncing my own sin.

3 My bosom sin I would not hide
With fig-leaves of delusive pride,

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With envious, quick, discerning eye
My neighbour's faults I would not spy;
My gentleness on them be shown,
My harshness on myself alone.

4 O may I strive and not in vain,
Personal holiness to' attain,
First judge myself with shame and grief
The least of saints, of sinners chief,
And then another's faults reprove
With candour, equity, and love.

141. *Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, &c.*—vii. 6.

O MAY we never more expose
Thy holy things Divine
To men profane, Thine open foes,
Resembling dogs and swine:
Saviour, repress our forward zeal
A scorner to reprove,
To tell the world what Christians *feel*,
And boast our perfect love.

142. *Ask, and it shall be given you.*—vii. 7.

IF Thou the power of asking give,
The blessings ask'd shall all be given:
I ask, expecting to receive,
Thy grace, Thine image, and Thy heaven.

143.

1 OFT have I pray'd Thee to remove
The sin through which I long have grieved;
Oft have I ask'd Thy precious love,
Nor yet the heavenly gift received:
But still in weariness and pain
I seem to plead Thy truth in vain.

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2 Now on the verge of life I cry,
  Jesus, on me the grace bestow,
I tremble at the point to die,
  Nor can, unless Thy love I know,
Enter into that holy place,
Or stand before Thy glorious face.

3 Be mindful of Thy promise Lord,
  And think how short my time beneath,
Assure me by Thy pardoning word
  That love hath quicker wings than death,
And speak, before I bow my head,
My soul from sin completely freed.

144.

1 THOU bidd'st me ask, and while Thy word
  Conveys the power to pray,
I ask the mercy of my Lord
  To take my sins away:
The sins with which I cannot part
  I pray Thee to remove,
And calm, and purify my heart
  By Thy forgiving love.

2 If my obduracy impede
  The current of Thy grace,
If unlamented crimes forbid
  And will not let Thee bless;
The contrite sense, the grief Divine
  Who only canst bestow,
Strike this hard rocky heart of mine,
  And let the waters flow.

3 Repentance permanent and deep
  To Thy poor suppliant give,
Indulge me at Thy feet to weep,
  When Thou hast bid me live;

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When Thou record'st my sins no more,
O may I still lament,
A sinner, saved by grace adore,
A pardon'd penitent.

4 Thou will'st Thy followers to request
Fulness of joy in Thee,
To covet gifts the chief, the best;
But grief seems best for me:
My sins I never can forget,
Even when Thy face appears,
Or covet but to kiss Thy feet,
And wash them with my tears.

5 I ask not aught whereof to boast,
But let me feel applied
The blood that ransom'd sinners lost,
And by Thy cross abide;
Myself the chief of sinners know,
Till all my griefs are pass'd,
And of my gracious acts below
Repentance be the last.

145. *Seek, and ye shall find.*—vii. 7.

JESUS, directed by Thy word,
I seek a kingdom from above,
And I shall find it soon restored
In perfect power and perfect love.

146. *Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.*—vii. 7.

FATHER, I all Thy fulness want:
The door of true repentance give,
The door of faith and mercy grant,
And let me in Thine image live;

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When instant I in prayer abide,
  When all Thy hallowing grace is given,
To' admit my soul, throw open wide
  The everlasting doors of heaven.

147. *Every one that asketh receiveth.*—vii. 8.

  EVERY one who Thee believes
    And at Thy bidding prays,
  Soon, or later, Lord, receives
    The fulness of Thy grace :
  Praying on while life remains,
Glad he lays his body down,
  Gasps his final prayer, and gains
    A never-fading crown.

148.

1 HAVE I not ask'd, and ask'd again
And pray'd ten thousand times in vain
    For power and liberty,
A man of lips and heart unclean ?
Yet still I cannot cease from sin,
    Yet still I am not free.

2 How can it be most gracious Lord,
If Thou art faithful to Thy word ?
    The sole exception I,
I seem of all the ransom'd race
Alone excluded from Thy grace,
    And left in sin to die.

3 Do I not still for mercy pray ?
Take this oppressive sin away,
    This unbelief remove ;
My desperate misery relieve,
And peace and power and freedom give
    By giving me Thy love.

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4 Why do I not receive it now?
Righteous in all Thy judgments Thou
Explain the mystery;
Or let me still in darkness own,
Howe'er unseen, howe'er unknown,
The hindrance is in me.

5 Could I but ask, and ask aright,
My Saviour soon would give me light,
Would soon Himself impart:
O for that supplicating power!
O might I from this happy hour
Obtain a praying heart!

6 Indulge me in this one request,
And lo, I trust Thee for the rest,
Thou God of faithful love,
And sure of all Thou canst bestow,
In sorrow or in joy I go
To praise Thy truth above.

149. *He that seeketh findeth.*—vii. 8.

AWAY my faithless fear
That I shall seek in vain!
I must regain Thine image here,
I must Thyself regain;
Thy nature, and Thy mind,
Thy purity and love
I shortly upon earth shall find,
And then my place above.

150.
1 HAVE I not sought a length of years
And blindly follow'd on,
With joy and grief, with hopes and fears
Pursued the God unknown,

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Through every means unwearied roved,
And search'd the desert round?
Yet still by me He is not loved,
By me He is not found.

2 How can I lose, if God is true,
My unavailing pain?
What is it keeps Him from my view,
And makes me seek in vain?
If every earnest seeker finds
The smiling Deity,
It must be sin my spirit blinds,
And hides my God from me.

3 The mountain dark that stands between
I cannot heave away,
Remove the separating sin
Or struggle into day;
I cannot find the hindrance out
With all my searching care,
But wander on in endless doubt
And sink in sad despair.

4 Thou great Incomprehensible,
To whom my heart is known,
Whose absence from my soul I feel,
And painfully bemoan;
The' obstructing thing, the secret bar
Discover by Thy light,
And now at last my soul prepare
To seek Thy face aright.

5 Thou bidd'st me seek, and Thy command
Confers the power to' obey:
And all in Thee may understand
The true and living Way:

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Thy Father, Lord, to me reveal,
The faith Divine impart,
And then I see the' Invisible,
I find Him—in my heart.

151. *To him that knocketh it shall be opened.*—vii. 8.

THOU art the Door: I knock at Thee,
To be redeem'd from sin;
And soon Thy heart shall open'd be,
To take the suppliant in:
Thus will I all my life employ,
And wait the welcome word,
Enter into celestial joy,
And triumph with Thy Lord.

152.

1 PLEADING in prayer the faithful word,
The blessing I implore;
Open to me, most gracious Lord,
The penitential door:
At God's right hand with glory crown'd,
If crown'd for me Thou art,
By one kind look my spirit wound,
And break my flinty heart.

2 Strengthen'd by Thee to persevere,
In ceaseless prayer to pray,
Jesus, Thy earnest suppliant hear,
And mercy's door display;
The door of faith and pardoning grace
Now let it open'd be,
To' admit into the children's place
The chief of sinners, me.

3 An entrance through Thy speaking blood
Into the holiest give,

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And bring me back by faith to God,
  And with Thy saints receive:
Yet will I, Lord, my suit repeat,
  For more abundant love,
Till Thou my urgent soul admit
  Into Thy fold above.

153. *What man is there of you, whom if his son, &c.*—vii. 9.

WHEN undistinguishing I pray'd
For worldly good, instead of bread
    I fondly ask'd a stone;
But for a stone, my loving God
Hath the true Bread on me bestow'd
    By giving me His Son.

154. *How much more shall your Father which, &c.*—vii. 11.

FATHER, I ask in Jesu's name,
  My hungry spirit feed,
With humble confidence I claim
  The true immortal Bread:
As by His promise bound Thou art,
  Thy Son bestow on me,
And fill with Christ my longing heart,
  With all that is in Thee.

155. *Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, &c.*—vii. 12.

JESUS, Thy Spirit's power exert,
Write the commandment on my heart,
And all my righteous life shall prove
The perfect law fulfill'd in love.

156. *Few there be that find it.*—vii. 14.

YET every one that seeks, shall find
The gate display'd for all mankind,
(Who strive with unremitting strife,)
And passable the road to life,

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A narrow, but an open road,
Quite open—through the wounds of God.

157.

1 WHO like the thoughtless many live
In worldly cares, or pleasures vain,
May their own wretched souls deceive,
But dead in sin they still remain,
The way to life they have not known,
Nor yet their Christian course begun.

2 Led blindfold by the blindfold guide,
Who boldly contradicts his God,
Down a broad beaten way they glide,
An easy, fashionable road;
Too late their fatal error feel,
Fallen into the ditch of hell.

158.

1 IF few that find the narrow way,
Fewer that enter'd in appear;
But fewer still the souls that stay,
That walk, hold on, and persevere,
And reach their Father's house above,
And gain the life of ripest love.

2 The way I through Thy grace have found,
Jesus, and shall herein remain:
But let Thy grace yet more abound,
And through Thy after-grief and pain
From step to step conduct me on,
To live a partner of Thy throne.

159. *Beware of false prophets.*—vii. 15.

TEACH me the prophets smooth to shun
Who wrap their words in softest love,
But lead their fond disciples down
A spacious way to joys above:

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O may I still my station keep,
Hold fast Thy word, and cross, and mind,
Beware the clothing of the sheep,
Beware the language of the blind!

160. *Ye shall know them by their fruits.*—vii. 16.

WHOE'ER for sin and Satan plead
Fruits of the flesh they surely bear,
To hell, not heaven, their doctrines lead;
And these the specious prophets are!
These by the beastly mark we know
(The mark Thou hast Thyself assign'd)
And on we to perfection go,
And leave *the prophets* false behind.

161. *A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit.*—vii. 18.

EVIL I then must be
Who bring forth evil fruit:
Corrupt the fruit, corrupt the tree,
And most corrupt the root:
Whatever gift or grace
Thou hast on me bestow'd,
Lord, I with all my soul confess
That yet I am not good.

162.

WHO teach that the most righteous man
Must sin in thought, and word, and deed,
As Satan's advocates maintain
That evil doth from good proceed,
And boldly give our God the lie,
And Truth Himself in Christ deny.

63. *By their fruits ye shall know them.*—vii. 20.

1 MUST we not then with patience wait,
False to distinguish from sincere?

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Or can we on another's state
Pronounce, *before* the fruits appear?
Can we the witnesses receive
Who of their own perfection boast,
The fairest words as fruit receive?
The fairest words are leaves at most.

2 How shall we then the spirits prove?
Their actions with their words compare,
And wait — till humblest meekest love
Their perfect nothingness declare:
But if the smallest spark of pride,
Or selfishness, break out at last,
Set the false-witnesses aside;
Yet hold the truth for ever fast.

164. *Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, &c.*—vii. 21.

1 CANST thou with specious words deceive
The Searcher of thy reins and heart?
Fair words thou may'st to mortals give,
Persuading them how good thou art,
May'st perfect love to Christ profess;
But God thine inmost substance sees.

2 Actions He more than words requires,
Actions with right intention done,
Good works the fruit of good desires,
Obedience to His will alone,
Pure hope which seeks the things above,
Practical faith, and real love.

3 Who Jesus for their Lord receive
With all His dear commands comply;
To God, and not themselves, they live,
Their God in Christ they glorify;

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And such their Lord shall own for His,
And crown with everlasting bliss.

165.

1 MASTER, (in faith I call Thee so,
In faith which works by patient love,)
I now the plain distinction know,
Whom Thou dost judge, and whom approve;
The good man lives to serve Thy will,
The wicked doth his own fulfil.

2 Thy will, O Lord, whate'er I do,
My principle of action be:
Thy will I would through life pursue
Impell'd, restrain'd, and ruled by Thee,
And only think, and speak, and move,
As taught, and guided by Thy love.

3 While with my lips I call Thee Lord,
Thee let me with my heart confess,
Led by Thy Spirit and Thy word,
In all the paths of righteousness,
Fully on earth perform Thy will,
And rest upon Thy holy hill.

166. *Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, &c.*—vii. 22, 23.

1 WE preach in Jesus' name in vain,
We write as champions of our Lord,
His kingdom's mysteries explain,
And do great wonders through His word;
If casting off the godly fear,
In crooked paths of sin we run,
We save the gracious souls that hear,
But lose, for ever lose our own.

2 Shall I be of that wretched crowd
Those workers of unrighteousness,

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Rejected by an angry God,
And justly banish'd from Thy face?
Or now, while mercy may be found,
From all iniquity depart,
In all the fruits of grace abound,
And serve Thee with a loving heart?

167. *It fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.*—vii. 25.

1 LET the rain descend, the flood
And vehement wind assail,
Built on the eternal God
The house can never fail:
Built on Christ the Rock it stands:
Stablish'd in obedience sure,
Man, who keeps his God's commands,
Shall as his God endure.

2 Who on Jesus' love rely,
And keep His word of grace,
We the rain and storm defy,
And floods of wickedness:
Troubles pouring from above,
Men and fiends, like floods and wind,
Never can the house remove,
The soul on Christ reclined.

168. *It fell: and great was the fall of it.*—vii. 27.

AH, foolish man, who hears Thy word,
But doth not what Thy laws command,
Who fondly calls Thee *Lamb*, or Lord,
Till his house tumbles on the sand!
How infinite the ruin is
Of a lost soul, cut off from Thee!
He falls into the dark abyss,
He falls—to all eternity!

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CHAPTER VIII.

169. *Behold, there came a leper and worshipped, &c.*—viii. 2.

1 JESUS, I come to Thee
In humble faith and prayer,
My loathsome leprosy
With conscious shame declare,
I own the greatness of my fall,
And at Thy feet for mercy call.

2 Thy grace invisible,
(If Thou Thy grace exert,)
Can all my sickness heal,
My sinfulness convert;
Thy power can make itself obey'd,
And save the soul Thy hands have made.

3 But shall I doubt Thy will,
Acknowledging Thy power?
Thou art a Saviour still,
Whom prostrate I adore,
Till by Thine healing touch I prove
My Saviour is almighty love.

170.

1 THOU canst not want the power,
Almighty as Thou art,
Thou canst not want the will this hour
To purify my heart:
Thou must be ready, Lord,
The evil to remove,
For O, to all who trust Thy word
Thou art both power and love.

2 Myself I cannot heal,
Or put away my sin,
And nature's unregenerate will
Refuses to be clean.

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I never shall consent
To' accept the grace Divine
Unless Thy will omnipotent
O'errule and conquer mine.

3 But hope I have in Thee,
(Hope springing from despair,)
Thou canst, Thou wilt my Saviour be
Who didst my nature share;
Who suffer'dst for my sin,
Thou wilt remove the load,
And re-create me pure within
Through Thine all-hallowing blood.

4 Thou wilt; but why not now?
So ignorant and blind,
In darkness at Thy feet I bow,
And wait Thy love to find:
Manner and time I leave;
But graven on Thy heart,
I look Thy fulness to receive,
And see Thee as Thou art.

171. *Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.*—viii. 2.

1 LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst from sin
Make both my life and nature clean:
Lord, if Thou canst, Thou wilt exert
The powers that purify my heart.

2 Self-loathing at Thy feet I lie,
Till Thou Thy hallowing blood apply,
And purged from inbred sin I prove
The virtue of almighty love.

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3 The blessings which through faith I claim
I find them, Jesus, in Thy name;
Salvation in Thy name is given,
Forgiveness, holiness, and heaven.

4 Now then put forth Thy hand of grace,
And meet to see Thy blissful face
My spotless soul from earth remove,
To triumph with Thy saints above.

172. *I will; be thou clean.*—viii. 3.

THOU wouldst that I should holy be,
Partaker of Thy purity;
O bid this leprosy depart,
Apply Thy blood to cleanse my heart.

173.

1 O MIGHT Thy word take place,
Thy hallowing word in me;
Partaker of Thy grace,
And spotless purity;
O bid this leprosy depart,
Apply Thy blood to cleanse my heart.

2 I wait the word Divine,
Sinner be heal'd, be pure,
One sovereign word of Thine
Confirms the pardon sure,
Cleanses my guilt-infected soul,
And makes my dying spirit whole.

174. *Immediately his leprosy was cleansed.*—viii. 3.

1 MY painful sin and misery
In humble prayer I own to Thee,
Who know'st what I endure,
Who bidd'st me now believe Thy word,
And wait the coming of my Lord
My leprous soul to cure.

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2 With shame and sorrow I confess
The depth of my unworthiness;
Yet O, Thyself reveal,
By one kind word of pardoning love
My impotence to good remove,
My bent to evil heal.

3 According to my faith bestow'd
By Thee, the true eternal God,
It shall to me be done;
I shall the healthful mind receive,
Restored to perfect soundness live
And serve my Lord alone.

175. *See thou tell no man.*—viii. 4.

WHENE'ER Thou dost Thy grace bestow,
Lest *proudly* I the blessing *show*,
A second grace impart,
"Tell it to none"—with vain delight,
"Tell it to none,"—in mercy write
Upon my broken heart.

176. *Go,...show thyself to the priest.*—viii. 4.

ORDER'D by Thee, O Lord, I go,
And to the priest myself I show
Changed by a touch of Thine,
That when the priest Thy witness sees,
Convinced, he may himself confess
My Healer is Divine.

177. *There came unto Him a centurion, &c.*—viii. 5, 6.

SAVIOUR hear a sinner's prayer:
A poor paralytic I
Unto Thee my case declare,
Grievously tormented cry;

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Destitute of peace and power
  Simply I my want confess,
Tell Thee what Thou knew'st before,
  I have need of healing grace.

178. *I will come and heal him.*—viii. 7.

O HOW gracious is my Lord,
Listening for a sigh or word!
When He hears the sinner's cry,
O how ready to reply!
"Jesus, come, Thy servant heal,"
Jesus answers me, "I will."

179. *Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest, &c.*—viii. 8.

WILL the' almighty God of grace
  Take up His abode with me,
Me, who all my sins confess,
  All my imbecility?
When Thou dost so greatly stoop,
  When Thou into me art given,
Purify by faith and hope,
  Then transport Thy house to heaven.

180. *Speak the word only, and my servant, &c.*—viii. 8.

YES, I steadfastly believe
  Absolute in power Thou art,
Canst by one kind word forgive,
  Heal my feebleness of heart:
Strength unknown Thy word supplies,
  Clothes the weak with vigour new;
Speak, and out of sin I rise;
  Speak, and I can all things do.

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181. *Jesus...marvelled.*—viii. 10.

BUT doth it, Lord, Thy wonder raise,
The faith Thou hast Thyself bestow'd?
O what a mystery of grace!
The Man in Christ admires the God!
Thou wonder'st at Thy Father's deeds,
That we may praise what He hath done,
From whom our every good proceeds,
And all receive through faith alone.

182. *Many shall come from the east and west, &c.*—viii. 11.

WHO in the faith of *Abraham* tread,
Like *Isaac* unto death obey,
With God, like wrestling *Jacob* plead,
And wait to see my Saviour's day,
I shall with them in heaven sit down,
And wear a patriarchal crown.

183. *But the children of the kingdom shall be cast, &c.*—viii. 12.

1 WHAT Christian crowds the kingdom lose,
Which heathens and barbarians gain!
The church's sons their Head refuse,
They will not in His glory reign,
Will not the cross and crown receive,
Or die with Christ, with Christ to live.

2 A moment's joy they dearly buy,
Consign'd to endless pains in hell,
Gnaw'd by the worm that cannot die,
Scorch'd by the fire unquenchable,
Who might have sung on seraphs' thrones,
They justly pour eternal groans.

184. *As thou hast believed,* so *be it done unto thee.*—viii. 13.

As I have believed, O Lord,
It shall be done to me,

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Saved by trusting in Thy word,
From all iniquity;
Freed from sin's tormenting pain,
When re-begotten from above,
I shall in Thyself regain
The perfect health of love.

185. *He touched her hand, and the fever left her.*—viii. 15.

LORD, I believe Thy sprinkled blood
Can quench the fever's fiercest fire:
My thirst of praise, and creature-good,
Now let it at Thy touch retire,
Now let me rise, through faith restored,
And serve the servants of my Lord.

186.

1 THE scorching fever of desire,
Never, never will retire,
Till Christ approach the soul,
By purity of heavenly love
Its foul concupiscence remove,
And touch the sinner whole.

2 But when He undertakes to heal
Passions most incurable,
Languor and slothfulness
With every evil habit flies;
And lo, redeem'd from sin I rise
To tend the sons of grace.

187. *He...healed all that were sick.*—viii. 16.

How great the goodness of our Lord,
Not to reject one sin-sick soul!
How great the virtue of His word
Pronouncing every patient whole!

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Away this infidel despair!
From sin's inveterate malady
The' omnipotent Physician's care
Shall by His grace recover me.

188. *That it might be fulfilled which was spoken, &c.*—viii. 17.

1 THE truth of each prophetic word
Fulfill'd in Christ we see;
Our sins from us to Him transferr'd
He carried on the tree:
Charged with the universal load
In that vindictive day,
The' atoning Lamb, the dying God
Bore all our sins away.

2 Jesus, the soul's and body's ills
Thou only canst remove,
Thy blood the wounded conscience heals,
Applied by sovereign love:
O might Thy wounds the balm impart
For which alone I sigh!
Heal the diseases of my heart,
And let my body die.

189.

WAS ever charity like Thine!
Lord, when it doth in me remain,
With pure benevolence Divine
I claim the whole of human pain;
Join'd to the wretched for Thy sake,
My spirit answers groan for groan,
Their griefs on me by love I take,
And pity makes them all my own.

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190. *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air, &c.*—viii. 20.

AWAY this soft, luxurious pride !
A pilgrim rather let me rove,
Poor with the Son of Man abide,
And have no comfort, but His love !

191.

1 POOREST of men, with comfort see
Thy God more indigent than thee ;
He had not where to rest :
But if thou in His footsteps tread,
He bids thee lean thy weary head
On thy Redeemer's breast.

2 Ye rich who bear the Christian name,
Behold with self-abasing shame
Your God by heaven adored,
Ye who increased with goods appear,
O how unlike your Pattern here,
Your poor, afflicted Lord !

3 He knew not where to lay His head :
But ye in delicacies bred,
In soft luxurious ease,
From earthly things expect content,
And fresh conveniences invent,
And live yourselves to please.

4 All hail, Thou suffering Son of Man,
Who freely didst for me sustain
The depth of poverty,
I bless my self-denying Lord,
More destitute than beast or bird,
And come to follow Thee.

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5 Detach'd from every good below
I meekly in Thy footsteps go,
Thy poor disciple I,
My Master's lot with joy receive,
Thy life of want and sorrow live,
Till on Thy cross I die.

192. *Another of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, &c.*—viii. 21.

BUT I without delay
My Saviour's voice obey,
No pretended duty plead
Summon'd by the gospel word,
Let the dead entomb their dead,
Let the living serve the Lord.

193. *Let the dead bury their dead.*—viii. 22.

EXCUSED from every needless care,
My privilege I see,
Jesus, Thine only burden bear,
And live, to follow Thee.

194. *Lord, save us: we perish.*—viii. 25.

SAVE, Lord, because unsaved by Thee
Unsaved I must for ever be:
Without Thine utmost grace undone
I venture on a God unknown,
And boldly now my soul I dart
Into the centre of Thine heart.

195.

1 THROUGHOUT my sinful soul I know,
And every moment feel,
If Jesus let the sinner go,
I sink unchanged to hell;
If with this unregenerate heart
I out of life retire,
I must, O Lord, from Thee depart
Into eternal fire.

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2 This strong propensity to ill
Thou only canst remove,
And conquer my rebellious will
By Thy almighty love:
My last resource, my total hope
Is in Thy power to save;
Thou canst redeem and lift me up,
While rushing to the grave.

3 Thou, the great Power of God in man,
The whole salvation art;
To save my soul from endless pain,
Descend into my heart,
By entering in, my heart renew,
The' indwelling God of grace,
And fit me for the blissful view,
And show me all Thy face.

196. *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?*—viii. 26.

SAVIOUR, Thou know'st us all
In our imperfect state:
Because our faith is small,
Our fear alas is great!
Yet shall the grain the mount remove,
If Thou our faith increase,
Our faith shall work by perfect love,
And fear for ever cease.

197. *What manner of man is this!*—viii. 27.

WHAT kind of man is this,
Obey'd by wind and seas,
Whose powerful word controls
The tempest in our souls!
A Man, who built both earth and sky,
A Man, whose name is God Most High!

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198. *There met Him two possessed with devils, &c.*—viii. 28.

1 SEE the wretchedness of sin!
See the fiend's tormenting rage!
Man admits the legion in,
Makes his heart a devilish cage;
Then by furious lusts possess'd,
Wounds himself, and cuts, and beats,
Spreads the hell within his breast,
Tears and tortures all he meets.

2 In the dark abodes of death
Long he dwells, and hates the light,
Hastening to his place beneath,
Mansions of eternal night:
Never can his soul be freed,
Till to him the Saviour comes:
Then he leaves the doubly dead,
Then he issues from the tombs.

199. *What have we to do with Thee?*—viii. 29.

WHAT have devils to do with Thee?
Thou didst not their nature take;
Clothed with our humanity,
Us Thy hallow'd mansion make;
That Thy mind in me may dwell
Partner of my flesh Thou art;
All the adverse powers expel,
Fill Thyself my loving heart.

200. *There was a good way off from them, &c.*—viii. 30.

1 SINNERS, in that grovelling herd
Mark your own resemblance true,
Receptacles fit prepared
For the whole infernal crew!

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Swine, who bear the shape of men,
Slaves of every foul desire,
Plunged in beastly lusts unclean,
Wallowing in your sinful mire.

2 Lo, the fiends expect their prey,
Legion waits to enter in,
Waits to hurry you away
O'er the precipice of sin!
When the Judge pronounces, Go,
Rush ye down the fatal steep,
To that flaming lake ye go,
Hell's unfathomable deep!

201. *The devils besought Him, saying,...Suffer, &c.*—viii. 31.

BOUND in chains of hidden night,
Stragglers from the' infernal pit,
Devils cannot wreak their spite,
Till our sovereign Lord permit:
Jesus covers us and ours,
Who on His great name depend,
Limits hell's malicious powers,
Saves His people to the end.

202. *They besought* Him *to depart out of their coasts.*—viii. 34.

1 ALL are *Gergesenes* in heart,
Who their time refuse to know,
All who with their Saviour part,
Rather than their sins forego;
Visited by Christ in vain,
Who their swine before Him choose,
Sensual lusts and worldly gain;
Christ, and heaven, and all they lose.

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2 But His presence we implore,
Meeting Him in this our day:
Jesus, in Thy saving power
Condescend with us to stay:
Thou art all good things in one;
Never from our souls remove,
Fill us with Thy love alone,
Perfect, all-sufficient love.

CHAPTER IX.

203. *Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.*—ix. 2.

WILT Thou not, Lord, the word repeat
To all who prostrate at Thy feet
Thy pardoning grace implore?
Thou *dost* the helpless sinner cheer,
Thou *dost* dismiss my guilty fear,
And bid me sin no more.

204. *The scribes said,... This man blasphemeth.*—ix. 3.

No, ye blind scribes of learning proud:
This Man is the eternal God,
Who doth your souls reprieve:
His power and Deity confess,
Believe ten thousand witnesses
That Jesus can forgive.

205.

1 THE men of human learning proud,
Through envy blind, the truth malign,
Through unbelief pervert the good,
And circumscribe the power Divine,
Harden'd in ours, in every age,
Against a pardoning God they rage.

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2 But Christ, who the abuse foresees,
Performs the good which scribes oppose:
And following Him, we dare displease
By acts of love our murmuring foes,
By righteous works offend their sight,
And blind them through the hateful light.

206. *Then saith He to the sick of the palsy, Arise, &c.*—ix. 6.

1 WHO in his nature's weakness lies
Grovelling on earth, and cannot rise,
Or lift his heart to heaven,
A feeble paralytic soul,
He is not yet through Christ made whole,
He is not yet forgiven.

2 But when a penitent we see
Walking in paths prescribed by Thee,
With even steady pace
Returning to his house above,
Lord, we adore Thy saving love,
And Thy forgiving grace.

207. *When the multitudes saw* it, *they marvelled, &c.*—ix. 8.

1 ALL glory to God
Whose love hath bestow'd
Such virtue on men,
On Jesus in human similitude seen!
His goodness and power
The simple adore,
If the learned repine,
We are glad to acknowledge the Finger Divine.

2 Thou Jesus alone
The wonder hast done,
By Thy nature reveal'd,
Our nature's extreme inability heal'd;

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Thy life-giving grace
Appears in our days,
And the impotent soul [whole.
Through the word of Thy power is made perfectly

208. *Jesus saw a man, named Matthew, sitting, &c.*—ix. 9.

1 VANQUISH'D by the word Divine,
Drawn by One they never knew,
Worldlings still their gains resign,
Still our heavenly Lord pursue;
Hate the money-getting vice,
Only for salvation care,
Seek a kingdom in the skies,
Lay up all their treasure there.

2 Jesus, evermore the same,
Nothing is too hard for Thee;
Through the virtue of Thy name
Wonders wrought we daily see,
Sinful souls of every kind
Come at Thine almighty call,
Bless'd with faith in Thee they find
Grace, sufficient grace for all.

209. *As Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, &c.*—ix. 10.

THE publicans may still draw near
To God's incarnate Son,
Join'd to His followers appear,
And sit with Jesus down:
The house, the church will all contain,
The meanest and the least,
And every sinful child of man
May be his Saviour's guest.

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210. *Why eateth your Master with publicans, &c.*—ix. 11.

OUR Master doth with sinners eat,
To satisfy our wants,
To fill our souls with heavenly meat,
And change us into saints:
Sinners He kindly doth receive,
That nourish'd by His love,
On earth we without sin may live,
And share His feast above.

211. *They that be whole need not a physician, &c.*—ix. 12.

I HAVE need of a physician;
Jesus, my physician be:
Help me in my lost condition,
Sin's severe extremity:
Sick to death of pride and passion,
Desperate, Lord, to Thee I cry:
With Thine uttermost salvation
Save, or I for ever die.

212.

JESUS, Thou seest Thy creature's pain,
Thou hear'st me of my plague complain,
In every power and faculty
I feel, I feel my need of Thee:
Faint is my head and sick my heart;
But Thou the good Physician art,
And soon, I trust, Thy gracious skill
Shall all my soul-distempers heal.

213. *Go ye, and learn what* that *meaneth, &c.*—ix. 13.

To whom should Thy disciples go,
Of whom should they be taught, but Thee?
Thy Spirit must Thy meaning show;
O might He show it now to me!

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Blessings Thou dost to sinners *give*,
Not sacrifice from us *receive:*
Thy grace to all doth freely move,
Thy favourite attribute is love.

214. *I am not come to call the righteous, &c.*—ix. 13.

THEN Thou art come for me:
Thou call'st me to repent,
And by a look from Thee
My rocky heart is rent:
But deepen, Lord, the grief begun,
But heighten my distress,
And not till life's expiring groan
Let my repentance cease.

215. *There came a certain Ruler, and worshipped Him, &c.*—ix. 18.

1 JESUS, by faith approaching Thee,
And bow'd in deep humility,
Thy Godhead I adore:
Thy pure humanity Divine
Can raise this dying soul of mine,
And perfectly restore.

2 Thy virtue, Lord, if Thou exert,
The merits of Thy death impart,
Though dead in trespasses
My soul shall suddenly revive
Obedient to Thy touch, and live
The sinless life of grace.

216. *A woman, which was diseased with an issue, &c.*—ix. 20, 21.

1 UNCLEAN, of life and heart unclean,
How shall I in His sight appear!
Conscious of my inveterate sin
I blush and tremble to draw near;

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Yet through the garment of His word
I humbly seek to touch my Lord.

2 The smallest things, the weakest means,
The mournful fast, the plaintive prayer,
His sanctifying power dispense,
His efficacious grace confer,
And through His sacramental clothes
The healing emanation flows.

3 Yet not in outward veils of grace,
But in Himself the virtue lies,
The' infusion of His righteousness
This fountain of corruption dries;
And sure as I in Christ believe,
I shall a perfect cure receive.

217. *Jesus turned Him about, and when He saw, &c.*—ix. 22.

1 TURN then, Thou good Physician turn,
Thou Source of unexhausted love,
Sole Comforter of souls forlorn,
Who only canst my plague remove,
O cast a pitying look on me
Who dare not lift mine eyes to Thee.

2 Yet will I in my God confide,
Who mildly comes to meet my soul:
I wait to feel Thy blood applied;
Thy blood applied shall make me whole;
And lo! I trust Thy gracious power
To touch, to heal me—in this hour.

218. *The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.*—ix. 24.

THE death of sin is but a sleep
Which cannot long its prisoner keep,
If Jesus saith, Restore;

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If Christ resolves a soul to raise,
To' inspire with the new life of grace,
And bid him sin no more.

219. *He went in, and took her by the hand, &c.*—ix. 25.

1 TILL Jesus' hand the sinner take,
The dead in sin can never wake,
Or second life retrieve;
But touch'd by his Redeemer's hand,
And summon'd by his Lord's command
The dead shall hear and live.

2 Living and dead together join'd,
Sinners and God, we strangely find,
If Christ our righteousness
Enter, and touch the sinful will,
And give our senseless souls to feel
The quickening power of grace.

3 Grace, and the will through Christ alone
Concur, inseparably one;
Thy Spirit's energy,
Jesus we now by faith perceive,
And wake to righteousness, and live,
And move and act for Thee.

220. *When Jesus departed thence, two blind men, &c.*—ix. 27.

JESUS, Thou Son of David, stay,
As now Thou passest by;
For mercy unto Thee I pray,
And follow while I cry:
Thee Prophet, Priest, and King I own,
God-man to sinners given,
Who bring'st the blind by ways unknown
To worship Thee in heaven.

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221. *And when He was come into the house, &c.*—ix. 28.

THE God of love, He oft delays,
Nor grants what we require,
To exercise our patient grace,
To heighten our desire,
To draw the clamorous beggar near,
Before His feet to cast,
And prove their confidence sincere,
And give them sight at last.

222. *Believe ye that I am able to do this?*—ix. 28.

I DO believe Thou canst, Thou wilt
Mine unbelief remove,
And purge out all my nature's guilt,
And perfect me in love:
Begin Thy work, restore my sight
By justifying grace,
And bid me walk with Thee in white,
To see my Father's face.

223. *According to your faith be it unto you.*—ix. 29.

WHEN faith, almighty faith, is mine,
Fill'd with delightful peace,
The source of every gift Divine,
The measure I possess:
And when I perfectly believe,
My calling's prize I prove,
The length and breadth and height receive,
And depth of purest love.

224. *And their eyes were opened.*—ix. 30.

NOTHING can Thy will withstand:
Saviour, now Thy power exert,
Touch me with Thy Spirit's hand,
Heal the blindness of my heart:

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When the sprinkling of Thy blood
Doth mine unbelief remove,
Then I see that Thou art God,
Then I feel that God is love.

225. *See* that *no man know* it.—ix. 30.

TAUGHT by Thee, in doing well,
Lord, I would with humble fear
Studiously myself conceal,
Shun the shining character;
For the good Thy grace hath wrought
No reward accept from men,
Quite neglected and forgot,
Till my Lord appears again.

226. *They brought to Him a dumb man, &c.*—xi. 32.

1 POOR helpless souls whom Satan keeps!
He stops their mouths, and seals their lips;
And while they him obey,
They never can their sins confess,
They never can our Saviour praise,
Or for His mercy pray.

2 His followers we their burden bear,
And bring them still, by faithful prayer
To our great Lord above,
Till Christ the silent fiend expel,
And give the dumb in songs to tell
The wonders of His love.

227. *When the devil was cast out, the dumb spake, &c.*—ix. 33.

1 AN ignorant crowd Of sinners we join,
And publish aloud The wonders Divine,
With fix'd admiration We joyfully praise
The work of salvation, The triumph of grace.

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2 It never was heard, It never was seen,
Till Jesus appear'd A man among men,
Who comes to inherit And dwells in His own,
Expels the dumb spirit, And rules us alone.

3 The *Pharisees* rage At Jesus's power;
Revived in our age, His work we adore;
Though with the blasphemer The learned agree,
Almighty Redeemer, We glorify Thee.

228. *Jesus went about...teaching...and healing.*—ix. 35.

THOU goest about in every age,
Dark, sin-sick souls to teach and heal;
The publish'd word, the written page
Conveys the balm infallible,
We now Thy Spirit of love receive,
Of power, and of a vigorous mind,
And still Thou in Thyself wouldst give
Life, health, and heaven, to all mankind.

229. *When He saw the multitudes, He was moved, &c.*—ix. 36.

1 DOST Thou not, Lord, with pity see
Multitudes that know not Thee,
Or where for help to fly?
They cannot find the good they want,
Poor wandering souls, with hunger faint
And at the point to die.

2 Compassion for a dying race
First inclined the God of grace
To undertake our cause:
And still those yearning bowels move,
Which drew Thee from Thy throne above,
Which brought Thee to Thy cross.

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3 The sheep Thou hast redeem'd of old,
Now to sin and Satan sold
Into Thine arms receive,
(For Thou the tender Shepherd art,)
And pastors after Thy own heart
To *Israel's* outcasts give.

4 Shepherds, and chosen labourers raise,
Freely to impart Thy grace,
And feed the flock of God;
Patient in all Thy steps to move,
And more than their own lives to love
The purchase of Thy blood.

230. *The labourers* are *few.*—ix. 37.

1 MASTER, for Thine we cannot own
The workmen who themselves create,
Their call receive from man alone
As licensed servants of the state,
Who to themselves the honour take,
Nor tarry till Thy Spirit move,
But serve for filthy lucre's sake
The souls they neither feed nor love.

2 In vain in their own lying words
The haughty self-deceivers trust,
The harvest's and the vineyard's lords
In vain their true succession boast,
Their lawful property they claim
The apostolic ministry,
But only labourers in name
They prove they are not sent by Thee.

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231. *Pray ye...the Lord of the harvest, &c.*—ix. 38.

SUCH power belongs to Thee alone,
Fit instruments to raise,
Whose lives may make Thy goodness known,
And spread their Saviour's praise:
Now, Lord, the faithful workmen send,
With gifts and talents bless'd
To labour, till their work shall end
In everlasting rest.

CHAPTER X.

232. *When He had called unto* Him *His twelve disciples, &c.*—x. 1.

1 JESUS in every age the same,
Thou only dost Thy servants send,
To preach repentance in Thy name,
And peace with God till time shall end:
Thou dost their high commission give
The demons out of souls to chase,
Spiritual maladies relieve,
And minister Thy healing grace.

2 Thy virtue, O almighty Lord,
Ejects the stubborn spirit unclean,
Thou healest by Thy pardoning word
Habits of most inveterate sin:
And who Thy pardoning word dispense
Are still invested with Thy power,
Kept by Thy love's omnipotence,
And saved, till sin shall be no more.

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233. *The names of the twelve apostles are these, &c.*—x. 2.

1 NOT one of all the rich or great,
The learn'd, the noble, or the wise,
Is chose to bear the sacred weight,
And help a fallen world to rise;
Not one the glorious charge shall share,
Or fill an apostolic chair.

2 'Tis thus our heavenly Master slights
The things most highly prized by men,
His church's independent rights,
His servants' dignity unseen,
His powers He shows divinely given,
His kingdom not of earth but heaven.

3 'Tis thus He blasts the pride of *Rome*,
Baffles their Antichristian plea,
Who pomp, and power, and state assume,
Who make the world and church agree,
His Spirit's with the civil sword,
And blend the' apostle with the Lord.

234. *Go not into the way of the Gentiles.*—x. 5.

THOSE who seem at first rejected,
Vilest of the sinful race,
Gentiles in due time elected
Magnify the God of grace;
The glad tidings of salvation
Open profligates believe,
All the fruits of Jesus' passion
All the life of God receive.

235. *Preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.*—x. 7.

1 PREACH the heavenly kingdom near,
The sure foundation lay,
Christ shall in the clouds appear,
And earth shall pass away:

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First He comes to save mankind,
His Spirit's power He first imparts;
Sinners, turn, believe, and find
The kingdom in your hearts.

2 Ready is it to take place,
And now enrich the poor:
Heaven begun in gospel-grace
Is to believers sure:
God comes down on earth to reign,
With dazzling majesty confess'd:
Every happy pardon'd man
Contains Him in his breast.

236. *Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, &c.*—x. 8.

STILL Thy genuine gospel, Lord,
With signs and wonders seal,
Let Thine efficacious word
Distemper'd spirits heal;
Let it minister Thy grace
To make the inbred lepers clean,
Fiends out of their souls to chase,
And raise the dead in sin.

237. *Freely ye have received, freely give.*—x. 8.

OUR life, and grace, and ministry
We freely did receive,
And freely to Thy church and Thee
Our gifts and life we give:
Bishop of souls, we wait the day
Which shall reward our toil;
Appear, Thy servants to o'erpay
With one eternal smile.

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238. *Provide neither gold, nor silver...nor, &c.*—x. 9, 10.

THE' ambassador of Jesus see
Who publish'd first the gospel-word!
His equipage is poverty,
His fund the promise of his Lord:
The gifts which freely he receives,
Freely he gives for Jesus' sake,
And to succeeding labourers leaves
A pattern few have hearts to take.

239.

HE tramples on his Lord's command,
His dread authority defies,
Who heaps up treasure as the sand,
Himself and house to aggrandize:
But naked as he enter'd in,
Out of the world he soon shall go,
Receive the wages of his sin,
And find the traitor's place below.

240. *The workman is worthy of his meat.*—x. 10.

1 WHO labours in the church of God,
(Not who in sloth and pleasures lives,)
He justly challenges his food,
His food by right Divine receives;
And Jesus' ministers require
The labourer's, not the glutton's, hire.

2 Superfluous luxury they hate,
Inured to toil they suffer on,
On Jesus in His members wait,
Their servants for His sake alone;
And while they in His work abide,
They trust their Master to provide.

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241. *Whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, enquire, &c.*—x. 11.

THE character a servant bears
He for his Master's sake maintains,
Regardless how on earth he fares,
If placed as Providence ordains:
From house to house he never roves,
Urged by a light voluptuous mind,
But sent by Him whose work he loves,
He runs, and leaves himself behind.

242. *When ye come into an house, salute it, &c.*—x. 12.

1 PEACE to the house I enter now!
If sent with Thy commission, Thou
Shalt answer Lord for me,
Peace to the son of peace impart,
Set up Thy kingdom in his heart
Through faith which is in Thee.

2 In bliss assured and pardon seal'd,
Now let him find the word fulfill'd,
Of present heaven possess'd;
Thyself in him and his reveal,
Thyself in every bosom dwell,
Our everlasting Guest.

243. *If it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.*—x. 13.

1 CAN a minister complain,
Can he ever want success?
If by each repulse he gain
Peace, confirm'd abundant peace;
If the peace which sinners spurn,
Heavenly, inconceivable,
Into his own breast return,
There with Christ for ever dwell?

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2 Profit every way we find,
We, from whom our gracious Lord
Only asks a willing mind
Simply to declare His word:
Jesus, if employ'd by Thee,
Thou shalt teach us what to say,
Bid us prove our ministry,
Give both will and power to' obey.

244. *It shall be more tolerable for...Sodom and, &c.*—x. 15.
If such the punishment of those
The ministers who barely slight,
Woe to the men who dare oppose
The truth, and with its Author fight,
The servants slay, the Lord blaspheme!
No hell is hot enough for them.

245. *Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst, &c.*—x. 16.
Who arm'd with Christ's commission goes,
The world's fierce enmity to prove,
Will nothing to their rage oppose,
But meekness, innocence, and love:
'Tis thus we make the gospel known,
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name,
And force the wolves themselves to own,
"A Christian is a patient lamb."

246. *Be ye...wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.*—x. 16.
Saviour, my double want I feel,
By fear, by innocence betray'd,
By prudence false, and blindfold zeal;
In pity hasten to my aid,
With wisdom pure of worldly art,
With harmless, undesigning love
Meeken, yet fortify, my heart,
And blend the serpent with the dove.

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247. *Beware of men!*—x. 17.

NOT through an all-suspecting fear
Would we in deserts hide,
Nor yet unguardedly sincere
In faithless man confide:
Arm'd with Thy wise benevolent mind
Our course we safely run,
Honour and love the ransom'd kind,
But trust in God alone.

248. *Ye shall be brought before governors and kings, &c.*—x. 18.

FAITH sends me, Jesus, in Thy name
To testify the truth Divine,
The great salvation to proclaim,
And tells my heart the cause is Thine;
Faith bids me look on earthly kings
As feeble worms too mean to fear,
And all Thy power and wisdom brings
Into Thy dauntless confessor.

249. *When they deliver you up, take no thought how, &c.*—x. 19.

WHOE'ER to Thee, O Christ, belong,
And nothing but Thy glory seek,
Thy Spirit rules their mind and tongue,
And gives them what and how to speak:
Thy witness need not fear surprise,
He never can be off his guard,
Who on Thy faithful word relies
Which always keeps his heart prepared.

250. *He that endureth to the end shall be saved.*—x. 22.

WELCOME my Saviour's word to me,
The cross and crown annex'd I see,
And suffer on, till pain is pass'd
With life, and I am saved at last:

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I wait, in death to hear Him say
Arise, My love, and come away,
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more,
Safe-landed on the heavenly shore.

251. *It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.*—x. 25.

MASTER, I would no longer be
Loved by a world that hated Thee,
But patient in Thy footsteps go,
Entreated like my Lord below:
I would (but Thou must give the power)
With meekness meet the fiery hour,
The shame despise, the cross abide;
For Thou wast scourged, and crucified!

252. *There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed.*—x. 26.

EVERY deed, and word, and thought
Shall be into judgment brought:
Wherefore then should we conceal
What the day will soon reveal?
Let us in our Father's sight
Walk as children of the light,
Now prevent the general doom,
Triumph when the Judge is come.

253. *What I tell you in darkness,* that *speak ye in light.*—x. 27.

No shy reserve, or close disguise,
  No dark, mysterious secrecy,
No art to blind Thy people's eyes,
  Becomes a preacher sent by Thee:
We tell on the housetop whate'er
  Thy Spirit and word to us have show'd,
And bold throughout the world declare
  The utmost counsel of our God.

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254. *Fear not them which kill the body, but are not, &c.*—x. 28.

SAVIOUR, speak into my heart
Sacred intrepidity:
They that soul and body part
Can they part my soul from Thee?
Men and fiends my soul defies,
Join'd to God it never dies.

255. *Fear Him which is able to destroy both soul, &c.*—x. 28.

WHO would not dread the frown of Him
Whose anger burns unquenchable,
Whose breath like a sulphureous stream,
Kindles, and blows the flames of hell!
Our God is a consuming fire,
And fastening on the sinful soul,
Destroys what never can expire
Long as eternal ages roll.

256. *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*—x. 30.

FATHER, how wide Thy glories shine,
God of the universe, and mine!
Thy goodness watches o'er the whole,
As all mankind were but one soul,
Yet keeps my every sacred hair,
As I remain'd Thy single care.

257. *Ye are of more value than many sparrows.*—x. 31.

WHAT tongue the greatness can explain,
Or estimate the soul of man?
Its worth is only known to God,
Who purchased it with all His blood.

258. *Whosoever...shall confess Me before men, &c.*—x. 32.

THY confessor in deed and word,
Before the sons of men,

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In all the tempers of my Lord
I would Thy cause maintain:
And if my Lord I thus confess,
Thou wilt Thy servant own,
Present before Thy Father's face,
And place me on Thy throne.

259. *Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will, &c.*—x. 33.

AH, wretched souls, who urged by shame
Desert your Master's cause,
Before the world deny His name,
And stumble at His cross!
Disown'd before the heavenly host,
Ye shall receive your hire,
Out from His glorious presence thrust
Into eternal fire.

260. *Think not that I am come to send peace on, &c.*—x. 34.

1 NOT to indulge our sloth and ease,
Not to confirm our worldly peace,
Didst Thou on earth appear,
But that we might Thy kingdom know,
And find, cut off from all below,
The Lord our portion here.

2 Thou kindly camest to stand between,
To separate us from sinful men,
Us from our selves to part,
That rescued by Thy Spirit's power
Thy saints may cleave to earth no more,
But give Thee all their heart.

261. *I came not to send peace, but a sword.*—x. 34.

Now, Lord, apply the powerful word,
Use upon us Thy Spirit's sword,
Who dare abide Thy day;

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Thy people from the world divide,
Cut off our selfishness and pride,
Our sins for ever slay.

262. *I am come to set a man at variance against his, &c.*—x. 35.

1 THE father hates his gracious child,
Himself unsaved, unreconciled,
Through Thy atoning blood;
The graceless son his father scorns,
If first the pious parent turns,
And meets a pardoning God.

2 Thy handmaid in the softer kind
Can no remorse or pity find,
If Thou hast set her free;
The mother never can forgive
The daughter who presumes to live
Devoted all to Thee.

3 The daughter gay both hates and fears
The mother who to Thee adheres,
With Thee in spirit one;
And none their dearest friends can bear
Who God to friends and life prefer,
Who seek Thy love alone.

263. *A man's foes* shall be *they of his own household.*—x. 36.

1 IF Christ on me His grace bestows,
I must expect my household-foes
To vex me for His sake:
Will they receive or credit mine,
While all the blessed words Divine
They cast behind their back?

2 I look for enmity and war,
Jesus, from those who Thee abhor,
And fly the irksome light:

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Averse alike to Thine and Thee,
With us they never can agree
Who with our Saviour fight.

264. *He that loveth father or mother more than Me, &c.*—x. 37, 38.

1 JESUS competitors disdains:
Where'er the love of Jesus reigns,
It takes up all the heart:
Or if my friends, by nature dear,
I dotingly to Christ prefer,
I bid my Lord depart.

2 A father if I more esteem,
Or happier in a child than Him,
Neglect the joy of grace,
My own unworthiness I show
And force my God to let me go
An outcast from His face.

3 Ah, Lord, preserve my soul from sin,
Nor let the pleasing bane steal in,
The soul-ensnaring ill;
I nothing can deserve from Thee,
Yet still impart Thyself to me,
And count me worthy still.

4 O might I daily in Thy cause
Take up, and bear Thy hallow'd cross
By Thine example led,
The pain endure, the shame despise,
Till ripe for heavenly joy I rise
To triumph with my Head.

265. *He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he, &c.*—x. 39.

1 O COULD I so perfidious be,
Jesus, by once denying Thee,
My wretched life to save,

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My life, which so preserved I find,
I soon should lose, by Thee consign'd
To that infernal grave.

2 But if I cheerfully forego
For Thy dear sake my life below,
My life conceal'd above
Shall I not find it, Lord, again,
And full felicity obtain
In Thine eternal love?

3 Thy faithful promise I receive,
And only for Thy glory live,
Till Thou my life require:
And if my heart Thy Spirit fill,
I gladly suffer all Thy will,
And on Thy cross expire.

266. *He that receiveth you receiveth Me, and he, &c.*—x. 40.

WHO to His Saviour's messengers
An hospitable welcome gives,
Receives, not angels unawares,
But Christ and God Himself receives:
Come then, and bring the Crucified,
Come all who preach His pardoning word,
My house, my arms I open wide,
My heart to entertain your Lord.

267. *He that receiveth a righteous man in the name, &c.*—x. 41.

THROUGH zeal for piety sincere
I would receive, esteem, embrace
Thine every pious worshipper,
Who follows after righteousness:
Jesus, I make Thy brethren mine,
And serve in love's simplicity,

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Till from those gracious lips Divine
I hear "Ye did it unto Me!"

268. *Whosoever shall give unto one of these little, &c.*—x. 42.

How small the gift it matters not
Given for the sake of Christ the Lord,
It cannot be by Christ forgot,
Or lose its infinite reward.
A cup of water shall procure
(Bestow'd for Jesu's sake alone)
Rivers of life, and raptures pure,
Which flow perennial from His throne.

CHAPTER XI.

269. *When John had heard in the prison the works, &c.*—xi. 2.

1 A PRISONER for religion's sake
Will cast his own concerns behind,
No thought for his own safety take,
No comfort but in Jesus find;
Will ask and long to see restored
The kingdom of his heavenly Lord.

2 The interests of his Master dear
The servant's mind and heart engross;
He only thinks of Jesus near,
His works, His people, and His cause,
Glad to decrease, that Christ may grow,
And all the true *Messiah* know.

3 The souls committed to his trust
He suffers not with him to stay,
But sends them all to Christ the Just,
The Lamb who bears their sins away;

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Points to that one great Sacrifice,
Leaves them in Jesus' hands, and dies.

270. *Art Thou He that should come, &c.*—xi. 3.

GIVE me, Lord, if Thou art He,
Deaf to hear, and blind to see,
Lame, to walk in all Thy ways,
Dead, to live the life of grace;
Bid my leprosy depart,
Preach Thyself into my heart,
Satisfied, when Thou art given,
I seek no more in earth or heaven.

271.

1 JESUS, Thou art the' Anointed One,
The Saviour sent for man to' atone
And bring us back to God:
Thou know'st I for no other look
Than Thee, who all my sins hast took,
And bought me with Thy blood.

2 Who camest self-emptied from the sky,
Sinners to save and sanctify,
My full salvation be,
My sickly, dying spirit heal,
And all Thy work in me fulfil,
And take me up to Thee.

272. *The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk.*—xi. 5.

1 JESUS on us in this our day
Thyself the true *Messiah* prove,
Open our eyes to see the way
That leads us to the realms above,
Strengthen our souls to walk therein,
With even pace to persevere,
Till cleansed from nature's leprous sin,
We hear Thy voice, Be perfect here.

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2 To all that life of righteousness
Dead sinners by Thy breath restore,
And still our poverty increase,
And still enrich the humble poor:
The gospel which Thou, Saviour, art,
The fulness of Thy grace unknown
Preach every moment to my heart,
Emptied and fill'd by Thee alone.

273. *The poor have the gospel preached to them.*—xi. 5.

PREPARED by sacred poverty,
Jesus, the power of God in me
Unto salvation prove,
Preach to my troubled soul Thy peace,
Inspire with all Thy holiness,
With all Thy heavenly love.

274. *Blessed is* he, *whosoever shall not be offended in Me.*—xi. 6.

1 How mean He still on earth appears,
How poor His slighted worshippers.
The world our humble Lord despise,
The rich, the great, the learn'd, and wise;
They hate the strictness of His laws,
They stumble at His bleeding cross,
To gain His kingdom in the sky,
Like Him they will not live and die.

2 O may I never, never be
Offended at Thy words, or Thee!
Jesus the loving faith impart,
And lo, I give Thee all my heart,
Thee boldly before men confess,
A sinner saved by richest grace,
And unto death obedient prove
The blessedness of faithful love.

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275. *Jesus began to say...concerning John, What, &c.*—xi. 7.

FIRST our Lord vouchsafes to praise
His servant's constancy:
Every minister of grace
Should thus unshaken be,
Stand the shock of earth and hell,
Firm as anvil to the stroke,
Steadfast and immovable
As that Eternal Rock.

276. *What went ye out for to see? A man, &c.*—xi. 8.

NOTHING of softness or excess
Should in a preacher's life appear,
Nothing of ornament or dress
Becomes a gospel-messenger:
His life should as his doctrine be,
And simply plain his mission show,
That all the man of God may see
Dead to the world and all below.

277. *Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet.*—xi. 9.

1 MORE than all the prophets old
Is Jesus' harbinger:
Jesus' coming they foretold,
The Baptist shows Him here,
Shows the Lamb that bears our load,
The all-atoning Sacrifice;
Shows Him while he lives to God,
And shows Him, while he dies.

2 Preachers of the gospel word
Should more than prophet be,
Point the hearers to their Lord,
And tell them, This is He!

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Should, like *John*, retirement love,
The spirit of repentance breathe,
Firm through life, their zeal approve,
And faithful unto death.

278. *Behold, I send My messenger* [Gr. *angel*], *&c.*—xi. 10.

1 WHO the high office can display
Of Jesus' gospel-messenger?
Sent to prepare his Saviour's way
Into the souls of all that hear,
The man should as an angel be
In knowledge, zeal, and purity.

2 O that the character were mine,
While active as seraphic flame
I spread that sacrifice Divine,
The presence of my Lord proclaim!
But He the stony must remove,
And bid the world believe and love.

3 Where'er Thou dost Thy servant send,
Jesus, the Power of God, be found,
Thyself vouchsafe my steps to' attend,
Thy sacred feet behind me sound,
And show to all the ransom'd race
Jehovah's glories in Thy face.

279. *Among them that are born of women, &c.*—xi. 11.

1 GREATEST of the prophetic race,
He saw the Lamb with ravish'd eyes,
JEHOVAH full of truth and grace
Acknowledged from the opening skies:
To *Moses* His back parts were show'd,
But *John* beheld the face of God.

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2 He preach'd the' incarnate God come down,
He reach'd the dawn of gospel-day;
Removed before the blaze of noon,
Before the veil was cast away,
Before the Comforter was given,
Proof of our God return'd to heaven.

3 The least apostle of the Lamb
Greater than *John* by this appears,
We all the death of God proclaim;
Meanest of Jesus' messengers,
Even I set forth the Crucified,
The blood which all may feel applied.

4 By office greater far than *John*,
Sent on a greater embassy,
We make the Saviour's passion known,
Who captive leads captivity,
And from His Father's throne imparts
The spirit of glory to our hearts.

280. *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, &c.*—xi. 12.

O MIGHT Thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!
O might we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

281.

1 THUS may I the kingdom seize,
Where my Lord erects His throne,
Peace, and joy, and righteousness
Find comprised in Christ alone;

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Labour thus with violent strife
  Till the power I apprehend,
Grasp the true eternal Life,
  Keep my Saviour to the end.

2 Now the holy violence give,
  Let me of Thy strength lay hold,
Bid my fearful soul believe,
  Bid my faithful soul be bold,
Bold Thy deepest cup to take,
  Following on to *Calvary*,
Bold to suffer for Thy sake,
  Bold to lose my all for Thee.

3 Strengthen'd by Thy Spirit's word
  Let this feeble dying worm
Rush into Thy kingdom Lord,
  Take the promises by storm:
O might all Thy grace improve,
  Conscious of their sins forgiven,
Seize the crown of perfect love,
  Scale in death the mount of heaven!

282. *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*—xi. 15.

1 THE God of truth, and power, and love,
  Who bids us lend an ear,
Doth every obstacle remove,
  And gives the grace to hear;
Our long-lost liberty restores,
  Which we could ne'er regain,
And wills us then to use the powers
  His death procured for man.

2 Sinners, by Jesus bought, obey
  His universal call,
Who offers in your gospel-day
  The hearing ear to all:

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Made capable of faith, receive
The grace so freely given,
And hear, though dead, His voice, and live
On earth the life of heaven.

283. *The Son of man came eating and drinking.*—xi. 19.

WITH rigorous abstinence austere
We serve, while only led by fear;
But Jesus doth the yoke remove,
And shows the nobler way of love,
Instructs His blessings to employ,
And gives us all things to enjoy.

284. *Wisdom is justified of her children.*—xi. 19.

THE wise applaud; but all beside
Condemn the wisdom from above;
It ever was by those decry'd
Who neither fear our God, nor love.

285. *Thou, Capernaum, which art exalted, &c.*—xi. 23.

1 YE that of power and riches proud,
Above the race of mortals rise,
And scorn the low ignoble crowd,
And reign exalted to the skies,
Repent before the Judge appear,
Or read your fearful sentence here.

2 Ye gods of earth, expect to dwell
With fiends and spirits damn'd below,
To find your thrones prepared in hell,
Unless ye here your madness know,
Prostrate, condemn'd the Judge entreat,
And mercy find at Jesus' feet.

286. *It shall be more tolerable for...Sodom, &c.*—xi. 24.

WHO *will* reject Thy richest grace
Their own damnation seal,
And justly claim for their own place
The hottest place in hell.

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287. *Thou hast hid these things from the wise, &c.*—xi. 25.

FROM the fools reputed wise
Justly, Lord, Thou hast conceal'd
Things Divine, which they despise,
Mysteries to babes reveal'd:
Father, me, even me convert,
Then the kingdom from above
Send into my childlike heart,
Peace, and joy, and righteous love.

288. *All things are delivered unto Me of My Father.*—xi. 27.

1 SINNERS, in this great verity
The science of salvation see!
Jehovah unto Christ alone,
His only co-eternal Son,
The whole disposing power hath given
Of all in earth, and all in heaven.

2 Absolute Lord, and Judge supreme,
All blessings are dispensed by Him;
The' economy of grace is His,
The ministry of glorious bliss,
And all which Christ from God receives
Received for man to man He gives.

289. *No man knoweth the Son, but the Father, &c.*—xi. 27.

1 JESUS, the infinite I AM,
With God essentially the same,
With Him enthroned above all height,
As God of God, and Light of light,
Thou art by Thy great Father known,
From all eternity His Son.

2 Thou only dost the Father know,
And wilt to all Thy followers show,

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Who cannot doubt Thy gracious will
His glorious Godhead to reveal:
Reveal Him now, if Thou art He,
And live, eternal Life, in me.

290. *Come unto Me, all* ye *that labour and are heavy, &c.*—xi. 28.

1 STUPENDOUS love of God Most High!
He comes to meet us from the sky
In mildest majesty,
Full of unutterable grace
He calls the weary burden'd race,
Come all for help to Me.

2 Tired with the greatness of my way,
From Him I would no longer stray,
But rest in Jesus have,
Weary of sin, from sin would cease,
Weary of mine own righteousness,
And stoop myself to save.

3 Weary of passions unsubdued,
Weary of vows in vain renew'd,
Of forms without the power,
Of prayers, and hopes, complaints, and groans,
My fainting soul in silence owns
I can hold out no more.

4 Beneath this mountain-load of grief,
Of guilt and desperate unbelief,
Jesus, Thy creature see,
With all my nature's weight oppress'd,
I sink, I die, for want of rest,
Yet cannot come to Thee.

5 Mine utter helplessness I feel;
But Thou, who gavest the feeble will,
The' effectual grace supply:

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Be Thou my strength, my light, my way,
And bid my soul the call obey,
And to Thy bosom fly.

6 Fulfil Thine own intense desire,
And now into my heart inspire
The power of faith and love;
Then Saviour, then to Thee I come,
And find on earth the life, the home,
The rest of saints above.

291.

1 WRETCHED in myself, I would
Come for happiness to Thee,
Find redemption in Thy blood,
Permanent tranquillity:
Jesus kind inviting Lord,
Thou art my substantial Rest:
Help me to believe Thy word,
Draw me burden'd to Thy breast.

2 Ere my weary eyes I close,
In that everlasting night
Bless me with the true repose,
Love's ineffable delight,
Love excluding sin and fear
With Thy precious Self impart;
In Thy garments dyed appear,
Show Thy wounds and break my heart.

3 Show my faith Thy hands and feet,
Point me to Thy streaming side;
Only love can love beget:
Lamb for rebels crucified,

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Let Thy dying love constrain
My obduracy to yield,
Then I find my rest again,
Then I by Thy wounds am heal'd.

4 Gospel-faith on me bestow,
Faith Divine which works by love,
Then the pardoning God I know,
Taste the blessedness above,
'Stablish'd in my Lord, my Peace,
Triumphs then my meeken'd soul;
Never shall its triumphs cease
While eternal ages roll.

92. *I will give you rest.*—xi. 28.

REST of my weary mind,
My burden'd spirit's ease
Coming to Thee I find:
But gasp in perfect peace
To live, of holiness possess'd,
To die into eternal rest.

293. *Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, &c.*—xi. 29.

LORD, I fain would learn of Thee
Meekness and humility;
In Thy gentleness of mind
In Thy lowliness of heart
Rest mine inmost soul shall find,
Rest that never can depart.

294.

1 WHEN Thou the bond of sin hast broke,
Thine easy, light, and pleasant yoke
I cheerfully receive;

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By the new, sacred load I bear
Disburden'd now from every care
Beneath Thy cross I live.

2 Redeem'd from passion's tyranny,
If Thou implant Thy mind in me,
If Thou Thy Spirit impart,
I learn the wisdom from above,
The meek simplicity of love,
Thy lowliness of heart.

3 Then, then the true repose I find
Of quiet humble souls reclined
On their Redeemer's breast,
Like them from my own actings cease,
And gain in Thee the perfect peace,
The everlasting rest.

CHAPTER XII.

295. *His disciples were an hungered.*—xii. 1.

1 By miracle the crowd He fed,
But let His own disciples need;
Present they their great Master see,
Yet feel the deepest poverty:
And shall a plaintive sinner faint,
As left in indigence and want,
When Christ doth us relief afford,
As quite forsaken of his Lord?

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2 What if we pine for want of bread
When first we in His footsteps tread,
Better to share our Lord's distress,
Than plenty with the world possess:
Thankful the honour I receive,
Saviour, the needy life to live,
Sweet fellowship with Thee to prove,
And have no riches but Thy love.

296. *If ye had known what* this *meaneth, I will, &c.*—xii. 7.

1 How few that saying understand
Or practically know,
Mercy is the supreme command,
We first should mercy show:
The smiles of God we cannot gain
By outward sacrifice;
But genuine charity to man
He never will despise.

2 Our alms and works of righteousness,
Our abstinence and prayer,
Our sacraments can never please,
If mercy is not there:
But when His mercy we partake,
He must our spirit approve,
Who all mankind for Jesus' sake
In Jesus' bowels love.

297. *The Son of Man is Lord even of the sabbath-day.*—xii. 8.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy sacred day
Is subject to Thy sway,
Made Thy pleasure to fulfil;
Thou the Son of Man alone
Canst, according to Thy will,
Abrogate or change Thine own.

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2 Thy love the day design'd
A blessing to mankind:
But Thy more abundant grace,
Gospel-grace unsearchable,
Bade the *Jewish* feast give place,
Fix'd the Christian festival.

3 Lord of the hallow'd day,
Once more Thy power display;
Now returning from above,
Change it to that heavenly feast,
Sabbath of celestial love,
Sabbath of eternal rest.

298. *Wherefore it is lawful to do well.*—xii. 12.

WHAT words of horror can explain
The heart corrupt of sinful man,
Who strangely *asks* his God to prove
The lawfulness of saving love!

299. *Then saith He to the man, Stretch forth thine, &c.*—xii. 13.

THE word of Christ alone
New life and vigour gives
Who first our helplessness makes known,
And then our souls relieves:
Like wither'd hands they are,
Yet strength if He ordain,
We stretch them forth to God by prayer,
By alms and helps to man.

300.

JESUS, the grace re-give,
Which I have cast away:
I cannot now, as once, believe,
I cannot, cannot pray:

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Speak, and the wither'd hand
Of faith shall be restored,
Exert its power at Thy command,
And apprehend its Lord.

301. *Then the Pharisees went out, and held a council, &c.*—xii. 14.

How envy blinds the *Pharisees!*
On Sabbaths 'tis a crime to heal,
On Sabbaths, if their God displease,
'Tis good in them their God to kill!

302. *But when Jesus knew* it, *He withdrew, &c.*—xii. 15.

THE man of God, like Christ, gives place,
No longer useful in His cause,
Nor tempts a blindfold harden'd race,
But from the furious world withdraws,
The' occasion of their sin removes,
And leaves the foes he wisely loves.

303. *Great multitudes followed Him, and He healed, &c.*—xii. 15.

1 CAN we follow Christ in vain?
Can we follow Christ at all,
Him unless His love constrain
Us after Himself to call?
But the Friend of human race
Shows Himself our Saviour still,
Draws us by His powerful grace,
Draws whom He designs to heal.

2 Jesus truly doth forgive
Every weak distemper'd soul
Who to their Physician cleave,
Makes and keeps His patients whole:
But if Him we *will* forsake,
If He cease the balm to' apply,

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We into our sins fall back,
Lose His love, despair, and die.

304. *I will put My Spirit upon Him, and He, &c.*—xii. 18.

1 JESUS, to Thee I cry,
The worst of heathens I:
Manifest the gospel-grace,
Peace and joy and love Divine,
Show my heart Thy righteousness
Made by implantation mine.

2 Thou only canst confer
The promised Comforter;
That Thou might'st to sinners give,
God on Thee His Spirit bestow'd
That with Thee I might receive
All the plenitude of God.

305. *He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall, &c.*—xii. 19.

1 THOU lovely, meek, and gentle Lamb,
Pattern of pure humility,
Call'd after Thy own name I am,
And fain I would resemble Thee,
'Scape from a world of noise and strife,
And fly the glare of public life.

2 Not brawling, popular, and loud,
But silent, as the Man of woe,
Instruct me to decline the crowd,
And meekly after Thee to go,
And quietly, like Thee, resign
My soul into the hands Divine.

306. *A bruised reed shall He not break, and, &c.*—xii. 20.

No, I find He never will,
(Jesus is a Saviour still,)

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He who kindled my desire
Will not let the spark expire:
Love, that bears so long with me,
Shall obtain the victory,
All His power at last exert,
Fix the kingdom in my heart.

307. *In His name shall the Gentiles trust.*—xii. 21.

1 HIS name is Jesus Christ the just,
My advocate with God:
In Him alone I put my trust
Who bought me with His blood;
A sinner of the Gentiles I
My pardoning Lord embrace,
And on His only name rely
For all His depths of grace.

2 A sinner still, though saved I am,
And this is all my boast;
I hang upon a God, who came
To seek and save the lost:
The Object of my love and fear,
Who hath my sins forgiven,
Shall sink me into nothing here,
And lift me up to heaven.

308. *The Pharisees said, This* fellow *doth not, &c.*—xii. 24.

How near ye to the confines run
Of sin unpardonably great,
God's finger who refuse to own
In men whom for their good ye hate!

309. *How can one enter into a strong man's house, &c.*—xii. 29.

1 WHOE'ER submits to sin's commands,
His soul into the tempter's hands
With full consent he gives,

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He entertains the fiend abhorr'd,
And Satan as his lawful lord
Into his heart receives.

2 Fit mansion for the spirit impure,
He sleeps in sinful peace secure
Till the Redeemer come,
Till Christ omnipotent in grace
The' usurper from His palace chase,
And take up all the room.

3 Saviour, the human house is Thine,
To this poor captive soul of mine
Thy sovereign right assert,
Resume Thine own by entering in,
Bind the strong man entrench'd in sin,
And force him to depart.

4 My spirit's whole capacity
By double right belongs to Thee;
The tyrant now expel,
Thy purchased goods again possess,
And in this house of holiness,
My Lord for ever dwell.

310. *He that is not with Me is against Me.*—xii. 30.

By not appearing on Thy side
I sided with Thy foes,
By not confessing I denied,
And dared my Lord oppose:
But lo, henceforward I abhor
The base neutrality,
Wage 'gainst Thy foes eternal war,
And live, and die with Thee.

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311. *All manner of sin...shall be forgiven.*—xii. 31.

ALL kinds and all degrees of sin
Wilt Thou indeed forgive?
Then I, even I may be made clean,
And in Thy presence live:
Lord, I expect Thy promised grace;
And when Thou hast forgiven,
Pardon shall lead to holiness,
And holiness to heaven.

312. *The blasphemy* against *the* Holy *Ghost shall, &c.*—xii. 31.

THIS is that sin of sins,
That mortal blasphemy,
Ascribing to the devils' prince
The wonders wrought by Thee!
But from its guilt secure
In Thee our souls we hide;
And trust Thy blood to make us pure
From every sin beside.

313. *The tree is known by* his *fruit.*—xii. 33.

ARE words the proof of sin forgiven?
Then Satan might return to heaven,
And every Antinomian liar
Escape that everlasting fire:
His faith the pardon'd sinner *shows*,
While after holiness he goes,
And loves throughout his life to' express
The genuine fruits of righteousness.

314.

THE grace if actions cannot prove,
Will words demonstrate perfect love?
And if there no criterion be,
How shall we e'er discern the tree?

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But actions evidently show
The stock distinct on which they grow,
The saint's, or sinner's heart explain;
Or God laid down a test in vain.

315. *How can ye, being evil, speak good things?*—xii. 34.

I CANNOT speak a word, or do
An action truly good,
Till Thou, O Lord, my heart renew,
And wash me in Thy blood:
But when in me Thy Spirit of grace
Doth power and utterance give,
I then shall speak my Saviour's praise,
And to Thy glory live.

316. *Every idle word that men shall speak, they, &c.*—xii. 36.

How then shall sinners meet the Lord,
Or His dread day abide,
If cast for every idle word,
Who can be justified?
The men who freely pardon'd here
On Jesu's death depend,
Shall boldly at the bar appear,
And find the Judge their Friend.

317. *As Jonas was three days and three nights, &c.*—xii. 40.

1 THEE Jesus, our true *Jonas*, Thee
We own our great prophetic Lord,
The voluntary Victim see,
Out of the yawning deep restored,
Raised on the third triumphant morn
Thou didst to glorious life return.

2 Raised to Thine everlasting throne,
Thou didst the' apostate *Jews* forsake,

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To preach Thy saving grace unknown,
The *Gentiles* for Thy church to take,
A world of *Ninevites* convert,
And break my poor rebellious heart.

318. *A Greater than Solomon* is *here.*—xii. 42.

GREATER than *Solomon* is He,
Whom with the eyes of faith I see
In mortal flesh appear:
For when He doth His Spirit impart,
And speaks in my believing heart,
Wisdom Himself is here.

319. *When he is come, he findeth* it *empty, &c.*—xii. 44.

1 WHOE'ER their indolent delight
In ease and pleasure take,
They the ejected fiend invite,
And court him to come back;
By pride and sloth to every sin
They open wide the door;
And lo, a legion enters in,
And never leaves them more.

2 That Satan never more may find
Into my heart his way,
I'll walk in all the paths enjoin'd,
And fast, and watch, and pray,
In all the works of righteousness
With humble zeal employ'd,
And keep the house, the hallow'd place
For ever fill'd with God.

320. *The last* state *of that man is worse than the first.*—xii. 45.

YES, my Lord may justly leave me,
Me who first my Lord forsook,

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Never, never more forgive me,
Blot my name out of His book:
But if I, again forgiven,
Reach at last the happy shore,
How shall all the hosts of heaven
Shout, and wonder, and adore!

321. *Behold My mother and My brethren!*—xii. 49.

LORD, what is man's distinguish'd race,
Whom Thou dost for Thy brethren own,
Crown'd with a dignity and grace
To brightest seraphim unknown!
Who do on earth Thy Father's will,
Most closely to their Lord allied
Shall meet Thee on the heavenly hill,
And reign triumphant at Thy side.

322. *Whosoever shall do the will of My Father, &c.*—xii. 50.

1 THE Christian apostolic man,
Loosed from the ties of flesh and blood,
Superior to desire and pain,
Labours and speaks and lives for God:
He lives his pleasure to fulfil:
And who their heavenly Father own,
And faithfully perform His will,
He knows and cleaves to them alone.

2 His passions changed and sanctified
With more than nature's warmth embrace
The precious souls, to his allied
By all the tenderest ties of grace:
Relations all in one he proves
To saints begot by Jesus' word,
And with Divine affection loves
The kindred of his dearest Lord.

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CHAPTER XIII.

323. *Some* seeds *fell by the way-side, and the, &c.*—xiii. 4.

1 THE heart unoccupied by God,
An open, high, frequented road,
Which every passenger may find,
Trampled, and foul'd by all mankind,
Long-harden'd by habitual sin,
Exposed to every spirit unclean,
Down to the gloomy realms it tends,
In bottomless perdition ends.

2 Such is the heart of those that hear
The gospel with a careless ear:
Thick-flocking fiends are always nigh
Usurpers of the lower sky,
Distractions, cares fly hovering round,
Pleasures the good desire confound,
Seize on the soul as birds of prey,
And bear the precious seed away.

324. *Forthwith they sprung up, because they had, &c.*—xiii. 5.

LORD, give us wisdom to suspect
The sudden growths of seeming grace,
To prove them first, and then reject,
Whose haste their shallowness betrays;
Who instantaneously spring up,
Their own great imperfection prove:
They want the toil of patient hope,
They want the root of humble love.

325. *Other fell into good ground, and brought, &c.*—xiii. 8.

THE heart of man, the ground accursed
No difference knows of best or worst,

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O'errun with nature's thorns and briars,
Fit fuel of infernal fires:
His only grace can make it good,
Who dearly bought it with His blood;
And if my heart be fertile ground,
The fruit to Jesus' praise is found.

326. *Why speakest Thou unto them in parables?*—xiii. 10.

MAN, sinful man, with blind desire
Doth why and how of God inquire;
But first himself should know
Unworthy the least ray of light,
Darkness profound his only right,
And hell's eternal woe.

327. *Whosoever hath, to him shall be given.*—xiii. 12.

THOU offerest, Lord, to all Thy love:
Thy love may we retain,
With faithful diligence improve,
And farther blessings gain:
To us who grasp the things before,
Grace upon grace be given;
And when our souls can hold no more,
Bestow the joys of heaven.

328. *Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken, &c.*—xiii. 12.

WHY is my heart so dark and void,
And hardly feels its loss?
I have not what I once enjoy'd,
I am not what I was:
With Christ my suffering Lord one hour
I would not watch and pray,
And therefore He withdrew the power,
And took His gifts away.

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329. *They seeing see not, and hearing they hear not, &c.*—xiii. 13.

SAVIOUR I still to Thee apply,
Before I read or hear,
Creator of the seeing eye,
And of the hearing ear:
The understanding heart bestow,
The wisdom from above,
So shall I all Thy doctrines know,
And all Thy sayings love.

330. *In them is fulfilled the prophecy, &c.*—xiii. 14, 15.

1 THE world unknowingly fulfil
The Scriptures they deny,
Careless they hear and read them still
With unenlighten'd eye:
They see the Way from which they err,
Nor yet the Truth perceive,
Nor will the inward Prophet hear,
Nor will in Christ believe.

2 Their gross unfeeling heart oppose
And with the Saviour fight,
Their ears against His words they close,
Their eyes against His light;
By no decree of His compell'd
They spurn the' incarnate God,
Refuse to let their souls be heal'd
By their Redeemer's blood.

3 They might perceive that Christ is He,
And know the Shepherd's voice,
They might through faith converted be
And in His love rejoice:

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But if they still their God defy,
Till mercy's day is pass'd
Unheal'd, unsaved they justly die,
Die in their sins at last.

331. *Blessed* are *your eyes, for they see: and, &c.*—xiii. 16.

HAPPY the man who eyes receives
To see his smiling Lord,
Who hears the voice of God, and lives
By Jesus' quickening word:
This happiness with Christ is ours
Who know our sins forgiven,
Partakers of the Spirit's powers,
Inspired with present heaven.

332. *Many prophets and righteous* men *have, &c.*—xiii. 17.

1 THE patriarchs and prophets view'd
From far the gospel grace,
But never heard incarnate God,
Or saw *Immanuel's* face:
The wishful seers His day foretold,
And dying saints adored;
But we the Saviour come behold,
The glory of the Lord.

2 To us He doth His love reveal,
To us His Spirit imparts,
And speaks in peace and pardon still
To all believing hearts,
"Superior holiness and bliss
To you My friends is given,
Be perfect as your Father is,
And then come up to heaven."

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333. *Hear ye therefore the parable of the sower.*—xiii. 18.

1 HEAR ye, to whom your God imparts
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
His truth discovers to your hearts,
And all His gospel mysteries:
With means abundantly supplied,
While others still in darkness stray,
The Spirit is your faithful guide,
The Word Himself marks out your way.

2 Conscious from whom your blessings flow,
Your faith's integrity approve,
By practising the truths ye know,
By humble zeal, and fervent love,
By all your God vouchsafes to give
Show forth the heavenly Giver's praise,
Only to spread His kingdom live,
And die to glorify His grace.

334. *When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, &c.*—xiii. 19.

WHO hear, and cast the word behind,
To you the wicked one draws near,
With foreign thoughts to fill your mind,
Or in his whispering messenger
Comes your attention to divert,
And steals the seed out of your heart.

335. *He...heareth the word, and...with joy, &c.*—xiii. 20, 21.

1 WHAT crowds in every age receive
The word with joyful forwardness,
Transported for a while believe,
And all the warmth of zeal express,
Yet shrinking in the evil day,
They faint, and fall, and die away.

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2 The various shapes of worldly woe,
  The conflicts dire of inbred sin,
These, only these can surely show
  Who has or wants a root within :
And happy they, who always fear,
Till love, the perfect fruit appear.

3 O may I hear and taste the word,
  And faithfully Thy grace retain,
Devoted to my pardoning Lord,
  Stand all the assaults of sin and pain,
Rooted in humble love Divine,
And live, and die, entirely thine !

336. *He...that received seed among the thorns is, &c.*—xiii. 22.

WORLDLINGS in vain the truth approve,
  Who seek their rest and comforts here,
Who pleasure, praise, or riches love,
  They cannot keep the godly fear,
Or faith in gracious acts express,
Or bear the fruits of righteousness.

337.

WHOE'ER for happiness relies
  On wealth, will never find it there,
But while the flattering shadow flies,
  He sinks into the arms of care,
Reposes on a sleepless bed,
Or rests on thorns his aching head.

338. *The deceitfulness of riches, choke the word.*—xiii. 22.

WHAT harm to raise a fortune fair,
  What harm a fortune fair to' increase ?
The lust of gold, the thorns of care
  Choke every seed of righteousness :

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And when the fiend is enter'd in,
  We cloke our covetous desire,
We justify our gainful sin,
  Till Satan pays his slaves their hire.

339.

1 RICHES with unsuspected art
  Allure, and while they smile, betray,
Put out the eyes, harden the heart,
  Steal all our real goods away,
Like *Joab* false, the sword conceal,
And kiss, and smile us into hell.

2 With anger, pride, and worldly love
  The poor possessor's heart they fill,
They choke his hope of joys above,
  The life of piety they kill,
His time, and thoughts and soul engross,
And make him hate the Saviour's cross.

3 Yet still the worldly fool desires,
  And eagerly pursues his bane,
Till God a strict account requires,
  Till stripp'd of all his fatal gain,
His soul into the pit descends;
And there the dire delusion ends.

340. *His enemy...sowed tares.*—xiii. 25.

ONLY good proceeds from God,
  Evil from His enemy:
Pride, the seed of sins he sow'd,
  All the sins we feel and see,
Cursed the field which God did bless,
Turn'd it to this wilderness!

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341. *Then appeared the tares also.*—xiii. 26.

RISING with Thy chosen race
Token of the harvest near,
Lo, the' abusers of Thy grace,
Lo, the *Gnostic* tares appear
Yet with them we still grow on,
Mindful of Thy promise past,
Lord, we let the tares alone;
Thou shalt root them out at last.

342. *Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?*—xiii. 28.

HIS blind exterminating zeal
The eager proselyte employs,
Sends all the tares at once to hell,
Nor sees that he the wheat destroys;
Till meeken'd by the light Divine
He his own hasty spirit perceives,
No more prevents his Lord's design,
But all to that great day he leaves.

343. *The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain, &c.*—xiii. 31.

A GRAIN of grace may we not see
This moment, and the next a tree?
Or *must* we patiently attend
To find the precious seed ascend?
Our Lord declares it *must* be so;
And striking deep our root, we grow,
And lower sink, and higher rise,
Till Christ transplant us to the skies.

344.

THE principle of grace Divine
Sown in this earthly heart of mine,
Is glorious joy, and heavenly peace,
And true implanted righteousness.
Though scarce perceptible the grain
It doth the tree of life contain,

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The purity of saints above,
And all the powers of perfect love.

345. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.*—xiii. 33.

THAT heavenly principle within,
Doth it at once its power exert,
At once root out the seed of sin,
And spread perfection through the heart?
No; but a gradual life it sends,
Diffusive through the faithful soul,
To actions, words, and thoughts extends,
And slowly sanctifies the whole.*

346. *He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man.*—xiii. 37.

1 YES we joyfully confess,
Thou the Son of God and man
Giv'st the principle of grace,
Sow'st in all that heavenly grain,
Saints through Thy engrafted word
Rise, the planting of the Lord.

2 Till the grain becomes a tree
Striking deep the root below
Through Thy Spirit's energy,
Imperceptibly they grow;
Late to full perfection rise,†
Sinking, till they reach the skies.

347. *Then shall the righteous shine forth as, &c.*—xiii. 43.

1 LORD, we long to see Thy glory
Made eternally our own,
Long with all Thy saints to' adore Thee,
Bright as the meridian sun:
Come, Redeemer,
Rap us to Thy Father's throne!

* Compare Vol. ix., pp. 96, 396. † Ibid.

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2 In Thy Father's presence own us
Faithful witnesses of Thine,
Put Thy majesty upon us,
Let us in Thy lustre shine,
Bear Thine image
All immortal, all Divine.

348. *He...sold all that he had, and bought it.*—xiii. 46.

HAVE I not found that pearl Divine,
That treasure in the field?
Yet still it is not surely mine,
My pardon is not seal'd:
The ascertaining terms I know,
And would with joy approve,
Sell all; myself, my life forego,
To buy Thy perfect love.

349. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net.*—xiii. 47.

1 A GREAT net the gospel is,
Which cast into the sea
Sinners draws out of the' abyss
Of sin and misery.
Good and bad promiscuous hear,
The sacraments alike partake,
Till that final day appear,
And Christ the difference make.

2 Holy and unholy now
The outward church compose,
But our Lord the heavens shall bow,
And part His friends and foes:
Clothed with boundless power Divine,
We know Thou wilt to judgment come,
Severally to each assign
His just, eternal doom.

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350. *Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood, &c.*—xiii. 51.

ALL these sacred words I read,
But have I understood,
Has my heart received indeed
The precious truths of God?
Let me by my actions say
That Christ I savingly have known,
Still believe, confess, obey,
And love my Lord alone.

351. *Every scribe* which is *instructed unto the, &c.*—xiii. 52.

1 EVERY gospel-scribe should be
With sacred knowledge stored,
Witnessing the mystery,
The power of Jesus' word,
Well instructed from above
The salutiferous grace to' impart,
Taught of God to teach His love,
His kingdom in the heart.

2 If in him it richly dwells
He doth the word dispense,
Speaks as God's own oracles,
And draws his treasures thence;
Old and new he doth produce,
The talents, gifts, on him bestow'd,
Spends them for the Master's use
And for the church of God.

3 Furnish'd thus, O Lord, by Thee,
I would employ Thy grace,
Serve Thy sacred family,
And feed the faithful race,

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Make Thy great salvation known,
Conduct them to a perfect man,
Nourish'd by Thy word alone,
Till meet with Thee to reign.

352. *They were offended in Him.*—xiii. 57.

LET the world my Lord despise,
Let the world offended be,
Jesus, I Thy meanness prize,
Honour Thy humility;
Thee, a Man of low estate
Sole eternal God I own,
For Thy glorious kingdom wait,
Wait to share Thy heavenly throne.

353. *He did not many mighty works there, &c.*—xiii. 58.

ONLY unbelief withstands,
Binds the gracious Saviour's hands:
Saviour, let Thy power remove
The sole hindrance of Thy love:
Take our unbelief away,
Then Thy mercy's arm display,
Then repeat Thy wonders past,
Or give us the best wine at last.

CHAPTER XIV.

354. *It is not lawful for thee to have her.*—xiv. 4.

GRANT me that bold simplicity
Sin in the greatest to reprove,
("Ye must obey my God's decree,
Ye must the cursed thing remove,")
And give me, if my life it cost,
To' exult in life for Jesus lost.

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355. *When he would have put him to death, he, &c.*—xiv. 5.

WHOM the only fear of men
Feebly doth from sin restrain,
Soon the slender fence he breaks,
Finds the' occasion which he seeks;
Urged by pride, and stung by lust,
Murders whom he counted just,
Gratifies the' adulteress lewd,
Pays her with a martyr's blood.

356. *When Herod's birthday was kept, the, &c.*—xiv. 6.

THE ball, the feast, the flowing bowl,
Do they not still ensnare the soul,
The passions fatally incite,
Poison the heart with vain delight,
The unsuspicious guests draw in,
Till partners of another's sin,
They quite throw off remorse and shame,
And mangle every virtuous name.

357. *His disciples came, and took up the body, &c.*—xiv. 12.

MAY we not to Jesus go,
Sore oppress'd with sin and pain,
Still to Him our trouble show,
Calmly at His feet complain,
Open our afflicted mind,
Tell Him of our ravish'd friends,
Comfort in His favour find,
Find a life that never ends!

358. *When Jesus heard* of it, *He departed thence.*—xiv. 13.

THE servant by his Master led
Knows when to stand and when recede,
Or to the rage of man gives place,
Or turns against the storm his face.

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359. *Jesus went forth, and saw a great multitude, &c.*—xiv. 14.

HIS pity for the body's pain
Its various maladies removes,
But O the sin-sick soul of man
With greater tenderness He loves:
The love which brought Him from the sky
Employs Him in our service still,
Who saves us at the point to die,
And died Himself our souls to heal.

360.

THE rest we in the desert seek
We must for hopeless souls forego,
Go forth to tend the poor and weak,
And melt distress'd at human woe:
Our Master served the' afflicted crowd,
And bids us His example trace
In labouring for the people's good,
In ministering the gospel grace.

361. *The time is now past; send the multitude away.*—xiv. 15.

A SOUL that hungers for the word,
Forgetful of the body's wants,
Stays in the presence of his Lord,
And follows Jesus till he faints,
And then the Bread of life receives,
And fill'd with Christ he truly lives.

362. *Give ye them to eat.*—xiv. 16.

NOT from a stock of ours but Thine
Jesus, Thy flock we feed,
Thy unexhausted grace Divine
Supplies their every need:

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But if we trust Thy providence,
Thy power and will to save,
We have the treasure to dispense,
And shall for ever have.

363. *They say unto Him, We have here but, &c.*—xiv. 17.

JESUS, if we aright confess
Our heartfelt poverty,
We own the conscious want of grace
Itself a gift from Thee:
And who our poverty retain,
More gifts we shall receive,
Multiplied grace and blessings gain,
And all a God can give.

364.

WHATEVER knowledge from his Lord,
Or talents he receives,
Poor is the preacher of the word,
And poor he always lives:
For fresh supplies of needful grace
His wants incessant call,
A sinner still, he nothing has,
And yet possesses all.

365. *He said, Bring them hither to Me.*—xiv. 18.

OUR scanty stock as soon as known
Our insufficiency,
For feeding famish'd souls we own,
And bring it, Lord, to Thee:
Our want received into Thy hand
Shall rich abundance prove,
Answer the multitude's demand,
And fill them with Thy love.

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366. *He commanded the multitude to sit down on, &c.*—xiv. 19.

JESUS, the needy sinner's Friend,
Command the crowd to sit,
Who hungry still on Thee attend,
And nothing have to eat:
They hear the word Thy lips have said,
Low at Thy feet they bow:
Distribute now the heavenly Bread,
And feed their spirits now.

367. *Looking up to heaven, He blessed, &c.*—xiv. 19.

O'ERWHELM'D with blessings from above,
Father, before we taste
These freshest tokens of Thy love,
We thank Thee for the past:
Our eyes and hearts to heaven we lift,
And taught by Jesus, own
That every grace and every gift
Descends from Thee alone.

368.

THE gospel by our Saviour bless'd
Doth efficacious prove,
The loaves a thousand-fold increased
Communicate His love:
We banquet on the heavenly Bread,
When Christ Himself imparts
By ministerial hands convey'd
To all believing hearts.

369. *They did all eat, and were filled: and they, &c.*—xiv. 20.

THE loaves by distribution grow
When we His guests relieve;
The more we on His poor bestow
The more we have to give.

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370. *Straightway Jesus constrained His disciples, &c.*—xiv. 22.

WHO waits for the applause of man
He loses his reward from God:
Thy prosper'd servants, Lord, constrain
To fly when we have fed the crowd;
Drive us away reluctant, hide
Our souls from all the baits of pride.

371. *He went up into a mountain apart to pray.*—xiv. 23.

SEQUESTER'D from the noisy crowd,
Fain would I pray apart,
Confess my sins and wants to God,
And pour out all my heart:
Now let me leave the world beneath,
Now to the mount repair,
Sink at the Saviour's feet, and breathe
My latest breath in prayer.

372. *The ship was now in the midst of the sea, &c.*—xiv. 24.

1 JESUS, the church redeem'd by Thee,
A ship in a tempestuous sea,
Encompass'd with the world it lies,
While endless storms and troubles rise:
We tremble, by the billows toss'd,
And fear to be for ever lost.

2 Yet, when in faith the storm we bear,
The persecuting wind is fair,
When most it fills our hearts with dread,
It brings the Saviour to our aid,
It drives us swifter to His breast,
Our haven of eternal rest.

373. *In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went, &c.*—xiv. 25.

1 MIDST furious winds and raging seas
Will Jesus leave us in distress?

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He sees us seemingly forsook
To Him through thickest darkness look,
And by the favour of this night
He comes, and brings the saving light.

2 Left in the persecutor's power,
With Satan ready to devour,
Left at our last extremity
When death in all its forms we see,
When most the yawning gulf we fear,
Our faith perceives salvation near.

3 Behold Him walking on the wave,
Who comes our sinking souls to save!
When many a dreary hour is pass'd,
The' Omnipotent appears at last,
The Lord of heaven and earth, and sea,
My Saviour comes to rescue me.

374. *They were troubled, saying, It is a spirit, &c.*—xiv. 26.

THE proud mistake a dream for grace,
A phantom for true godliness;
The humble see their Lord appear,
And start, as from illusion near,
Till Christ, in answer to their cry
Assures their fluttering hearts, 'Tis I!

375. *Straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, &c.*—xiv. 27.

1 CHEER'D by His word and Spirit's light,
We stand recover'd of our fright,
We know Him present by His word,
And glad cry out, It is the Lord,
Whose Spirit all His church inspires,
And gives the faith which He requires.

2 My Saviour if indeed Thou art,
Speak, Jesus, to this troubled heart,

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Tell me, 'Tis I, that died for thee;
Then the rough wind and boisterous sea,
As servants of Thy gracious power,
Shall bear me to the' eternal shore.

376. *It is I; be not afraid.*—xiv. 27.

TELL me "'Tis I—that died for thee,"
And I shall fear no more,
Till the rough wind and boisterous sea
Hurry me to the shore.

377. *He said, Come.*—xiv. 29.

SAVIOUR, Thou hast bid me come,
But bid me come, again,
Till I reach my heavenly home
My sinking soul sustain:
Walking on at Thy command
O'er danger's most tempestuous sea,
Save me by Thine outstretch'd hand,
And save me up to Thee.

378. *When he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid, &c.*—xiv. 30.

O MAY I cry for help to Thee
The moment I begin
To sink into the troubled sea,
Or yield to my own sin!
I know, in answer to my prayer,
Thou wouldst extend Thine hand,
My soul above the billows bear
To the celestial land.

379. *Beginning to sink, he cried...Lord, save me.*—xiv. 30.

STILL in every trial new
My want of grace I feel,
Pray for fresh supplies to do
And suffer all Thy will:

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Need of Thy supporting word,
Continual need of prayer I have;
Save me now, most mighty Lord,
And every moment save.

380. *Jesus stretched forth* His *hand, and caught, &c.*—xiv. 31.

1 SAVIOUR, when the storm is high
And madding passions press,
More on them I fix mine eye,
Than on the power of grace;
Justly then Thou might'st the power
Withhold from this weak infidel,
Leave me in the dangerous hour,
And bid me sink to hell.

2 But Thou dost send forth the light
And comfort of Thy word,
Strengthen by Thy Spirit's might,
And bid me own my Lord:
In my nature's helplessness
The greatness of Thy strength I prove,
Lifted up with large increase
Of humble faith and love.

381. *When they were come into the ship, the, &c.*—xiv. 32, 33.

ENTER Lord this troubled heart,
And passion's storms shall cease,
Sin and unbelief depart,
And all my soul be peace:
Then I to Thy glory live,
And Thee the Son of God adore,
Till this shatter'd bark arrive
At that celestial shore.

382. *When the men of that place had knowledge, &c.*—xiv. 35.

1 THE men of a place Where Jesus hath been,
Acknowledge His grace Which saves them from sin,

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To others discover The power of His word,
And all the land over They publish their Lord.

2 The cure we have found Through faith in His name,
The country around We gladly proclaim,
The worst, if he pleases, To Christ may draw near,
Who heals our diseases Who pardons us here.

3 To those that believe Salvation is sure:
Come all and receive Your spiritual cure:
Ye now may approach Him, And calling Him Lord,
The moment ye touch Him Your souls are restored.

383. *As many as touched were made perfectly whole.*—xiv. 36.

LORD, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy truth and grace endure,
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure:
Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Who only canst my sins remove,
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

CHAPTER XV.

384. *This people draweth nigh unto Me with their, &c.*—xv. 8.

1 IF only with our lips we pray,
And want the grace within,
Our pious pains we cast away,
Our prayer is turn'd to sin:
Religion pure and undefiled
Unites the heart to God,
A God in Jesus reconciled,
Who bought us with His blood.

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2 The power of vital piety
To me, O God, impart,
So shall I gladly render Thee
The worship of the heart:
And when to Thee alone I cleave
With smiles Thou wilt approve
And kindly through Thy Son receive
The homage of my love.

385. *He called the multitude, and said unto them, &c.*—xv. 10.

JESUS the formal teachers leaves,
And to the multitude applies,
Them He instructs and undeceives,
And makes unto salvation wise:
And following our celestial Guide
His will we to the people show,
Set the false piety aside,
And teach their simpler hearts the true.

386. *Knowest Thou that the Pharisees were offended, &c.*—xv. 12.

THE truth a *Pharisee* offends
Too proud instruction to receive:
He never his own faults amends,
Or bears that others should believe:
Yet will we still the truth declare
Which angry formalists reject;
Thus to offend we must not spare
But slight the whole self-righteous sect.

387. *Every plant which My heavenly Father hath, &c.*—xv. 13.

1 WHATE'ER is not of God
Is labour lost and vain:
The works of men, though men applaud,
They cannot long remain:

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Exulting in their power,
Who seem to reach the sky
Shall bloom and wither in an hour,
With all their works shall die.

2 The adversary's seed
As thorns and briers abound,
The vineyard of our Lord o'erspread,
And clog the sacred ground.
But Jesus shall at last
Reveal His righteous ire,
And root up Satan's plants, and cast
Them all into the fire.

3 Who their own good declare,
Their height of grace possess,
May flourish for a season fair
As trees of righteousness;
But God did never plant,
Nor will for His approve
Men that the children's spirit want,
The meek and humble love.

388. *Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind.*—xv. 14.

LET him alone, the blindfold guide,
Stir not the hornet's nest,
Or rashly tempt the furious pride
Of a revengeful priest:
His ignorance you cannot heal,
His envious wrath avert,
Or help the stubbornness of will,
The blindness of his heart.

389. *If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall, &c.*—xv. 14.

WHO dares religion's power deny,
While for the forms he pleads,

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The men who on his word rely
  To sure destruction leads:
The guide who will not Jesus know,
  Is Satan's messenger,
Damns his own soul to endless woe,
  And all the souls that hear.

390. *Are ye also yet without understanding?*—xv. 16.

WHAT numbers call the Saviour Lord,
  Spiritual guides in their own eyes.
Who slight His sanctifying word,
  Nor see their holy calling's prize!
The perfect love they cannot gain,
  "With sin's remains they cannot part,"
The' inherent righteousness attain,
  The real purity of heart.

391. *Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, &c.*—xv. 19.

MAN, fallen man conceals within
The principles of every sin;
But virtuous seed of every kind
We in the heart of Jesus find:
Jesus my evil heart remove,
Cleansed by Thy own imparted love;
And to preserve my purity,
Reside with all Thy grace in me.

392. *These are* the things *which defile a man.*—xv. 20.

LORD, on Thy promise I rely,
From all my filth to purify,
To pour Thy Spirit into my heart,
And make mine unbelief depart:
Thy blood which cleanses from all sin
Shall wash mine inmost nature clean,

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Spiritualize my spotless mind,
Nor leave one evil thought behind.

393. *Jesus went thence, and departed into the, &c.*—xv. 21.
THE bowels of that Shepherd good
Who purchased *Israel* with His blood
What tongue can fully tell?
He leaves the ninety-nine behind,
One single straggling sheep to find,
One tortured soul to heal.

394. *A woman of Canaan came out of the same, &c.*—xv. 22.
1 THE image of a sinner see,
Who pierced with his own misery
Doth from his home depart,
The' occasions of his sin forsakes,
Jesus his only refuge makes,
And prays with all his heart.
2 A sinner's penitential prayer
Doth humbly short his wants declare,
With faith in *David's* Son:
Nothing prescribes to God most high,
But mercy still persists to cry,
And trusts in that alone.

395. *But He answered her not a word. And His, &c.*—xv. 23.
IF Jesus answers not a word,
He urges still his silent Lord,
He will not let Him rest;
Resolved the Master to pursue,
He wearies out the servants too,
To second his request.

396. *He answered and said, I am not sent but, &c.*—xv. 24, 25.
PATIENT the rough repulse he bears
Instant in unsuccessful prayers,
With deep humility,

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With faith omnipotently great,
He groans at his Redeemer's feet,
"Extend Thy help to me."

397. *Lord, help me.*—xv. 25.

HELP me, Lord, on whom alone
Succour is for sinners laid,
Help me for Thine aid to groan,
Help me to accept Thine aid;
Still assist me by Thy grace
Helpless at Thy feet to lie,
Well to close my various race,
Well to suffer, and to die.

398. *He answered and said, It is not meet, &c.*—xv. 26.

1 I HERE beneath Thy feet confess
Mine universal sinfulness;
Thy harshest word is true,
Nothing as of desert I claim,
A dog, and not a child I am,
And hell is all my due.

2 Forgiveness is the children's bread,
And let them first with grace be fed
With full felicity,
With true celestial bread supplied:
And when they all are satisfied
Enough remains for me.

399. *Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs.*—xv. 27.

JESUS, beneath the sense I groan
Of my unworthiness,
Yet trust, the' unworthiness I own
Shall never bar Thy grace:
The children first be fed by Thee:
The dogs with crumbs supply:

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Then if no more is left for me,
Let me through hunger die.

400. *O woman, great* is *thy faith : be it unto thee, &c.*—xv. 28.

THAT mighty faith on me bestow
Which cannot ask in vain,
Which holds, and will not let Thee go,
Till I my suit obtain ;
Till Thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell mine infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done!"

401.

BUT how much greater, O my God,
Thy mercy which the faith bestow'd
On all who now believe,
By violent importunity
To conquer, and extort from Thee
Whate'er Thou hast to give!

402. *Great multitudes came unto Him, having, &c.*—xv. 30.

1 SEE with what vehement eagerness
What faith and hope and zeal
Distemper'd crowds to Jesus press
Who doth their bodies heal!
And shall not languid souls draw near,
To Christ for help apply,
Sentenced, unless He heal them here,
An endless death to die.

2 More desperately diseased than those
Who first embraced Thy feet,
Saviour, my evils I expose,
And for Thy grace entreat;

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Spiritual health I seek from Thee
With unremitting strife,
With strongest importunity
I ask eternal life.

3 Feet on my helpless soul bestow
To walk in all Thy ways,
The eyes of faith my Lord to know
A tongue to sound Thy praise;
Thy Spirit's powerful skill exert,
My sicknesses remove,
And cure the evil of my heart
With balm of perfect love.

403. *And cast them down at Jesus' feet; and He, &c.*—xv. 30.

JESUS, display Thy sovereign skill,
Thine ancient miracles repeat:
Thou never canst refuse to heal
A gasping sinner at Thy feet:
Expiring at Thy feet I lie:
O let Thy yearning bowels move,
Forgive, or in my sins I die,
Restore me by Thy bleeding love.

404. *I have compassion on the multitude.*—xv. 32.

CANST Thou then without compassion
Me Thy faint disciple see,
Hungering after Thy salvation,
Perishing for want of Thee?
Dying, till the grace is given,
Only for Thy life I pine:
Feed me, Lord, with bread from heaven,
Fill my soul with love Divine.

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405. *Whence should we have so much bread, &c.*—xv. 33.

THE world is one great wilderness,
Which nothing doth contain
To fill, in his extreme distress,
The hungry soul of man:
Yet shall we not through hunger die,
If in *His* steps we tread,
Who gives Himself to satisfy
Our souls with living bread.

406. *How many loaves have ye? And they said, &c.*—xv. 34.

GOD on man the grace bestows
His own indigence to see:
Then the humbled sinner knows,
Owns his heart-felt poverty:
Then he doth himself abase,
Nothing in his own esteem,
Prizes the Redeemer's grace,
Seeks his whole of good in Him.

407. *He commanded the multitude to sit down, &c.*—xv. 35.

SINNERS form'd out of the ground,
Mindful of their low estate,
Should with lowliness profound
For the heavenly blessing wait;
Stooping to their Lord's commands,
Humbled in the dust receive
Food out of their Saviour's hands,
Food which none but God can give.

408. *He...brake, and gave to His disciples, and, &c.*—xv. 36.

EVERY gospel-minister
All his gifts from Christ receives,
Nothing have they to confer
But what first to them He gives:

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Christ it is who breaks the bread,
  Gives the word by faith applied:
Then the multitude is fed,
  Then our souls are satisfied.

409. *They did all eat, and were filled.*—xv. 37.

WHOM the Lord vouchsafes to feed,
  They alone are truly fill'd,
Banquet on immortal Bread,
  Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd:
Yet His gifts our want increase,
  Poorer for His grace we prove,
Till we all His joy possess,
  Feast on all His heavenly love.

410. *They that did eat were four thousand men, &c.*—xv. 38.

WHO on Providence depend,
  Unconcern'd for numbers I
All my stock for Jesus spend,
  All His followers' wants supply:
Can a stock exhausted be,
  Still replenish'd from above?
Jesus is my Treasury,
  Truth Divine, and Power, and Love.

411.

CAN a servant of the Lord
  Dread his family's increase?
Trusting in the Saviour's word,
  Daily miracles he sees,
Children, blessings multiplied,
  Mouths and meat together given:
Jesus doth for all provide,
  All maintains with bread from heaven.

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412. *He sent away the multitude, and took ship, &c.*—xv. 39.

An instrument of Jesus' grace,
Who some applauded work hath done,
Withdraws to' escape the people's praise,
And hides him in a coast unknown:
Yet there he imitates his Lord,
Yet there the' esteem of man he flies,
And works, expecting no reward,
Till caught to Jesus in the skies.

CHAPTER XVI.

413. *The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, &c.*—xvi. 1.

Who fiercely with each other fight,
Against the truth agree,
The formal and profane unite,
Lord, in opposing Thee:
Contending sects their feuds suspend,
Thy people to suppress,
And never shall their battles end
With real godliness.

414. *Take heed and beware of the leaven of the, &c.*—xvi. 6.

Let us, Lord, with humblest care
Observe the caution given,
Start from shows and seemings fair,
(That *Pharisaic* leaven,)
Self-respects, and human praise,
And human righteousness disown,
Glory in the God of grace,
And trust in Thee alone.

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415.

1 Of those who learned and austere,
Devout and spiritual appear,
As the chief guides to heaven,
Few keep themselves entirely free
From envy, pride, hypocrisy,
The *Pharisaic* leaven.

2 But while we *Pharisees* condemn
We rush into a worse extreme,
Ourselves for nothing sell,
With *Sadducees* our shame declare,
Live like unthinking brutes, and care
For neither heaven nor hell.

3 Yet guarded by Thy word alone,
Jesus the double snare we shun,
We seek the joys above,
With humble faith we follow Thee
With undisguised simplicity,
And undissembled love.

416. *Jesus...said unto them, O ye of little faith, &c.*—xvi. 8.

1 Praise He bestows on faith alone,
And only blames its littleness,
To teach us all depends on one,
The fruits, the works, the life of grace,
Doth all from faith alone arise,
And nothing its defects supplies.

2 Author of faith, the pregnant grace
In measure large on me confer,
Proud reason then shall know its place,
Nor e'er usurp the sacred chair,
But meekly to Thy word submit,
And lie subservient at Thy feet.

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417. *Then understood they how that He bade* them, *&c.*—xvi. 12.

1 A LOOSE morality proceeds
  Unseen, from the corrupted heart,
Insensibly, as leaven spreads,
  By slow degrees, through every part,
Till the whole church depraved we see
With pride, or infidelity.

2 Still the two clashing sects appear,
  Who Jesus and His truth oppose.
The formal *Pharisees* severe,
  Humility's eternal foes,
Exact in every outward rite;
The tombs are beautifully white.

3 With specious shows, and state, and ease,
  They court, and keep the crowd in awe,
But hate the power of godliness,
  The Christian life, the Spirit's law,
The faith, the wisdom from above,
The pure morality of love.

4 Behold the adverse sect arise,
  The careless *Sadducees* profane!
Religions all alike they prize,
  Content the things of earth to gain;
No pleasures they but bestial know,
And seek their only heaven below.

5 United in a common cause
  Prelates and infidels admire!
But while to fight against the cross,
  All in the *holy* league conspire,
Atheists and formalists proclaim
The world in every age the same.

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418. *Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona.*—xvi. 17.

1 NOT honours, power, or pleasures vain,
Not all the wealth on earth he sees,
Compose the happiness of man,
Or give the soul a taste of peace:
But soon as Jesus Christ we know,
The everlasting life we live,
And Him from whom all blessings flow,
With heaven into our hearts receive.

2 Father, to me the faith impart
Which makes and seals the blessing mine,
Discover to my longing heart
Thy Son in majesty Divine,
That knowing Him, my soul may prove
The rapturous sense of sin forgiven,
And through the bliss of perfect love
Pass to the endless bliss of heaven.

419. *Flesh and blood hath not revealed* it *unto thee, &c.*—xvi. 17.

1 WE cannot know the' eternal Son
By all our reasoning powers,
Till God vouchsafes to make Him known,
And shows that Christ is ours:
The Father must the Son reveal
As bleeding on the tree,
And give my sprinkled heart to feel,
My God—He dies for me!

2 If now I know the Crucified,
Thy Spirit still bestow,
So shall I in the faith abide,
And in the knowledge grow:

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And when Thou fill'st the measure up,
Father, my soul remove,
And swallow up my faith and hope
In beatific love.

420. *Upon this Rock I will build My church.*—xvi. 18.

NOT on a frail sinful creature
Dost Thou build Thy church below:
Thee, the Rock, divinely greater,
Basis of our faith we know!
Rooted in Thy love and grounded
Still Thy people shall prevail,
Shout to see their foes confounded,
Triumph o'er the gates of hell.

421. *He must...suffer many things of the elders, &c.*—xvi. 21.

THE rich and great in every age
Conspire to persecute their God,
Ambitious priests against Him rage,
And scribes, of empty learning proud,
They grieve Him by His members' pain,
And scourge, and crucify again.

422.

1 WHATE'ER we can of Jesus know,
His followers, here comprised we see,
His life of pain and grief below,
His bleeding passion on the tree,
His sacrifice our souls to save,
His rise and triumph o'er the grave.

2 We now who Jesus' Spirit breathe
The ills of life with patience bear,
With joy receive the stroke of death,
With faith expect His rise to share,

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His victory o'er the gaping tomb,
And live His endless life to come.

423. *He turned, and said unto Peter, Get thee, &c.*—xvi. 23.

1 So late enlighten'd from above,
Bless'd with the faith that works by love,
He falls, our hearts to show.
Falls into reason's dark abyss,
Offensive to his Lord he is
As the infernal foe.

2 In *Peter's* faith and fall I see
The difference 'twixt myself and me
When fortified by grace,
Or suddenly, alas, bereft
Of all support Divine, and left
To my own helplessness.

3 Ah give me, Lord, to use aright
The gracious strength, the heavenly light,
Which will so soon depart
Unless with meek humility
I every moment hang on Thee
The Keeper of my heart.

424.

1 WHOE'ER the cross of Christ oppose
He justly numbers with His foes;
And we should do the same:
Who turns us from the narrow road,
The Saviour's death, the ways of God,
Is worthy Satan's name.

2 False friendship in its last excess
With only carnal tenderness
Can our weak hearts inspire:

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And such is contrary to Thee,
Whose love enjoins that daily we
Should on Thy cross expire.

425. *If any* man *will come after Me, let him deny, &c.*—xvi. 24.

1 To suffer, and abstain
My calling here I see,
Renounce myself, my Lord to gain,
And die, to live with Thee:
With Thee I daily die,
Thy welcome burden bear,
And follow after to the sky,
And claim a kingdom there.

2 The law which Jesus gives,
Who will not yet obey,
A burden to himself he lives,
Nor finds the narrow way:
But who himself denies,
And keeps the patient word,
Charged with the cross he runs, he flies,
To meet his heavenly Lord.

426. *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the, &c.*—xvi. 26.

If for a world a soul be lost,
Who can the loss supply!
More than a thousand worlds it cost
One precious soul to buy.

427. *The Son of Man shall come in the glory of, &c.*—xvi. 27.

O might we see our Saviour shine
With all the attributes Divine,
Descending with His angel-train
In everlasting pomp to reign!
Jehovah's co-eternal Son,
Appear triumphant on Thy throne,

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And show the bride Thy heavenly face,
And plunge us in the glorious blaze!

428. *Then He shall reward every man according, &c.*—xvi. 27.

1 ETERNAL Judge of quick and dead,
On me the salutary dread
Of Thy great day bestow,
That now I may obedient be,
Take up my cross, and follow Thee
And die to all below.

2 These are the works Thou dost require;
Who to that heavenly bliss aspire
Must live in these employ'd:
For only such the prize shall gain,
Meet the descending Son of Man,
And see the face of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

429. *Jesus taketh Peter, James, ana John, &c.*—xvii. 1.

1 MASTER of His own gifts, He takes
His chosen up the rapturous hill,
A difference in His servants makes,
Exalts, and favours whom He will,
That none may claim his colleagues' place,
Or envy their superior grace.

2 His glory He on *Tabor* shows
To none but the distinguish'd few,
Design'd his agonizing throes
On gloomy *Olivet* to view,
To' adore Him in His power and pain,
Eternal God, and mortal man.

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430. *And was transfigured before them: and, &c.*—xvii. 2.

To all the souls He owns for His
Our Master graciously imparts
An antepast of heavenly bliss,
A glimpse of glory in our hearts:
And thus prepared for grief and loss,
We die with Jesus on the cross.

431. *Behold, there appeared unto them Moses, &c.*—xvii. 3.

MOSES and the prophets speak
And witness to our Lord,
Him and only Him we seek
Throughout the sacred word:
When we find the Saviour there,
The figures and predictions shine,
Seen with Christ, they all declare
The Majesty Divine.

432. *It is good for us to be here.*—xvii. 4.

GOOD for us, Thy joy to share,
And *Tabor's* glory see,
Better still, Thy cross to bear,
And bleed on *Calvary:*
Best of all, when nature dies
Echoing back Thy final groan:
Then to *Zion's* heights we rise,
And hail Thee on Thy throne!

433. *Hear ye Him.*—xvii. 5.

O THAT all mankind might hear Him,
Teacher, Friend of all mankind,
Every ransom'd soul revere Him,
In His blood redemption find!
Sinners, know your present Saviour,
Listen to His love's advice,

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Find in Him the Father's favour,
Find the way to paradise.

434. *Jesus came and touched them, and said, &c.*—xvii. 7.

JESUS, extend Thine hand of grace
And let me feel Thee near;
Thy only touch my soul can raise,
Can banish all my fear:
Thy only touch shall make me clean,
My nature purify,
Expel the unbelieving sin,
And raise me to the sky.

435.

1 CONFOUNDED by Thy glory near,
Saviour, to dissipate my fear,
Apply Thine outstretch'd hand,
Bid this poor abject soul arise,
Behold my Lord before mine eyes,
And in Thy presence stand.

2 O that I none beside might see,
Left by Thy saints alone with Thee!
I ask no other grace;
Visions and ecstasies forego,
My whole delight Thy love to know,
And see Thy smiling face.

3 Put forth the virtue of Thy love,
Which only can my guilt remove,
My conscience purify;
Expel the unbelieving sin,
Make all my heart and nature clean,
And lift me to the sky.

436. *Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision, &c.*—xvii. 9.

A TIME there is to live alone,
A time to' appear in open day,

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A time to make the vision known,
And all the heavenly truth display:
But when to speak and when forbear,
Who wait the motions of our Lord,
Taught by His providence we are,
Led by His Spirit, and His word.

437. *Elias truly shall first come, and restore all, &c.*—xvii. 11.

NOT to surprise our Lord intends,
But waken those to whom He sends,
And every gospel-harbinger
Should sinners for His grace prepare:
Repent, as charged by Him they say,
Repent, and find the living Way,
Lay down your arms, to Christ submit,
And gasp for mercy at His feet.

438. *Elias is come already.*—xvii. 12.

IN every age, the Saviour's grace
Doth preachers of repentance raise,
Some zealous saint the law restores,
Confounds the idol-worshippers,
Compels the great themselves to hear,
Thunders in every thoughtless ear,
Alarms us by a *serious call*,
And shows the *perfect way* to all.

439. *But have done unto him whatsoever they, &c.*—xvii. 12.

THE portion this, the lot appears
Of Christ, and all His ministers,
Abandon'd to the cruel will
Of those who can the body kill:
Yet will we speak in Jesus' name,
Forerunners, followers of our God
Who seal'd His record with His blood.

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440. *There came to Him a* certain *man, &c.*—xvii. 14, 15.

1 SEE the murderer's rage and power
O'er feeble sinful man!
He would all our kind devour,
If Christ did not restrain:
Still himself the fiend abhorr'd,
In causes natural conceals,
Till our near-approaching Lord
The latent foe reveals.

2 Then the slaves of Satan know
Their souls possess'd by him,
Feel diversity of woe,
And every dire extreme:
Then by fire and water tried,
His utmost tyranny they bear,
Cast into the flames of pride,
And plunged in deep despair.

3 Willing to be rescued now,
To Jesus they draw nigh,
Tortured in His presence bow,
And meet His pitying eye;
Now their misery they confess,
With humble confidence display
All their sinful helplessness,
And for His mercy pray.

441. *I brought him to Thy disciples, and they, &c.*—xvii. 16.

THE Saviour oft His help denies,
Nor gives His ministers success,
That small and vile in their own eyes
They may their want of faith confess,

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Of power and good the Fountain own,
And all expect from Christ alone.

442. *Jesus...said, O faithless and perverse, &c.*— xvii. 17.

SINNERS, that doubt His healing love,
The Saviour's indignation raise,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To all who feel their helplessness,
Who came from heaven the fiend to' expel,
And shed His blood our souls to heal.

443.

THOUGH harshness in His words appears,
His heart is full of tenderness:
He chides His faithless ministers
Who could not heal their own disease,
Kindly their unbelief reproves,
He once condemns it, and removes.

444. *How long shall I be with you? how long shall, &c.*—xvii. 17.

How long wilt Thou with us abide,
How long our froward manners bear?
Till hallow'd by Thy blood applied,
Stamp'd with Thy spotless character,
Our perfect nothingness we see,
And find our all of good in Thee.

445. *Bring him hither to Me.*—xvii. 17.

BROUGHT to Thy followers in vain,
By Satan and his sin possess'd,
Unclean, unsaved, I still remain;
But draw me, Saviour, to Thy breast,
But come Thyself into my soul,
And then Thy presence makes me whole.

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446.

THROUGH faith our friends we bring to Thee,
(Ourselves by Satan long possess'd,)
Pity and set the captives free,
Drive the foul fiend out of their breast,
The world and sin Thyself expel,
And in their souls for ever dwell.

447. *Jesus rebuked the devil; and he departed out, &c.*—xvii. 18.

1 SATAN the instrument defies,
Unarm'd with that almighty power,
Which cast him flaming from the skies,
And reigns throughout his dreary hour:
But quits us at our Lord's command;
For Christ he never can withstand.

2 Some desperate souls the God of grace
Reserves to make His goodness known,
He cures them in peculiar ways,
He all performs Himself alone
Without His ministers, to show
They without Him can nothing do.

3 Instructed thus, from man we cease,
Through ministers to Jesus look,
Our only refuge in distress,
Who all our sin and sickness took,
Whose power effects whate'er He wills,
Whose mercy in an instant heals.

448. *If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, &c.*—xvii. 20.

1 AUTHOR of faith, on me confer
The all-obtaining grace,
Which wrestles and receives in prayer
Thy largest promises;

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The faith unfeign'd and unreproved,
Which can the test abide
From false humility removed,
And self-deluding pride.

2 A perfect confidence inspire
From all presumption free,
A holy boldness to desire
The thing prepared for me;
A wisdom to discern and know
The time by God design'd,
A strength that will not let Thee go
Till I the blessing find.

3 Empower me by Thy Spirit within
To bid the weight depart,
The mountain of *Adamic* sin
To drive out of my heart:
I trust Thee in due season, Lord,
My nature to remove,
And by Thine own almighty word
Renew my soul in love.

449. *Nothing shall be impossible unto you.*—xvii. 20.

NOTHING impossible shall be
To God's effectual power,
To Christ the power of God in me,
To me who Christ adore;
To all who on the Truth rely,
Who dare my God believe,
All things are possible, and I
Here without sin shall live.

450. *This kind goeth not out, but by prayer, &c.*—xvii. 21.

THE spirit unclean will still remain
In every careless heart,

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But prayer and fasting shall constrain
  The tempter to depart;
The prayer and fast which God hath chose
  Whole legions shall expel
Of beastly lusts, and devilish foes,
  And chase them back to hell.

451. *The Son of Man shall be betrayed, &c.*—xvii. 22, 23.

SINNERS should lament and wail
Sunk so near the' abyss of hell,
Nothing from that gaping grave
But the death of God could save!
Sinners should with comfort rise,
Lift to heaven their thankful eyes,
Glad, that God, through love extreme,
Died Himself to ransom them!

452. *Lest we should offend them.*—xvii. 27.

MASTER, I want Thy tenderness,
  Thy boundless charity,
Not to offend, not to displease
  The men that know not Thee:
Rather than stumble friend or foe,
  I too would wrong sustain,
And every privilege forego,
  One precious soul to gain.

453. *That take, and give unto them for Me, &c.*—xvii. 27.

OUR Lord's humility we praise,
  Who doth our needy nature take
And every ordinance obeys
  Of man, as subject, for our sake:

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Our Saviour's goodness we adore,
  Who pays the debt He never owed,
While by an act of sovereign power
  His greatness pays it, as a God.

454.

THE condescending grace Divine,
  The mind of Jesus who receive,
Their rights into His hands resign,
  And by His meek example live:
O could I gain His liberty,
  O could I His obedience prove,
By faith from every creature free,
  But subjected to all by love!

CHAPTER XVIII.

455. *Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, &c.*—xviii. 3.

1 USURPERS of the Christian name,
  Slaves to the proud ambitious sin,
Heaven as your own howe'er ye claim
  Unchanged ye cannot enter in,
Unless your inmost spirit prove
The humbling power of childlike love.

2 Ye must, ye must be born again,
  Converted by a change entire,
A child's simplicity attain,
  Or sink in everlasting fire;
The Truth, the Truth Himself hath spoke
The word He never will revoke.

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456. *Whosoever...shall humble himself as this little, &c.*—xviii. 4.

1 SEE the true evangelic child,
So ready at the Father's call!
Harmless, and tractable, and mild,
Placid, benevolent to all,
Nor wealth nor honour he desires,
Nor proudly to be first aspires.

2 Directed by the Father's will
What to eschew, what to approve,
Simple, and ignorant of ill,
He speaks with unreflecting love,
A stranger to the colouring art;
And truth flows genuine from his heart.

3 This is the soul divinely great,
To spotless innocence restored,
Establish'd in his first estate,
Born in the image of his Lord,
With Jesus' little ones to rise,
And reign immortal in the skies.

457. *Whoso shall receive one such little child in, &c.*—xviii. 5.

1 LET the world profusely vain,
At each luxurious feast
Glory, that they entertain
The great or wealthy guest:
Glad His blessings to restore,
His gifts as He appoints to give,
Present in the pious poor
My Saviour I receive.

2 Happy, when by faith I can
My needy Saviour spy,
Feed Him in the humble man,
And all His wants supply:

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What I do, most gracious Lord,
For Thine, as done for Thee approve;
With one smiling look reward
My hospitable love.

458. *Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!*—xviii. 7.

1 WOE to the man, eternal woe
To him by whom the' offence doth come!
His lot and portion is below,
His sentence is the' apostate's doom;
Plunged in the depths of grief unless
With broken heart his crime he feel,
A load of guilt shall soon depress
His soul to the profoundest hell.

2 Ah, Saviour, keep my trembling heart
Which feels its own infirmity;
One moment, Lord, if Thou depart,
The dire offence will come by me:
But if myself I always fear,
Thou wilt display Thy guardian love,
And give me grace to persevere,
Till safe with Thee I rest above.

459. *If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them, &c.*—xviii. 8.

1 'TIS not enough, at Thy command
The eye to shut, the hand to stay,
The eye I must pluck out, the hand
Cut off, and cast them both away,
The' occasions dear far off remove,
The objects of my sinful love.

2 Not without grief an eye is lost,
Torn from its seat with lingering smart!
And will it less of anguish cost
To tear a passion from the heart?

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Jesus, my helplessness I see,
And ask the violent grace from Thee.

460. *The Son of Man is come to save that which, &c.*—xviii. 11.

To save the lost He came:
The lost was all mankind:
And I through Jesu's name
Do now salvation find,
And publish it the world around
That grace doth more than sin abound.

461. *If two of you shall agree on earth as, &c.*—xviii. 19.

1 We two, O Lord, on earth agree
Touching a thing to ask of Thee,
And trust it shall for us be done:
We ask to be preserved from sin,
Kept by the power of God within,
Till saved, and perfected in one.

2 To ask a second grace we join;
Answer in us Thine own design,
When life's important hour is o'er,
(The end for which we here did meet,)
Place us together on Thy seat;
Do this, and we *can* ask no more.

462.

1 United to our Head,
When round the throne of grace,
We all are in our suit agreed,
'Tis Christ Himself that prays!
His meritorious love
Whate'er we ask requires,
His bowels sound and softly move,
And echo our desires.

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2 His heart it is that bleeds
In His afflicted ones,
His blood that speaks and intercedes,
Mix'd with His Spirit's groans!
The Father hears His Son
And by His grace reveal'd
Assures our inmost souls '*tis done*,
And Jesus' prayer is seal'd!

463. *Where two or three are gathered together, &c.*—xviii. 20.

CAN we believe this precious word,
And not assemble in Thy name,
Sure, if we meet, to meet our Lord,
And catch Thy whisper, "Here I am!"
Where two or three with faithful heart
Unite to plead the promise given,
As truly in the midst Thou art,
As with the countless hosts of heaven.

464. *Then came Peter...and said, Lord, how oft, &c.*—xviii. 21.

1 How difficult the task we find
To blot and banish from the mind
The evils we receive!
Nature of injuries afraid
Would by a thousand arts evade
The duty to forgive.

2 'Tis always nature's cautious care
In duty not to go too far:
And niggardly self-love
The law would cheaply satisfy,
And do but just enough to buy
The meanest place above.

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465. *Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, &c.*—xviii. 22.

1 DEVOTED to eternal fire,
If Thy Divine compassion end,
Shall sinners, Lord, of Thee inquire
How far their mercy shall extend,
How oft a sinner to receive,
How much of injury forgive?

2 O that I could like Thee forget
Whate'er to me my brother owes,
Remit the re-contracted debt,
A thousand times embrace my foes,
And still forgive with charity
Unbounded, as Thy love to me!

3 Me when an enemy to God,
Thou didst with arms of love embrace,
Though infinite the debt I owed,
Thy free, immeasurable grace
Forgave: and still Thou daily art
Inscribing pardon on my heart.

466. *One was brought unto him, which owed him, &c.*—xviii. 24.

IMMENSELY great the debt of man
Compell'd we are to own
When all we have, and are, and can
Belongs to God alone;
Our time and thoughts are His, not ours,
Our actions, words, desires,
And all our faculties and powers
He as His due requires.

467. *He had not to pay.*—xviii. 25.

JUSTICE severe demands the whole:
What shall the sinner say

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But—spare a poor insolvent soul,
Who nothing has to pay!
No: if the worth and righteousness
Of all the saints were mine,
I could not answer, or appease
The Creditor Divine.

468. *His lord commanded him to be sold.*—xviii. 25.

GOD never alienates His right
To souls He loves so well;
They sell themselves for sin's delight
To Satan and to hell:
And who in Christ can have no share
They must tormented be,
And groan without redemption there
Through all eternity.

469. *Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.*—xviii. 26.

THY debtor at Thy feet I fall:
But can I ever pay Thee all?
Or for a single sin atone?
No, Lord: I leave it to Thy Son.

470. *And loosed him, and forgave him the debt.*—xviii. 27.

SINNERS the Lord our God receives,
And never partially forgives,
Whate'er our sins He pardons all,
The great as freely as the small,
When humbly we confess the debt,
And beg forbearance at His feet.

471.

MASTER, Thou didst the same by me,
When at Thy feet I lay;
Thy grace forgave, and set me free,
And left me nought to pay:

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The full discharge of all my debt
  I thankfully receive,
And thus my fellow-servants treat,
  And thus like Thee forgive.

472. *The same servant went out, and found one, &c.*—xviii. 28.

AN hundred pence! how small the debt,
  (How slight the injury,)
Against ten thousand talents set
  But now remitted me!
The pardon I from Christ receive
  Still may I bear in mind,
And gladly for His sake forgive
  The wrongs of all mankind.

473. *His fellow-servants...were very sorry, &c.*—xviii. 31.

A SINNER, though he truly know
  His sins through Jesus' grace forgiven,
If mercy he refuse to show,
  He irritates both earth and heaven;
The saints in that great day shall rise
  'Gainst every soul implacable,
And praise the vengeance of the skies
  Which dooms the merciless to hell.

474. *Shouldest not thou also have had compassion, &c.*—xviii. 33.

YE pitiless, hard-hearted men,
  Pardon to others who deny,
Ye lose your grace, received in vain,
  And soon ye in your sins shall die:
Harsh to your fellow-servants here
  Who rigorously exact your due
When Christ doth in the clouds appear
  Judgment alone remains for you.

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475. *So...shall My heavenly Father do also unto you.*—xviii. 35.

O MAY I never sadly prove
A child can lose his Father's love,
A soul implacable,
Whose countless sins were once forgiven,
May justly from Thy face be driven,
To pay his debt—in hell!

CHAPTER XIX.

476. *When Jesus had finished these sayings, He, &c.*—xix. 1.

1 OUR Pattern if we rightly know,
In seeking souls we cannot rest,
Like Him, whose whole delight below
Was, calling sinners to His breast;
Scatter'd throughout the desert wide
In quest of wandering souls we run,
Our thirst is never satisfied,
Our work of love is never done.

2 Employment for our active zeal
We gladly find in every place,
Our meat to do the Saviour's will,
And please by ministering His grace:
The end of one accepted deed
Beginning to another gives;
And thus in all His steps we tread,
Till Christ our spotless souls receives.

477. *Then were there brought unto Him little, &c.*—xix. 13.

WE wish our children rich and great,
Rather than good and wise,

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Yet wonder that they virtue hate,
And chase the paths of vice:
Our children in their earliest days
Would we to Christ commend,
His love would bless, support, embrace
And keep them to the end.

478.

1 JESUS in earth and heaven the same
Accept a parent's vow,
To Thee, baptized into Thy name
I bring my children now:
Thy love permits, invites, commands
My offspring to be bless'd:
Lay on them, Lord, Thy gracious hands,
And hide them in Thy breast.

2 To each the hallowing spirit give
Even from their infancy,
And pure into Thy church receive
Whom I devote to Thee:
Committed to Thy faithful care,
Protected by Thy blood,
Preserve by Thine unceasing prayer,
And bring them all to God.

479.

1 WHO simple innocence approves,
Jesus the little children loves,
And marks the character
Which fits us for that heavenly place,
Where innocents behold His face,
And bright like Him appear.

2 Saviour to us through faith impart
The deep humility of heart
That hangs on Thee alone;

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The truth of love's simplicity
Which leads us to partake with Thee
An everlasting throne.

480.

1 PASSING through life in every stage,
Our childhood and maturer age
Upon Himself he took,
Every estate to sanctify
And save whoe'er to Him apply
And for His blessing look.

2 Our Model, the meek Son of Man,
Did here the characters sustain
Of youth and infancy:
Old age alone did not become
The God who did my flesh assume,
And died a Lamb for me.

481.

1 AH! Lord, we must with shame confess,
Though Thou art ready still to bless
Few in their harmless infancy
Will let their babes be brought to Thee:
We tremble lest Thy gracious touch
Should make them righteous overmuch,
Defeat our worldly hopes, and aim,
And brand them with their Master's shame.

2 We fear lest when Thy grace o'erpowers,
Our children should be Thine, not ours:
Should unto God their hearts resign,
And only seek the things Divine:
We never shall devote our race,
Or yield them up to Thine embrace;

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O'erwhelm'd with our own misery
Unless we come ourselves to Thee.

482. *Why callest thou Me good?*—xix. 17.

1 THE Partner of our flesh and blood,
Whom all His heavens cannot contain,
Refused to be entitled good
By one who counted Him but man,
That we our nothingness might own,
And good ascribe to God alone.

2 Shall a saved sinner then receive
His foolish fellow-creatures' praise?
If good and pure from sin he is,
Whate'er he is, he is by grace,
Nor dares the wondering crowd admit
To fall, and worship at his feet.

3 Applause from man he cannot bear;
Much less will he himself commend,
Himself supremely good declare,
Boldly the highest seat ascend,
And thence to all mankind proclaim
"I *have* attain'd, I perfect am!"

483. There is *none good but One*, that is, *God.*—xix. 17.

NONE is originally good,
Good from himself, but Thee:
The good Thou hast on man bestow'd,
Is not his property:
And just (by Thee accounted just)
Himself he cannot call,
But still confesses in the dust
That God is all in all.

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484.

1 God is the plenitude of good,
The Source, the Pattern, and the End;
The goodness on mankind bestow'd
Doth as a drop from Him descend,
And daily, if we still believe,
Out of His fulness we receive.

2 By faith we our Example trace,
And more and more like God appear,
Beholding Him with open face,
Transform'd into His image here;
Yet still we by reflection shine,
And own the glory is Divine.

3 To Him in all our steps we tend,
And fresh degrees of glory gain,
Living and acting for this end,
Till full perfection we attain,
Till of ourselves we cease to be,
Absorb'd in His immensity.

485. *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.*—xix. 17.

1 Fain would I, Lord, admittance find
Among that church of the first-born,
But Thou must change my heart and mind,
Into a saint a sinner turn,
Inspiring with the strength of grace
To walk in all Thy righteous ways.

2 All Thy commands I shall fulfil,
Bless'd with the faith that works by love,
Meet Thee on that celestial hill,
Enter the holy gates above,

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Eat the immortalizing Tree,
And live supremely bless'd in Thee.

486. *What lack I yet?*—xix. 20.

HIMSELF how shall a sinner know?
Jesus, to Thee I cry,
Thou only all my wants canst show,
Thou only canst supply.

487. *If thou wilt be perfect, go* and *sell that thou hast.*—xix. 21.

HOLY, Thou know'st, I fain would be,
I languish to sell all for Thee;
And when the power is given,
Of self annihilating love,
I shall triumphantly remove
To find my wealth in heaven.

488. *He went away sorrowful.*—xix. 22.

FORBID it, Lord, that I should be
Grieved to sell all and follow Thee:
Ah, never leave me to depart,
But keep possession of my heart:
Left to myself, too well I know,
That I away from Thee shall go,
Withhold my heart so dearly bought,
And sell my soul and God for nought.

489. *Then said Jesus unto His disciples, Verily, &c.*—xix. 23.

1 WHO of the rich will e'er believe
That riches are a fatal ill,
Can no content or comfort give,
With foolish lusts the owners fill,
And, when the golden mountains rise,
Block up our passage to the skies?

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2 In vain the Truth Himself hath sworn:
They slight a poor rejected Lord,
From Jesus the deaf adders turn,
And never will receive His word,
Unless He His great power exert,
And break and change the worldly heart.

490. *It is easier for a camel to go through the, &c.*—xix. 24.

A RICH man saved! it cannot be
But by a more abundant grace;
Superior love must set him free,
Or justly doom'd to his own place,
The vile idolater shall feel
That riches were the gate of hell.

491. *His disciples...were exceedingly amazed, &c.*—xix. 25, 26.

O WHAT a speaking look was there!
Cast it in pitying love on me,
To chase the clouds of anxious care,
Set my tumultuous spirit free,
Compose the storm that works within,
And save me from my bosom sin.

492. *With men this is impossible; but with God, &c.*—xix. 26.

IMPOSSIBLE it is with man
To save the rich who riches love,
But the almighty Jesus can
The plague out of their heart remove,
Root up the covetous desire,
And snatch a miser from the fire.

493.

1 LEST nature of itself despair,
I triumph in the strength of grace,

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Mine utter impotence declare,
Mine inability confess,
And bless this inability,
Which makes me look for all from Thee.

2 No evil, Lord, can I eschew,
Unless Thy mighty grace restrain,
No good without Thy Spirit do,
A feeble helpless child of man:
But absolute in power Thou art,
And greater than my sinful heart.

494. *Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed, &c.*—xix. 27.

A PROUD philosopher forsakes
His all, but doth not Christ pursue,
A Christian false the Saviour takes
For Guide, but keeps the world in view;
A Christian saved to find his Lord
His all foregoes, himself denies,
And wins the hundred-fold reward,
And reigns eternal in the skies.

495. *Many* that are *first shall be last; and the, &c.*—xix. 30.

THE first will prove the last,
Unless they still contend,
Their humble confidence hold fast,
And keep it to the end:
The first have well begun,
But this cannot suffice;
The persevering grace alone
Ensures the' immortal prize.

496.

Is there a sinner here
So desperately undone,

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To whom I dare myself prefer
Before my course is run?
That desperate sinner may
A saint or martyr prove,
When I have left the heavenly way
And lost my Saviour's love.

CHAPTER XX.

497. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man, &c.*—xx. 1.

1 OUT of Himself the God of love
Went forth in His creating grace:
Again He left His throne above,
Made flesh to save our fallen race:
He came from heaven on earth to reign,
That we might His salvation know,
And hires the ransom'd sons of men
To serve Him in His church below.

2 The church His Spirit's kingdom stands,
Where God is known, revered, adored,
Where all submit to love's command
And bow before their heavenly Lord:
The church His fruitful vineyard lies,
By day and night its Planter's care,
Each moment water'd from the skies:
And all are call'd to labour there.

3 The soul of man is Jesus' due,
And should to Him itself resign,
His vineyard and His kingdom too
We live to' obey the will Divine,

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To work out our salvation here,
And labour on with restless pain,
With active zeal and humble fear
That Jesus in our hearts may reign.

4 He promises in life's short day
Our bountiful almighty Lord,
No servile sublunary pay
But heaven's unspeakable reward:
He calls so loud that all may hear,
(When reason first exerts its power,)
To work with simple heart sincere;
And childhood is the earliest hour.

498. *He went out about the third hour, and saw, &c.*—xx. 3, 4.

THE Master comes and speaks again
To sinners in their youthful prime,
Who careless in diversions vain
Idly misspend their choicest time:
Before we hear His inward call,
What can we for salvation do?
But soon or late He summons all,
And bids us work with heaven in view.

499. *Again he went out about the sixth and, &c.*—xx. 5.

1 MEN labourers in their manly age,
And more in feeble life's decline,
His grace continues to engage,
That all may in His service join:
And never while on earth we live,
His Spirit's invitations cease,
Who stirs us up to act and strive
And toil for everlasting bliss.

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2 To work at His command we go,
Whose word confers the' obedient grace;
Awake my heart though dull and slow,
To walk, O Lord, in all Thy ways;
Me by Thy secret love incline,
And after Thee my soul shall run,
My will shall swiftly follow Thine,
Till Thine be here completely done.

500. *About the eleventh hour he went out, and found, &c.*—xx. 6.

1 THOU call'st us at our latest hour,
When life is ready to depart,
Thou show'st Thine all-sufficient power
On the decrepit sinner's heart:
He wakes; the work of life begins,
Before its final hour is pass'd,
And old and dying in his sins
Repents, and lives to God at last.

2 Merciful God, what crowds receive
A gift whose use they will not know,
Till just as life the triflers leave,
Thou show'st them their great task below!
To labour doom'd, to labour born,
They idle all day long remain;
Yet if even then to Thee they turn,
Thy grace will not reject them then.

501. *They say unto him, Because no man hath, &c.*—xx. 7.

1 TILL Jesus come to seek and send,
Till us He in His work employs,
Our days in vanity we spend,
In useless cares or sinful joys:

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But saving grace to all appears,
  But mercy wills that all should live,
And young or old, the soul that hears
  The call, shall the reward receive.

2 Alas, shall I stand idle still,
  In sin, in Satan's works employ'd,
Or now begin to serve Thy will,
  And labour for my gracious God?
Hired long ago I surely was
  At *Jordan's* consecrated flood,
And sign'd the servant of Thy cross
  And claim'd the purchase of Thy blood.

502. *So when even was come, the lord of the, &c.*—xx. 8.

1 No respite or repose we know
  From love's unwearied services,
By suffering as by action show,
  Accepted zeal our Lord to please;
We labour even by standing still,
  In patient pain His will attend,
In all we do and all we feel,
  Till toil and life together end.

2 O were the happy evening come,
  Commencement of that endless day,
When Jesus shall His power assume,
  And all His faithful labourers pay!
Distributing rewards to all,
  The weakest first He bids draw near,
Who last obey'd the gospel-call,
  And labour'd in the vineyard here.

503. *They came that* were hired *about the eleventh hour, &c.*—xx. 9.

HEAVEN is for all alike prepared,
  And one short moment may suffice

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To win the infinite reward
  To' ensure the never-fading prize:
But let not the presumptuous fool
  Repentance to the last defer;
Nor let a poor despairing soul
  Of mercy even in death despair.

504. *But when the first came, they supposed, &c.*—xx. 10, 11.

1 A LIFE of piety severe,
  A distance from external vice
May cherish pride in the sincere,
  And tempt them others to despise,
Of favour'd rivals to complain
  With murmuring jealousy of heart,
As God indebted were to man,
  And paid him less than his desert.

2 How great the pardoning grace Divine,
  Which envy in a saint can raise!
Left to themselves, the just repine
  That Jesus is so rich in grace;
So rich above all human thought,
  So plenteous in benignity,
So kind to those who merit nought,
  So good to publicans—and me!

505. *These last have wrought* but *one hour, and, &c.*—xx. 12.

NOT on our own laborious pain,
  But the mere mercy of our Lord,
We build our confidence to' obtain
  The promised undeserved reward:
From whom we every grace receive
  Only on Jesus we rely,
Unprofitable servants live,
  Unprofitable servants die.

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506. *But he answered one of them, and said, &c.*—xx. 13, 14.

THEE, Lord, I just and faithful own,
Rewarded for Thy mercy sake,
Happy in God, I envy none
Who of Thy joy with me partake:
Less than the least of saints I am,
Who less than all, Thy grace improve,
No recompence by merit claim,
And bring no title but Thy love.

507. *Is it not lawful for me to do what I will, &c.*—xx. 15.

1 THEE, Lord, I joyfully confess
The sole disposer of Thine own,
If equal or superior grace
Thou freely hast to others shown:
Their gifts with a malignant eye,
An envious wish I cannot see;
But humbly on Thy death rely
For all the good it bought for me.

2 If those who after me are come
Be honour'd and preferr'd before,
I will not to complain presume,
But humbled at Thy feet adore:
I dare not in Thy presence plead
My labours or my sufferings pass'd,
Happy if, while I bow my head,
My soul is scarcely saved at last.

508. *So the last shall be first, and the first last, &c.*—xx. 16.

LET none presume, let none despair,
But leave it to the day supreme,
When Jesus' sentence shall declare
Who most or least resembled Him!

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The heart of man to men unknown
Is only naked to Thy view:
And let it then, my Lord, be shown,
That I was of that chosen few.

509. *Many be called, but few chosen.*—xx. 16.

THE number of the call'd is great,
But that of the elected small,
Invited to the gospel-treat
So few will answer to the call,
So few the proffer'd blessing take,
And faithful to the end endure,
Giving all diligence to make
Conditional election sure.

510. *Grant that these my two sons may sit, &c.*—xx. 21.

A TYPE of modern parents see!
Our Saviour's meanness we forget,
His death and passion on the tree,
Through haste to make our children great:
Ambitious that the highest prize
Our sons with *Zebedee's* should share,
We wish them in the church to rise,
And win the first preferments there.

511. *Ye know not what ye ask.*—xx. 22.

1 SUCH was our ignorant desire,
Our zeal above the rest to' aspire,
While babes, the father's joy to prove!
Ambitious at Thy side to reign,
The rest without the toil to gain,
We ask'd the crown of perfect love:

2 Blindly we ask'd for pain and loss,
A deeper cup, an heavier cross;
And still we all Thy grace implore:

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But humbly waiting to receive,
Manner and time to Thee we leave,
Thy will be done, we ask no more.

512.

1 ADVANCEMENT in Thy kingdom here
Whoe'er impatiently desire,
They know not, Lord, the pangs severe,
The trials which they *first* require:
They all *must* first Thy sufferings share,
Ambitious of their calling's prize,
And every day Thy burden bear,
And thus to late perfection rise.

2 Nature would fain evade, or flee
That sad necessity of pain;
But who refuse to die with Thee,
With Thee shall never, never reign:
The sorrow doth the joy ensure,
The crown for conquerors prepared;
And all who to the end endure,
Shall grasp through death the full reward.*

513. *The Son of Man came not to be ministered, &c.*—xx. 28.

NOT in a king's, but servant's form
Our Lord appear'd beneath,
To wait on every sinful worm,
And save them by His death:
But we shall see Him come from high
The glorious Son of Man,
And all the angels of the sky
Triumphant in His train.

* "Ye know not what is implied in being advanced in My kingdom, and *necessarily prerequired* thereto: all who share in My kingdom *must first* share in My sufferings."—The Rev. Mr. John Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament." [*Author's note.*]

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514. *And to give His life a ransom for many.*—xx. 28.

As many as in *Adam* fell,
And wander'd from salvation wide,
To ransom from sin, death, and hell,
For them the Second *Adam* died;
Even those unhappy souls He bought
Who their redeeming Lord deny,
Will not by Him to life be brought
But self-destroy'd resolve to die.

515. *Behold, two blind men sitting by the way side, &c.*—xx. 30.

JESUS, who now art passing by,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King, Thou art:
Hear a poor unbeliever's cry,
And heal the blindness of my heart:
Urging my passionate request
Thy pardoning mercy I implore,
Whoe'er rebuke I will not rest
Till Thou my spirit's sight restore.

516. *Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, &c.*—xx. 32.

1 STOPP'D by my persevering prayer
Stand still, and call my soul to Thee,
Attend, while I my wants declare
My want of eyes Thy love to see:
My blindness seeks to *David's* Lord,
My poverty Thy help requires,
And O before I speak the word,
Thou know'st the thing my heart desires.

517. *So Jesus had compassion* on them, *and, &c.*—xx. 34.

IN pitying tenderness of love,
Saviour apply Thy hand of grace,
These scales of unbelief remove,
And show the Godhead in Thy face:

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My Lord I then shall see and know,
When mercy hath my sins forgiven,
Through faith in all Thy footsteps go,
And pass by *Calvary* to heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

518. *Thy King cometh unto thee, meek, &c.*—xxi. 5.

1 GENTLE and meek He comes to those
In compassing His death employ'd,
His furious, unrelenting foes
Who thirsted for their Saviour's blood:
Gives Himself up to satisfy
Their rage and for His murderers die!

2 O how unlike the kingdoms here
Thy kingdom open'd in Thine own!
Meekness and peace and lowly fear,
And righteousness support Thy throne,
Patience in death, resembling Thine,
And love invincibly Divine.

519. *A very great multitude spread their garments, &c.*—xxi. 8.

1 WHERE are the learned and rich and great?
None their triumphant Saviour meet
Of worldly honours proud;
Enough the learned already know,
The rich will not their wealth forego,
The great disdain the crowd.

2 The simple despicable poor
A poor rejected Lord adore;
And still with joy receive

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Whom still the wealthy and the wise,
And noble infidels despise,
And to the vulgar leave.

520. *Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed* is *He, &c.*—xxi. 9.

1 HOSANNA to Him, Whom angels adore,
In glory supreme, In goodness and power!
With glad acclamation Our voices we raise,
Ascribing salvation To Jesus's grace!

2 His Father's Delight He comes for our sake,
To challenge His right His kingdom to take:
He comes in the Spirit Of power from above,
That man may inherit A kingdom of love.

3 How welcome to man The kingdom He brings!
His people we reign Both subjects and kings;
And while we His praises Exult to repeat
In heavenly places With Jesus we sit.

4 Our Lord from the skies Again shall come down,
And bid us arise And compass His throne,
With fix'd adoration Transported to gaze,
And see our salvation Reveal'd in His face.

521. *When He was come into Jerusalem, all the, &c.*—xxi. 10.

1 THE world is at His coming moved
Whose kingdom turns them upside down:
Disturb'd by Him they never loved,
They tremble at a God unknown,
Who comes to suffer for their cause
And nail their passions to His cross.

2 Of Him they casually inquire,
When shouting crowds His presence show;
They ask; alas, with no desire
His kingdom or Himself to know

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They will not see, through envy blind,
Or God Most High in Jesus find.

3 But shall the men that call Him Lord,
His followers, "Who is this" demand?
We that have heard His gospel-word
Have seen the wonders of His hand,
Shall we forget His power to heal
Or doubt as unbelievers still?

4 Our base ingratitude forgive,
Jesus whom prostrate we adore:
And now let all our hearts receive
The Prince of peace, the God of power,
The King of saints to sinners given
The sovereign Lord of earth and heaven!

522. *The multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet.*—xxi. 11.

THE crowd in every age and place
Are readiest Jesus to confess,
But ah, how soon are they removed
Who testify a faith unproved!
His confessors *Hosanna* cry
To-day; to-morrow *Crucify!*

523. *Jesus...cast out all them that sold and bought, &c.*—xxi. 12.

SAVIOUR, who dost with anger see
The lusts which steal my heart from Thee,
The thieves out of Thy temple chase,
And plant Thy Spirit in their place,
And when my God inhabits there,
My heart shall be a house of prayer.

524.

1 WHO avarice with religion veil
Our Saviour's indignation raise,

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Who trade in spirituals, and sell
And buy, as in the holy place;
The altar touch with hands impure,
Present, collate, resign, restore,
Employments in the church procure,
And change and barter less for more.

2 Servants of souls, they take the pay
Rapacious, but the work refuse;
They steal, (while meaner hirelings pray,)
And rob the church, whose goods they use;
We read their sacrilege profane
Recorded in the sacred leaves,
Who make the house of God a den
Of Reverend and Right Reverend thieves!

525. *And the blind and the lame came to Him, &c.*—xxi. 14.

BLIND to Thee, O Lord, and lame
I into Thy temple came:
There I first received from Thee
Strength to walk, and sight to see,
There I found my pardon seal'd,
There my unbelief was heal'd.

526. *The chief priests and scribes...were, &c.*—xxi. 15.

TEACHERS and priests perversely blind,
Ambitious, covetous, and proud,
Matter of sore displeasure find
In all the wondrous works of God:
They rage to see His kingdom near,
While new-born babes their voices raise,
With Jesus' name torment their ear,
And fill the church with hymns of praise.

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527. *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, &c.*—xxi. 16.

1 To Jesus's name Hosanna we sing,
And gladly proclaim Our heavenly King:
Poor justified sinners, His glory we raise,
Who teaches beginners To perfect His praise.

2 While Jesus receives The grace He imparts,
The gladness He gives, And draws from our hearts,
We welcome the blessing He brings from above,
With thanks never-ceasing, And rapturous love.

528. *When He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came, &c.*—xxi. 19.

1 THE Christian who to Christ affords
Mere, fruitless, impotent desires,
Or the fair leaves of barren words,
His Lord's severest curse requires,
The curse of withering as a tree
Dried up to all eternity.

2 O may we tremble at their doom
From whom the Lord withdraws His grace,
And watch, and labour till He come,
To seek in us true righteousness,
And strive our fruitfulness to prove
By all the works of humble love.

529. *Ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou, &c.*—xxi. 21.

WHO ever of a mountain heard
By faith removed into the sea?
The literal miracle absurd:
The truth my Lord hath wrought in me:
Saviour, the sin I served and loved,
Thou hast commanded to depart,
Far from my soul the guilt removed,
And cast the power out of my heart.

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530. *All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, &c.*—xxi. 22.

FAITH is the source of prayer,
And measures our success,
And prayer is faith's interpreter,
And doth its source increase :
By faithful prayer we gain
Whatever God can give,
And more than earth and heaven contain
In Jesus we receive.

531. *Jesus answered...unto them, I also will, &c.*—xxi. 24.

JESUS, the truth of simple love
Refuses a direct reply,
The' ensnaring tempters to reprove,
Whose hearts are naked to His eye,
Their foul hypocrisy to' expose,
And baffle His most crafty foes.

532. *But if we shall say, Of men ; we fear the, &c.*—xxi. 26.

How doth a single word of Thine,
Saviour, the surest scheme o'erthrow,
Defeat the' insidious world's design,
Confound their wisdom from below,
And force their silence to confess
The truth their malice would suppress !

533. *The publicans and the harlots go into the, &c.*—xxi. 31.

1 HEAR this, ye men of moral zeal,
Ye women chaste of virtue proud,
Who scorn as abject slaves of hell
The vicious, mean, abandon'd crowd !
Harlots, and publicans accursed
The kingdom seize, and enter first.

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2 Ye rich in works of righteousness,
Who toil so hard to purchase heaven,
Ye scruple to be saved by grace,
Like vilest profligates forgiven:
But freely they the blessing gain
Which *Pharisees* would buy in vain.

3 Drunkards, and murderers, and thieves,
In Jesus for salvation trust:
Absolved the moment he believes,
The monster of unbridled lust
Exults the sinner's Friend to find,
And leaves your rigid pride behind.

4 O that ye might like them repent,
Cast all your loathsome rags away,
Humbly accept whom God hath sent,
On *Tophet's* brink for mercy pray,
The last, the worst to Jesus bow,
And take the heavenly kingdom now.

534. *John came unto you in the way of, &c.*—xxi. 32.

1 PREACHERS of righteousness arise,
And proofs of their own doctrine live,
And lo, the foulest slaves of vice
Their true report with joy receive!
But priests and *Pharisees* condemn,
Disdaining to be saved like them.

2 With unrelenting heart they see
The' amazing change on sinners wrought,
Reform'd themselves who will not be
Or to the arms of Jesus brought,
Alas for them! for us, we say!
The scripture is fulfill'd to-day!

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535. *There was a certain householder, which, &c.*—xxi. 33.

THE Householder in *Canaan's* land
Planted a church, and hedged it round,
His law and providential hand
Was then its sure protection found:
The winepress digg'd where *Salem* stood,
The temple was their boasted tower,
The husbandmen were hired of God
Who left His vineyard in their power.

536. *When the time of the fruit drew near, &c.*—xxi. 34–36.

HE, when the time of fruit drew near,
His servants to the keepers sent,
And many a chosen messenger,
To gather in His righteous rent:
The keepers on His servants flew
Stopping their ears against the word,
Outraged, and beat, and stoned, and slew
The saints and prophets of their Lord.

537. *But last of all he sent unto them his son, &c.*—xxi. 37–41.

THE heavenly Householder at last
Vouchsafed to send His only Son:
They slew, out of the vineyard cast
The Heir, and seized it for their own:
Wherefore their Lord in vengeance came,
Those wicked husbandmen destroy'd:
And now they bear the Christian name
Who keep, and rule the church of God.

538. *He...will let out* his *vineyard unto other, &c.*—xxi. 41.

1 NOT all those other husbandmen
Have paid the fruits in season due,
But spitefully abused again,
And kill'd the messengers anew:

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Alas, they have in every age
Their persecuted Lord withstood,
Glutted their antichristian rage,
And drank, with *Rome*, the martyrs' blood.

2 The Householder in this our day
Hath servants to the keepers sent;
Yet will they not His word obey,
Or show by fruits that they repent:
Who now the chair of *Moses* fill,
The ruling husbandmen exclaim,
And cast out of the vineyard still
The men that speak in Jesus' name.

3 More servants to declare His word
He sends by His immediate call:
They preach the message of their Lord,
Repent, believe, they cry to all;
They urge the husbandmen in vain,
The Spirit's fruits of them require;
High-priests the vagabonds disdain
And fain would doom them to the fire.

4 God's servants true they will not hear
Without or with their orders sent,
But hate Him in His messenger,
His every faithful instrument:
And though the Lord His Son imparts,
And though with them His Spirit strives,
They chase Him from their worldly hearts,
And crucify Him by their lives.

5 On all who dare confess His sway
They their oppressive power make known,
As sworn the life of Christ to stay,
While Christ doth in His members groan;

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And should He now on earth appear
The lords who o'er His vineyard reign
To save their wealth and grandeur here
Would nail Him to His cross again.

539. *The Stone which the builders rejected, the, &c.*—xxi. 42.

1 CHRIST the head and corner-stone,
Thy sovereign power we see:
Jews and *Gentiles* now are one,
Are cemented by Thee:
Thee despised by sinful men,
Thee refused and crucified,
God hath raised to life again,
And seated at His side.

2 Object of our joy and hope
And admiration live,
Till Thou take Thy members up
Thy kingdom to receive:
Let us to the end endure,
Daily share Thy mortal pain,
Then the crown of life is sure
And then with Thee we reign.

540.

LORD, the builders still reject,
And will not Thee confess,
Brand Thy followers as a sect,
And hate Thy witnesses:
Come and fix Thy kingdom here,
That all mankind Thy sway may own,
See the church's Head appear,
And worship at Thy throne.

541. *The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, &c.*—xxi. 43.

1 SINNERS the most abandon'd now,
Ye need not sink in sad despair,

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Ye too to Jesus' cross may bow,
Ye too may Jesus' kingdom share,
Who still, as in the days of old,
Heathens receives into His fold.

2 Ye saints, the most advanced in grace
Be warn'd the rock of pride to fear
Who now the' elect peculiar race
The favourites of your God appear,
Remember ancient *Israel's* doom,
And dare not of your grace presume.

3 Jesus Thou seest my trembling heart:
Ah, never from my soul remove
Thy kingdom, or in wrath depart
To punish my defect of love:
But let my fruit of Thee be found,
And to Thy mercy's praise abound!

542. *Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be, &c.*—xxi. 44.

WHO hears the word and disbelieves,
He stumbles on this Stone,
And grievous hurt the soul receives
That will not Jesus own:
But if in unbelief he dies,
His doom how terrible
When Christ descending from the skies
Shall crush him into hell.

CHAPTER XXII.

543. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain, &c.*—xxii. 2.

KING of kings Jehovah made
A marriage for His Son,
Jesus in our flesh array'd,
And Partner of His throne;

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Angels ask'd how could it be?
God Most High to worms allied
Fell in love with misery
And came to seek His bride.

544. He *sent forth his servants to call them that, &c.*—xxii. 3.

FIRST His own peculiar race
The Father sent to' invite,
Woo'd them Jesus to embrace,
And in His love delight:
Moses show'd the Bridegroom near,
The prophets all confirm'd the word:
Israel heard, yet would not hear,
Or turn to meet their Lord.

545. *Again, he sent forth other servants, saying, &c.*—xxii. 4.

GOD in mercy sent again
His gospel-ministers,
Tell them now that God is man,
And in their flesh appears!
Bless'd in Him, supremely bless'd,
To Jesus' name, ye sinners, bow;
Come and share the marriage feast,
For all is ready now.

546. *But they made light of* it, *and went their, &c.*—xxii. 5, 6.

O THE vile ungrateful race
His offers to despise!
Some to pleasure went their ways,
Some to their merchandise:
Sons of violent wickedness,
The rest His messengers abhorr'd,
Bold to mock, and wound, and seize,
And kill them with the sword.

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547. *But when the king heard* thereof, *he was, &c.*—xxii. 7.

THE great King of earth and sky,
The wicked to consume,
Hasten'd at His martyrs' cry,
And seal'd the murderers' doom;
By His *Roman* armies slew
The men that dared His utmost ire,
Burn'd their city up, and threw
Their souls into the fire.

548. *Then saith he to his servants, The wedding, &c.*—xxii. 8.

Lo the wedding is prepared,
(He to His servants said,)
Call who will the call regard,
In faithless *Israel's* stead:
Bidden first since they refuse,
And all My invitations scorn,
Leave the reprobated *Jews*,
And to the *Gentiles* turn.

549. *Go ye therefore into the highways, and as, &c.*—xxii. 9.

To the broad frequented ways
With My commission go,
Tidings glad of pardoning grace
To wandering sinners show:
Every soul may be My guest:
Bring in every soul ye find,
Press them to the gospel-feast,
A feast for all mankind.

550. *So those servants went out into the highways.*—xxii. 10.

FORTH the zealous servants went,
And preach'd the welcome word:
Sinners heard with glad consent,
And ran to meet their Lord;

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Gentiles, *Jews* obey'd the call,
High and low, a countless crowd,
Rush'd into the nuptial hall,
And fill'd the church of God.

551. *And when the king came in to see the guests, &c.*—xxii. 11.

1 WHEN the King of *Israel* came
His joyful guests to view,
Looking with His eyes of flame,
He look'd the sinner through;
One observed with angry frown,
(One the type of millions more,)
Bold with Jesus to sit down,
And only seem to' adore.

2 Unadorn'd and unarray'd
With Jesus' righteousness,
In his filthy garments clad,
And destitute of grace,
Naked in his Maker's sight,
Without the covering from above,
Dress of saints, the linen white,
The robe of faith and love.

552. *And he saith unto him, Friend, how, &c.*—xxi. 12, 13.

1 FRIEND, how darest thou enter in,
And unprepared intrude,
Show thyself, a slave of sin
Among the saints of God?
Hand and foot the' intruder bind
Through guilt impenitently dumb
Cast him out to woes consign'd,
And hell's eternal gloom.

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2 No more feet from wrath to flee,
Or hands to work for God,
No more light His face to see,
In that profound abode!
What doth now for souls remain
Cast out to be tormented there?
Darkness, grief and rage, and pain,
And blasphemous despair!

553.

JESUS prepare Thy meanest guest,
Since Thou hast bid me to the feast,
Clothe with a covering from above,
The Spirit of Thy spotless love,
And make the wedding-garment mine,
That robe of righteousness Divine.

554. *Many are called, but few* are *chosen.*—xxii. 14.

CALL'D by nature's glimmering light,
The law, and gospel word,
Few come in by faith, delight
In Christ, and keep their Lord;
Fewer still that persevere
To make their own election sure,
Gain the sinless character
And saints till death endure.

555. *Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel, &c.*—xxii. 15.

1 HELL'S ministers by Satan taught,
They just for a short season leave,
That in an hour unguarded caught
They may more easily deceive,
Tempt them to sin, by fraud prevail,
And thus destroy their souls in hell.

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2 The world would by my words ensnare:
O may I to my words take heed!
Help, Lord, who saidst of men "Beware,"
So shall I circumspectly tread,
Watch unto prayer; and humbly wise,
And kept by Thee, defy surprise.

556. *Render...unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.*—xxii. 21.
JESUS, if our faith be true,
We must Thy words obey,
Tribute to whom tribute's due,
And fear, and homage pay:
Thee they impiously deny,
Who *Cæsar* of his right defraud,
Rebels 'gainst the Lord Most-High,
And traitors to their God.

557. *Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor, &c.*—xxii. 29.
THE double source of error see,
Ignorance of the word,
And blindfold incredulity
In an almighty Lord.
Who feel their want, to these alone
Knowledge Divine is given,
While worldly fools go wandering on,
And miss the way to heaven.

558. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with, &c.*—xxii. 37, 38.
1 THE first and great command, we own,
Is the pure love of God alone:
First in antiquity; obey'd
In heaven, before this earth was made:
And when our lower world began,
Congenial with the soul of man,
Deep in his inmost essence found,
Engraved on an eternal ground.

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2 How great in excellence, above
All other laws, the law of love,
Which doth to God directly tend,
And in its lovely Author end!
In the new covenant of grace
It challenges the highest place,
The spirit of piety imparts,
And breathes in all the children's hearts.

3 Love, only love in justice great
Renders to God His due complete,
Its Author worthily adores,
His universal good restores;
It teaches man his rank to know,
It lays the ransom'd creature low,
Constrains us at the throne to fall
And own that God is all in all.

4 Love, all-sufficient love alone
Reduces all our wants to one,
Richly that single want supplies,
And gives us back our paradise:
It makes and keeps us happy here,
And meet before His face to' appear;
It sets the jewels in our crown,
And lifts us to our Father's throne.

5 Great in Divine fecundity
Love is the life-imparting tree;
Love is the true, celestial root,
Which bears the ripe the perfect fruit,
The law on faithful hearts impress'd,
(A law comprising all the rest,)
Which every grace in man reveals,
Which every word of God fulfils.

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6 How great its efficacious power
Our lost dominion to restore!
It re-erects His throne in man,
And kings with Christ by love we reign;
Our souls it doth to Christ unite,
It makes Him in our souls delight,
And God is pleased with smiles to own
The Head and members are but one.

7 The saints alone can understand
How vast the reach of this command,
Which seizes, and refers to God
Whate'er on creatures is bestow'd!
How needful every heart may feel
This duty indispensable,
When God Himself and love are one,
When heaven depends on love alone.

8 The great command which here we know
Commensurate with life below,
We wait to comprehend above
In raptures of unbounded love,
With that triumphant host to join
In sweetest praise of love Divine
Which, when our mourning days are pass'd
Through all eternity shall last.

559. *And the second* is *like unto it, Thou shalt, &c.*—xxii. 39.

1 O Love Divine, how can it be
That man should not be lost in Thee!
Yet ah, till Thou Thyself impart
He never finds Thee in his heart;
O could I catch that heavenly fire
Which burns in yon enraptured choir,

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And live on earth the life above,
The life of pure seraphic love!

2 O Love Divine, of Thee possess'd,
I find an heaven within my breast;
Expanded by Thy power I find
My heart drawn out to all mankind!
The warmth that in my bosom glows
Its origin celestial shows,
The Sun in the illustrious beam,
The Fountain in the crystal stream.

560.

THE love of God is found again,
Where'er we find the love of man,
The cause in its effect we see,
And by the fruit discern the tree;
From human to Divine ascend,
Its pattern, principle, and end,
And loving man in God alone,
We feel that both the loves are one.

561. *On these two commandments hang all the, &c.*—xxii. 40.

THE two commands are one:
Ah, give me Lord, to prove
Who loves his God alone
He must his neighbour love;
And what Thine oracles enjoin,
Is all summ'd up in love Divine.

562.

POOR, ignorant, illiterate men,
We cannot what we feel explain,
But taught, enlighten'd from above,
We know both God and man to love:
'Tis all our training here below,
'Tis all we want in heaven to know,

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'Tis gospel pure which Christ imparts,
'Tis Scripture written on our hearts.

563. *What think ye of Christ?*—xxii. 42.

1 I THINK Him *David's* Son
Whom *David* Lord doth call:
I think Him God and man in one,
I think Him all in all.

2 I think Him the Most-High,
Sole, self-existing God,
Made flesh, a sinful world to buy,
And save us through His blood.

3 I think Him perfect Love
Who groan'd on *Calvary:*
I more than think His bowels move
To such a worm as me.

4 I think Him still the same,
My Ransomer Divine;
I think if His through life I am
He is for ever mine.

564. *No man was able to answer Him a word.*—xxii. 46.

PRIESTS and infidels may join
Messiah to assail:
Great the power of Truth Divine,
And must at last prevail:
Every knee to *David's* Lord
Shall bow in worship at His throne,
Every tongue the praise record
Of God's eternal Son.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

565. *Then spake Jesus to the multitude, and, &c.*—xxiii. 1—3.

1 THE' appointed teachers now
The chair of *Moses* fill:
To them by Thy command I bow,
Respect, and hear them still:
I hear them read, or preach,
With reverential awe,
And gladly do whate'er they teach
Out of Thy sacred law.

2 But me Thy word forbids
Implicitly to' obey,
Or do according to their deeds
When from Thy paths they stray:
When Thee their lives despise,
Or contradict Thy word,
I stop my ears, and shut my eyes,
And only mind my Lord.

566. *They make broad their phylacteries, and, &c.*—xxiii. 5.

1 MODEST, not singular in dress
Becomes the Christian character:
We stem the torrent of excess,
But not like *Pharisees* appear:
We cannot scorn the crowd below,
Though simpler in our dress than them,
Or rigidly affect to show
Religion in our garment's hem.

2 Who boast their forms, without the power,
Their godliness in rituals place;
We seek the living God to' adore
In the true Spirit of His grace,

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By no external badges known
Who Jesus for our Lord receive,
By real holiness alone
Distinguish'd from the world we live.

567. *Be not ye called Rabbi.*—xxiii. 8.

O MAY I never dare receive
From blind simplicity
The reverence which poor worms would give
To man, instead of Thee!
O may I still their praise reject
Who hang upon my word,
Refuse to lead the' implicit sect,
And send them to their Lord!

568. *Call no* man *your father.*—xxiii. 9.

ABSOLUTE faith, O Lord, I owe
To Thee and none beside,
Thine only word and Spirit know
My never-erring guide;
Submission absolute I pay
To no commands but Thine;
But taught through man, rejoice to' obey,
The' authority Divine.

569. *Neither be ye called masters: for One is your, &c.*—xxiii. 10.

1 WE in His ministers and word
To Christ alone attend,
Our Master and our only Lord,
Who did from heaven descend:
That Prophet sent of God we hear,
The true eternal Light,
Who gives to souls the hearing ear,
And always speaks aright.

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2 Jesus, the Word, the Life, the Way,
The Truth itself Thou art:
Thy quickening voice with power to' obey
Inspires the willing heart;
The strength to walk in all Thy ways
Thou bring'st us from above,
And through the Spirit of Thy grace
We serve the God we love.

570. *Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased.*—xxiii. 12.

1 TREMBLE, ye fond of human praise,
Who seek, or love, the highest place,
Who rich in sacred honours rise!
Proud of your every grace and gift,
Like *Lucifer*, yourselves ye lift,
And set your thrones above the skies:

2 But the Most-High shall cast you down,
If now ye will not fear His frown,
His vengeful wrath ye soon shall feel,
Defeated of your glorious aim,
O'erwhelm'd with everlasting shame,
Debased into the lowest hell.

571. *He that shall humble himself shall be exalted.*—xxiii. 12.

1 MYSELF I cannot humble make,
Yet may I, Lord, the succour take
Proffer'd, implied, in Thy command;
May lay my haughty looks aside,
Resist the thought engendering pride,
And stoop beneath Thy mighty hand:

2 If to Thy hand of power I stoop,
Thy hand of love shall lift me up
To heights of holiness unknown,

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Thy love's omnipotence shall raise
The vessel of Thy perfect grace,
And seat me on Thy azure throne.

572. *Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, &c.*—xxiii. 13.

1 On simple souls sincere
Eight blessings He bestows;
The hypocrites He loads severe
With eight tremendous woes!
Their just desert declares,
Foretells their fearful doom
That warn'd their successors and heirs
May escape the wrath to come.

2 Ye *Scribes* and *Pharisees*,
Who sit in *Moses'* seat,
Your true succession we confess,
And to your sway submit:
Ye claim the rulers' chair,
But not their chair alone,
Their false religious character
Their woes are all your own.

3 Who feign a zeal for God,
The God ye never knew,
Ambitious, covetous, and proud,
Ye prove the charge is true:
Ye will not Christ obey,
By grace through faith forgiven,
But still obstruct the royal way,
And block us out of heaven.

4 The preachers ye defame,
Out of your church expel,

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Forbid to speak in Jesus' name,
And save poor souls from hell :
'Gainst those who flee from sin,
And would be truly poor,
And seek and strive to enter in,
Ye shut the gospel door.

573. *Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, &c.*—xxiii. 14.

1 LONG forms of prayer ye say,
As purposed heaven to buy,
And challenge as your lawful prey
What should the poor supply :
Or lull'd in slothful ease
In honours, pomp, and power,
The church's patrimony seize
And greedily devour.

2 Insatiate still for more
Ye heap up treasures here ;
Ye heap up wrath in larger store
And vengeance more severe.
Ye cast your God behind,
Your souls to *Mammon* sell,
And at your last *translation* find
The highest seats in hell.

574. Ye...*have omitted the weightier* matters *of the law.*—xxiii. 23.

MAY I, observant of the least,
Most careful in the greatest prove,
And show throughout my life express'd
Justice, fidelity, and love.

575. *Ye...strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.*—xxiii. 24.

HEAR this, who at a trifle strain,
So strict—and obstinate—and proud,
Who keep the private rules of men,
And break the open laws of God !

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576. *Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, &c.*—xxiii. 29-31.

1 THE witnesses ye praise
Long since to glory gone,
Extol the saints of ancient days,
Of all, except your own:
Those murderers of the good
Your ancestors ye blame,
Who shed the blessed martyrs' blood;
And do yourselves the same.

2 "Ah, no: we disavow
The bloody *Popish* crew,
We tolerate all religions now,
Or all—except the true!"
Your malice ye deny
In words as smooth as theirs,
And thus yourselves ye testify
Their genuine sons and heirs.

577. *How can ye escape the damnation of hell?*—xxiii. 33.

BY turning now to Thee our Lord,
Though to the brink of *Tophet* driven,
We all may escape the dreadful word,
We all may fly from hell to heaven.

578. *That upon you may come all the righteous, &c.*—xxiii. 35.

1 YE envious *Scribes* who tread
The path your fathers trod,
Ye draw their guilt upon your head,
With all the martyrs' blood;
For judgment ripe at last
Ye bring the former down,
Renew the crimes of ages pass'd,
And make them all your own.

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2 The blood of *Abel* cries
To raise your judgment higher;
The blood of *Zachary* replies,
And echoes back "Require!"
The long-continued chain
Of woes on you shall come,
And saints beneath the altar slain
Demand your instant doom.

579.

1 THOU Holy One and Just,
By envious brethren slain,
We in Thy blood of sprinkling trust
Which purges every stain;
Which speaks the better things,
Which speaks our sins forgiven,
And heaven to all our souls it brings,
And all our souls to heaven.

2 Our zealous great High-Priest
By *Zachary* foreshown,
Whom, for Thy love of truth oppress'd,
We our Redeemer own;
Thy goodness we admire
Which bade Thy murderers live;
The type in death cried out, Require,
The Antitype Forgive!

580. *O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!*—xxiii. 37.

How kindly, Lord, dost Thou lament
Their sinful misery,
Who will not, while they may, repent,
And Thy salvation see!

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Jerusalem, whoe'er deny,
Jerusalem shall prove
Thou wouldst not have one sinner die
Excluded from Thy love.

581. *How often would I have gathered thy children !*—xxiii. 37.

How often who can tell !
The heights of love unknown,
The depths unsearchable
Are hid in Christ alone :
But shelter'd now within
My dear Redeemer's breast,
Secure from hell and sin
I shall for ever rest.

582. *I would,...and ye would not.*—xxiii. 37.

"I WOULD, and ye would not,"
What daring blasphemy,
For reprobates so dearly bought
To charge their death on Thee !
But O, before they die,
The reprobates forgive,
And by Thy gracious will may I
With them for ever live.

583. *Behold; your house is left unto you desolate. &c.*—xxiii. 38, 39.

1 *YOUR* house, no longer Mine,
Lo, to yourselves I leave,
My flock forsake, My charge resign,
And to destruction give !
The desolating curse
Doth still alas take place,
And hunts throughout the universe
The long-rejected race.

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2 But O, they shall once more
Their slighted Saviour see,
With joyful hearts at last adore,
And own that Thou art He!
Come, Lord, and quickly come,
The long-lost sheep to find,
And call Thine ancient people home
To quicken all mankind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

584. *There shall not be left...one stone upon, &c.*—xxiv. 2.

IN justice to a sinful race,
Their glorious temple He destroy'd,
In mercy He removed the place
Which kept them from their Saviour-God;
In mystery He the old o'erthrew,
Worship, and priests, and sacrifice,
Himself the House, the Victim new,
The great High-Priest who never dies.

585. *Tell us, when shall these things be? and what, &c.*—xxiv. 3.

1 I ASK not, Lord, when time shall end,
Assured it soon shall end with me:
But lo Thy coming I attend,
To fit me for eternity,
Before my soul and body part,
To fix Thy kingdom in my heart.

2 Let others, curious to inquire,
The signs of Thy appearing show;
Saviour, 'tis all my heart's desire,
Thy Spirit's reigning grace to know;

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O could I now my Lord obey,
O could I live for God to-day !

586. *Jesus...said,...Take heed that no man deceive you.*—xxiv. 4.

1 WHO slights the warning word,
And no deception fears,
Confounds the servants of the Lord
With Satan's messengers :
The prophets old and new,
The saints' and *Gnostics'* dream,
Apostles false, apostles true
Are all alike to him.

2 Jesus, Thy wisdom give,
And bid my heart beware
That no false witness may deceive,
Or take me in his snare :
O may I ne'er confide
In spirits unproved, unknown,
But trust in my unerring Guide,
And in Thy word alone.

587. *Many shall come in My name, saying, &c.*—xxiv. 5.

THEY call'd the miracles He wrought
Illusions wrought by Satan's aid,
Living, a vile impostor thought,
And styled Him a deceiver, dead :
Their faith was all to Jesus due ;
And when they would not Him receive,
Rejecting the *Messiah* true,
'T was just they should the false believe.

588.

THE grace if men refuse to' improve,
Nor will a gospel preacher heed,
Justice which doth the first remove,
Permits an hireling to succeed :

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Them that despise a pastor good
The Lord to bold seducers leaves,
And then the headlong multitude
Satan instead of Christ receives.

589. *Many false prophets shall rise, and shall, &c.*—xxiv. 11.

PRETENDERS to the Spirit rise
In every age and place,
And prophets false who uttering lies
The Christian cause disgrace:
Many forget the snare foretold
And think their ravings true;
But who believe the prophets old
Will never trust the new.

590. *The love of many shall wax cold.*—xxiv. 12.

1 THAT universal love sincere
Where is it to be found?
Out of the mouth of most we hear
The word's unmeaning sound:
But O, how few the saints that know
Their Saviour's perfect mind,
Whose hearts with charity o'erflow
To all the ransom'd kind!

2 If my own party I approve,
And cleave to my own sect,
Holding the few with partial love,
The many I reject;
My nature's narrowness I feel,
Myself I blindly seek,
And still a slave in *Babel* dwell,
A shackled schismatic.

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3 O that the Spirit of our Lord
Might set His prisoners free,
Might speak the sectaries restored
To glorious liberty!
O that the catholic love Divine
Shed in our hearts abroad
Might all our jangling parties join,
And swallow up all in God!

591. *He that shall endure unto the end, the same, &c.*—xxiv. 13.

1 THE saving work Thou hast begun
Thou only, Lord, canst carry on
Unto the perfect day:
In humble hope to persevere
O may I always watch and fear,
O may I always pray.

2 On Thee I faithfully depend
To bless me with a peaceful end,
When all my griefs are pass'd:
In mercy then my soul require,
Let me be saved out of the fire,
Let me be saved at last.

592. *This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, &c.*—xxiv. 14.

1 GOOD news of sin forgiven,
Of justice, joy, and peace,
The kingdom of an inward heaven,
With everlasting bliss,
This every soul may prove
Who hears the gospel call,
Which testifies the Father's love
That gave His Son to all.

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2 But O, what numbers turn
The blessing into bane,
The heavenly testimony scorn,
And Christ Himself disdain!
Through wilful malice blind,
The life is death to them,
The word to save their souls design'd
Serves only to condemn.

593. *Let him which is on the housetop not, &c.*—xxiv. 17, 18.

WHILE God His judgments sure defers,
Sinner, thy grasp of earth let go,
Nor load thyself with worldly cares,
Nor stop to seek thy good below;
The perishable goods forsake,
While yet thou may'st the mountain find,
Escape for life, nor once look back,
Nor leave one lingering wish behind.

594. *Woe unto them that are with child, and to, &c.*—xxiv. 19.

THE sinner big with creature love,
With worldly hopes, designs, desires,
Will not from earth his heart remove,
Till God his wretched soul requires:
The soft, effeminate soul, employ'd
To nurse and please its body here,
How can it 'scape the wrath of God,
When summon'd at His bar to' appear!

595. *Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, &c.*—xxiv. 20.

1 WHAT fatal madness to delay
Our flight from sin and wrath Divine,
To linger till the winter's day
And age's languishing decline!

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How shall we then the work begin,
Make ourselves ready to depart,
Or disengage from earth and sin
A barren, cold, inactive heart?

2 Saviour, Thy weak disciple hear,
Presenting my enjoin'd request:
I feel the chilling winter near,
And seek for shelter in Thy breast:
My soul with active faith supply,
Ere yet the helpless season come,
And let me to Thy bosom fly,
My Sun, my everlasting Home.

596. *For the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.*—xxiv. 22.

1 THE Lord to save His chosen care,
Hasten'd devoted *Salem's* fate;
Lest press'd above what they could bear,
His church should faint beneath the weight,
He seal'd the bloody city's doom,
And let the sword and fire consume.

2 When Antichrist erects his throne
And fills the earth with daring crimes,
The Lord, in favour of His own
Exposed to those tremendous times,
Shall shorten the last pontiff's reign,
And chase him back to hell again.

3 How safe beneath Thy wings we rest,
The people that belong to Thee!
Jesus, with Thy protection bless'd,
The Christian world's apostasy
We see, long since begun, and grieve
And closer to Thy bosom cleave.

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4 Our strength shall with our trials last;
Thy word irrevocably sure
Shall keep till every storm is pass'd,
And make us faithful to endure,
Or from the dangerous day remove
The objects of Thy choicest love.

597. *Lo, here* is *Christ, or there.*—xxiv. 23.

THEY bear the spurious character,
Who say that Christ is only here!
"We are the church of Christ possess'd;
Heathens and infidels the rest!"
But taught of God His people know
He freely doth Himself bestow,
On every church, to none confined,
Saviour, and Lord of all mankind.

598. *There shall arise false Christs, and false, &c.*—xxiv. 24.

WONDERS and signs by Satan's aid
The prophets false may show,
Our faithful souls on Jesus stay'd
They never shall o'erthrow:
They might the' elect themselves deceive,
Had He not spoke the word,
But now the tools of hell we leave
Contending with our Lord.

699. *Behold, I have told you before.*—xxiv. 25.

YES, Thou hast told Thy church before,
And didst not warn in vain:
Thy warning brings us gracious power
The trial to sustain:
His agents still let Satan send
To preach or prophesy,

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We on Thy faithful love depend,
And all his wiles defy.

600. *If they shall say unto you, Behold, He is in, &c.*—xxiv. 26.

1 SLIGHT who ever bid you quit
The work by God assign'd;
Christ thereby you cannot meet,
Or in the desert find:
Prophets false believe them not;
To gain your Lord ye need not dwell
In the lonely hermit's grot
Or close monastic cell.

2 Must you wander far and near
To see the lightning shine?
Anxious there inquire, and here,
To know that Christ is thine?
Christ descending from above
Shall find thee out where'er thou art;
Comes the kingdom of His love
To every waiting heart.

601. *As the lightning cometh out of the east, &c.*—xxiv. 27.

1 THE faith opposed by all mankind,
By all the powers of hell,
Did soon a ready passage find
And o'er the earth prevail:
Resistless, swift from east to west
The gospel-lightning flew,
The proselyted world confess'd
The joyful tidings true.

2 But Christ shall work at His return
A speedier work of grace,
While nations by His Spirit born
Their Lord at once embrace:

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Heathens and *Turks* shall both receive
Whom God to both hath given,
And *Jews* themselves shall then believe
The glorious sign from heaven.

602.

1 QUICK as the darted lightning flies,
Flashing at once throughout the skies,
Saviour, Thou wilt on earth appear,
To 'stablish Thy dominion *here:*

2 *Before* the final, general doom,
We know, Thou wilt to judgment come,
Thy foes destroy, Thy friends maintain,
And glorious with Thine ancients reign.

3 Now, even now Thy saints attend,
To see Thee on the clouds descend!
Now, Lord, assert Thy right Divine,
And challenge all the world for Thine.

603. *Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the, &c.*—xxiv. 28.

1 LURED by the grateful scent of blood,
With instinct from above endued,
The eagles their commission knew,
To death-devoted *Salem* flew,
And gathering where the carcase lay,
The *Roman* hosts devour'd their prey.

2 But lo, a deeper mystery
We in yon *sacred Body* see!
The bleeding marks of death it bears,
'Tis cover'd still with glorious scars!
His wounded feet, and hands, and side,
And cross proclaim the Crucified!

3 Thither the saints shall soon repair
When flames His standard in the air,

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With bodies spiritual remove
From earth, and seek the realms above;
On eagles' wings mount up and fly
To Jesus gather'd in the sky.

604. *Then shall appear the sign of the Son of, &c.*—xxiv. 30, 31.

WHEN shall the' imperial standard spread
Its crimson through the skies?
To meet their great triumphant Head
When shall the members rise?
Gazing, Thy church, and listening stands:
We long to see Thee crown'd:
Now, Lord, send forth Thine angel-bands,
And bid the trumpet sound.

605. *Know that it is near*, even *at the doors.*—xxiv. 33.

1 I KNOW the Judge is always near,
His summons vibrates in my ear,
While at His feet I bow;
Attentive to the solemn sound,
No more by noisy passions drown'd,
I hear the trumpet now.

2 O may I ever more advert
To mercy speaking in my heart,
By Jesus' word pursued,
Stirr'd up to never-ceasing prayer,
Warn'd by the voice that cries, Prepare,
Prepare to meet thy God!

3 Thus would I watch till life is o'er,
Till Jesus standing at the door
The door throws open wide,
A kingdom to His servant gives,
And every ready soul receives
To triumph at His side.

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606. *Heaven and earth shall pass away, but, &c.*—xxiv. 35.

1 STANDS the promise of our Lord
On which our souls are cast,
Every sure prophetic word
Shall earth and heaven outlast:
Pass away the earth and sky,
Nothing shall our hopes confound;
All who trust His word rely
On an eternal ground.

2 When Thy Spirit we receive,
Thy sayings He reveals,
Truly Lord we then believe
The lively oracles,
Know, that thus the Lord hath said,
And vanquish'd by Thy truth and power,
Reason at Thy feet is laid,
And faith requires no more.

607. *But of that day and hour knoweth no* man, *&c.*—xxiv. 36.

1 WHY hath God conceal'd the day
When He will to judgment come?
That we every moment may
Stand prepared to meet our doom,
For the trumpet's sound attend,
Watch to see our Judge descend.

2 Yet the curious pride of man
Dares into the secret pry,
Listens to predictions vain,
Dreams which give our God the lie,
Prophets who the day foreshow,
Tell what only God can know.

3 Them Thy wrath, most righteous Lord,
To their own delusions leaves;

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Every bold impostor's word
Then the' unstable souls deceives,
Doting, blind credulity
Plagues their unbelief of Thee.

4 Lord from such we turn away,
Trust to be through grace alone
Kept to that uncertain day,
To that awful hour unknown,
Following after righteousness,
Found at last in perfect peace.

608. *As the days of Noe* were, *so shall also, &c.*—xxiv. 37.

1 THE watery flood destroy'd
A world that knew not God :
But an heavier plague to come
Our flagitious crimes require ;
Earth shall soon receive her doom,
Deluged with a flood of fire.

2 Thy judgment is reveal'd,
The time from man conceal'd ;
Yet His saints the signs shall know
When their Lord will soon appear,
When the floods of sin o'erflow,
Then they find that Christ is near.

609. *As in the days that were before the flood, &c.*—xxiv. 38, 39.

1 MILLIONS go smoothly on
By lawful things undone,
Life's most innocent affairs
Keep them fatally employ'd,
Pleasure, and bewildering cares
Make the world forget their God.

2 To earthly things they cleave,
The life of nature live,

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Sleep in sin, till death oppress:
Judged they then lift up their eyes,
Toss'd on ever-flaming seas,
Gnaw'd by guilt that never dies!

3 O that my life might be
Devoted all to Thee!
Lord I would Thy warning take,
Tremble at Thy vengeful power,
Up to righteousness awake,
Stand in awe and sin no more.

4 Preserve my conscience pure,
And give me faith to' endure,
Humble hope and love sincere:
Then I cannot dread surprise,
Glad to see Thy judgments near,
Sure to meet Thee in the skies.

610. *Watch therefore: for ye know not what, &c.*—xxiv. 42.

THE vigilance our Lord demands
Asks all our time, and hearts, and hands,
Our patient toil, our active zeal,
Our utmost strife to do His will:
By faith, and penitence, and prayer,
We for that unknown hour prepare,
By reaching toward the things above,
By humblest fear and warmest love.

611. *If the goodman of the house had known, &c.*—xxiv. 43.

THE felon comes our souls to steal,
The hellish murderer to kill:
O may he find us still prepared
For ever standing on our guard!
Jesus preserve from sloth and sin,
Keep Thy own house by entering in:

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The sole Proprietor Thou art,
The Lord and Master of my heart.

612. *Who then is a faithful and wise servant, &c.*—xxiv. 45.

KNOW the wise and faithful servant,
Mark the gospel minister!
Warm in zeal, in spirit fervent,
Watching till his Lord appear,
Fully proving his commission,
Ready at his Master's call,
Feeding souls with Christ's provision,
Ministering the grace to all.

613. *Blessed* is *that servant, whom his lord, &c.*—xxiv. 46.

FULL of earnest expectation,
Look we for our heavenly Lord,
Working out our own salvation,
Labouring for a full reward:
Happy, in the task assign'd us
If we still our lives employ,
Labouring on if Jesus find us,
We shall share our Master's joy.

614. *But and if that evil servant shall say, &c.*—xxiv. 48, 49.

1 THE servant faithful once and wise
Who forfeits all his faith and grace,
A fool in heart, his God denies,
If Christ his punishment delays,
And fearless of the' apostate's doom
The Judge, he cries, will never come.
2 As lord he o'er his fellows reigns,
With violence and oppressive power,
His proud authority maintains,
(As ravenous wolves the flock devour,)

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Compels his equals to submit
And treads the weak beneath his feet.

3 Companion to the world he lives,
The wealthy glutton's constant guest,
His jests profane with smiles receives,
And graces every drunken feast:
And thus for precious souls he cares,
And thus for his account prepares!

615. *The lord of that servant shall come, &c.*—xxiv. 50, 51.

1 To judge the wretch in sin secure,
His angry unexpected Lord
Shall come in sudden death and sure,
Shall slay him with His righteous sword,
And send him to his place below,
The mansions of infernal woe.

2 Cut off from those he once oppress'd
His colleagues in the church of God,
Far from the saints and spirits bless'd,
He finds his suitable abode,
Condemn'd with hypocrites to dwell,
In fiercest flames of deepest hell.

3 What hypocrite so base as he
The slave of sloth and avarice,
Ambition, pride, and cruelty,
Of every lust and every vice;
Yet still audacious to declare
Himself—a Christian minister!

4 His life of soft luxurious ease,
Of sports and sensible delights,
Of mirth, and riotous excess,
Revolting days, and frantic nights,

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In fellowship with torturing fiends,
In endless lamentations ends!

616.

1 A WICKED priest to hell consign'd
Demands the hottest torments there:
But every soul his lot shall find,
Who makes not God and heaven his care:
And thou that evil servant art,
Who wilt not give to Christ thy heart.

2 Who dost that awful day forget,
As Christ thy Lord would ne'er appear,
Thy brethren wrongfully entreat,
And live in sin and pleasure here,
Surprised by death, expect thy hire,
Thy portion in eternal fire.

3 So dear thy sinful pleasures cost
Which but for one short moment last;
Thou know'st too late, that all is lost
When into flaming sulphur cast
To gnaw thy tongue, and gnash thy teeth,
And die that everlasting death.

CHAPTER XXV.

617. *And five of them were wise, and five* were *foolish.*—xxv. 2.

HAPPY they and truly wise
Who for that day prepare,
Ready at Thy call to rise,
And meet Thee in the air:

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Fools in misery they live
Who bear the Christian name in vain,
Seldom seek and never strive
Eternal life to gain.

618. *They that* were *foolish took their lamps, &c.*—xxv. 3.

WHO a bare profession make
Their want of wisdom prove,
Empty lamps alas, they take
Without the oil of love,
Hearts with holiness unstored;
Professors void of purity,
Such can never face their Lord,
Or God in glory see.

619. *And took no oil with them.*—xxv. 3.

EMPTY the lamp, till Thou impart
Thy Spirit from above;
Now, Saviour, pour into my heart
The oil of joy and love.

620. *But the wise took oil in their vessels with, &c.*—xxv. 4.

SON of God, 'tis Thine alone
The oil of joy to give:
Every soul Thou call'st Thine own
Doth out of Thee receive:
Empty is my vessel still
Till Thou the Comforter impart;
Out of Thine abundance fill
With grace my happy heart.

621. *At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, &c.*—xxv. 6.

Lo, the heavenly Bridegroom comes!
Roused by the midnight cry,

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Go ye forth out of your tombs,
And meet Him in the sky:
Sinners tremble at His voice,
Arraign'd before the Judge severe;
Saints with endless joy rejoice
To see your King appear.

622. *Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed, &c.*—xxv. 7.

ALL, the awful Judge to see,
Out of their graves shall rise;
Wise unto salvation he
Whom death cannot surprise:
Wretched souls that sleep in sin,
That unprepared till death remain!
All who then their work begin,
Begin their work in vain.

623. *And the foolish said unto the wise, Give, &c.*—xxv. 8.

1 DESPERATE is the sinner's case,
Whose soul and body part,
Then to know his want of grace,
His unbelief of heart.
Token of eternal night
To find within the hellish void,
Quench'd his every ray of light,
His every spark of God!

2 Fools themselves the just esteem
Whom once they counted mad,
Wish that they had lived like them
Who Jesus' word obey'd:
Fully now convinced they are,
And wisdom with her sons approve,

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Wish (but ah, too late) to share
Their humble faith and love.

624. *But the wise answered, saying,* Not so; *lest, &c.*—xxv. 9.

1 No; the rich in faith who most
Of Jesus' grace possess,
Chief of saints they dare not boast
Superfluous holiness;
All they can in life obtain
Will barely for themselves suffice,
Meet at last through Christ to gain
A mansion in the skies.

2 What would dying sinners give
To purchase charity!
Sinners when ye cease to live
On earth it cannot be;
Whither will ye turn at last,
Or which of all the saints implore?
Now your gracious day is pass'd,
And time is now no more.

625. *The door was shut.*—xxv. 10.

How dreadful is the sinner's fate,
Who wakes, to sleep no more,
Who knocks and calls, alas, too late,
When death hath shut the door!

626. *Lord, Lord, open to us.*—xxv. 11.

But we who now Thy grace implore
Shall now admitted be,
For if Thy justice shut the door,
Thy mercy keeps the key.

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627. *He answered and said, Verily I say unto you, &c.*—xxv. 12.

GOD is love and holiness,
And only can approve
Saints who Jesus' mind express,
Who Him in Jesus love:
God doth in His Son delight
And all that His resemblance bear,
Leaves the rest to endless night
And blackness of despair.

628. *Watch therefore, for ye know neither the, &c.*—xxv. 13.

LEFT in dark uncertainty
Of that tremendous day,
This our whole employment be
To watch, expect, and pray;
Son of Man, bestow the power,
And when Thou dost to judgment come,
Find us looking for the hour,
And take Thy servants home.

629. The kingdom of heaven is *as a man, &c.*—xxv. 14.

JESUS the King of earth and heaven
Returning from His realms below,
The gifts by His great Father given
Did on His servants here bestow:
He put His goods into their hands,
In trust to be for Him employ'd,
And faithful to their Lord's commands,
Bade all improve the gifts of God.

630. *And unto one he gave five talents, to another, &c.*—xxv. 15.

1 AFTER His own almighty power
His riches He vouchsafed to give,
Distributing or less or more,
As each was able to receive:

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Talents to some above the rest
The God of grace and nature gave:
But whoso hath obtain'd the least
Hath got a precious soul to save.

2 On every child of *Adam's* race
His Spirit He in part conferr'd,
That each might profit by the grace,
And gain an adequate reward:
Leaving the gifts received for men
He then ascended up on high;
"Till I appear on earth again,"
(His parting word was) "Occupy!"

631. *Then he that had received the five talents, &c.*—xxv. 16.

1 HAPPY who knows the Master's will,
His talents faithfully improves,
Exerts his utmost strength and skill,
To serve and please the God he loves:
His strength and skill are not his own,
His zeal industrious he receives,
And all the praise to Christ alone
Of talents, and their use he gives.

2 Who is that servant good and wise
That trades with most assured success?
The man who life and strength employs
To' advance the cause of godliness:
With gifts of nature or of grace
With learning or with wit endow'd
With wealth or power; in every place
He spends them all to serve his God.

632. *Likewise he that* had received *two, he also, &c.*—xxv. 17.

WHO to the poor and needy gives,
Daily augments his sacred store:

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Who uses well what he receives
From Christ is still receiving more:
Who grows in grace and Jesus' love,
May gladly count his present gain,
And when he sees his Lord above
Shall in that sight his heaven obtain.

633. *But he that had received one, went, &c.*—xxv. 18.

He that hath least to do for God,
And sunk in sloth will nothing do,
He keeps his talent unemploy'd,
His faith by works neglects to show:
His talent might another gain;
But one of small capacity,
He will not do the good he can:
Reader, is this the case with thee?

634. *After a long time, the lord of those servants, &c.*—xxv. 19.

God is not slack; if long He stay
He surely will return at last,
And call His servants in that day
To reckon for their actions past:
What have we gain'd ourselves, or done
For others, through His gifts enjoy'd,
Or how improved for Him alone
The various graces of our God?

635. *And so he that had received five talents, came, &c.*—xxv. 20.

Who walking like their Saviour here
Rejoiced in active good to live,
Shall boldly at His bar appear
Their joyful sentence to receive:
With more or fewer talents bless'd
Shall thankfully to Christ restore
The glory of His grace increased,
And prostrate at His throne adore.

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636. *His lord said unto him, Well done, &c.*—xxv. 21.

1 HAPPY whom God vouchsafes to praise
As a wise steward of his Lord!
Faithful and good in more or less,
He wins a full immense reward:
And all the crown of life may gain,
Which freely Christ bestows on His,
And purchased by His mortal pain
Enter into their Master's bliss.

2 How disproportionate the toil
And recompence by mercy given,
When Christ doth on His servants smile,
And owns before the host of heaven!
Whate'er on earth we do or bear
With patience of unwearied love,
We count not worthy to compare
With all that rapturous joy above.

637.

MY faithfulness I cannot see,
My goodness is unknown to me,*
And be it, Lord, unknown,
So Thou the Giver of all grace
In that great day Thy servant praise
For what Thyself hast done.

638. *His lord said unto him...enter thou into, &c.*—xxv. 23.

1 TRANSPORTING word for all that hear!
But none can hear it spoke below:
When Jesus bids His saints draw near,
They then His heavenly joy shall know:
The joy of Christ for ever bless'd
Is in His Father's bosom found:

* Compare John xiv. 20; 1 Peter iii. 16; 1 John iii. 19.

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And there we one with Christ shall rest,
With everlasting glories crown'd.

2 The earnest of that joy supreme
He here doth to His saints impart:
A drop of heaven derived from Him,
Enters the true believing heart:
But entering there our happiest state,
We bathe in that unbounded sea,
Immersed in bliss Divinely great,
Implunged through all eternity.

639. *I knew thee that thou art an hard man, &c.*—xxv. 24.

He never knew his Lord aright
Who thinks Him rigorous and austere,
Who thinks our God can take delight
In mocking His poor creatures here,
Deny to most His special grace,
Impossibilities require,
And doom the non-performing race,
As Sovereign, to eternal fire.

640. *Reaping where thou hast not sown, &c.*—xxv. 24.

Nay; but His seed He often sows
In hearts that yield Him no increase,
And gathers where His grace He strows,
No kindly fruits of righteousness:
A power his talent to improve
To every child of man He gave;
And all may serve the God of love,
And yield, that Christ their souls should save.

641. *And I was afraid, and went, and hid thy, &c.*—xxv. 25.

How base the inconsistent fear
Of him that doth his talent hide!

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He dreads a reckoning more severe,
Yet dares in ignorance abide:
Neglectful of his Lord's commands,
He aims at doing good to none,
And not till death he understands
That sloth and wickedness are one.

642. *His lord answered*...Thou *wicked and, &c.*—xxv. 26.

THE harmless inoffensive man
Is cast before the bar of God,
Cast by his own excuses vain
For not performing what he could:
And, burying that preventing grace,
Who justly perish unforgiven,
Shall mix'd with fiends in groans confess
They might have sung with saints in heaven.

643. Thou *wicked and slothful servant.*—xxv. 26.

MASTER, I with shame confess
Sloth is the worst wickedness;
The worst wickedness is mine,
Idle in the work Divine,
Doing neither good, nor ill,
If I hide my talent still,
Till I find the time is pass'd,
Perish in my sins at last.

644. *From him that hath not shall be taken, &c.*—xxv. 29.

WHY am I stripp'd of all my power?
My Lord by long neglect I grieved:
I would not use, or strive for more,
And lost by sloth the grace received:
I did not in His knowledge grow,
Or labour after holiness,

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And thus I let my pardon go,
And thus I forfeited my peace.

645. *Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer, &c.*—xxv. 30.

1 WHY was he doom'd to endless pain?
He did not what he might have done,
Received the grace of God in vain,
As given him for himself alone:
His talent small he did not waste:
He did not use it for his Lord,
But loiter'd on till time was pass'd,
And found in hell his just reward.

2 The soul is unto *Tophet* thrust,
Consign'd to everlasting pain,
For that, on which the many trust
Assured salvation to obtain:
And O, what crowds *his* doom shall feel,
Who keep their talents unemploy'd,
Shut out from heaven, shut up in hell
For doing neither harm nor good!

646.

IF God the slothful wretch reject
That hides a single gift or grace,
What punishment may they expect
Who might do good to half our race!
Who all their time and fortune lose:
Who not contented to conceal,
Their talents manifold abuse;
They claim for theirs the deepest hell.

647.

AWED by the righteous doom of them
That perish through neglect of grace,
The time we labour to redeem,
Yet cannot boast our faithfulness:

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If we Thy talents occupy
  Useful to man we here may be;
But still, O God, we live and die
  Unprofitable all to Thee.

648. *Then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory.*—xxv. 31.

To fix the universal doom,
  The Son of Man shall bow the sky,
With all His holy angels come,
  With all His Father's majesty!
All nations in that day shall meet,
  Arraign'd at His tremendous bar,
Behold Him on His judgment seat:
  And O, my soul, shalt thou be there?

649. *He shall separate them.*—xxv. 32.

THE wicked and the just
  Till then together stay:
But O, the saints and sinners must
  Be parted at that day;
  Sever'd the tares and wheat,
  The goats and sheep shall be,
Never again to mix, or meet
  Through all eternity.

650. *He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but, &c.*—xxv. 33.

THEY shall be number'd with the sheep,
  And found on the right hand,
Who hear the Shepherd's voice, and keep
  His every kind command.
Ah, give me now Thy voice to hear,
  And mark me with Thy sign,
And when Thou dost as Judge appear,
  Acknowledge me for Thine.

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651. *Come, ye blessed.*—xxv. 34.

1 HERE on earth He bids us come
Weary to Himself for rest,
There receives His brethren home,
Makes, whom He pronounces, bless'd,
Crowns with immortality,
Gives the joy prepared for me.

2 Saviour now to Thee I cry,
Come, and all my heart possess,
Then returning in the sky
Call me to Thy happiness,
Bid me at Thy side sit down
Partner of Thy heavenly throne.

652. *I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat.*—xxv. 35.

1 EVERY charitable deed
Is then accounted good,
When it freely doth proceed
From faith in Jesus' blood:
All our works which flow from love
He owns as done unto the Lord,
With His smile vouchsafes to' approve,
And with His heaven reward.

2 Mercy's outward works who show
Their recompence receive:
Shall they unrewarded go,
Who needy souls relieve?
Those who ministering His grace
Supply the' immortal spirit's wants,
Labour for the sin-sick race,
And sinners turn to saints!

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3 This till Christ pronounce me bless'd,
My whole employment be,
Still to succour the distress'd
In whom my Lord I see;
Strangers without clothes or food,
Into my house and heart to take,
Share the sickly prisoner's load
For my Redeemer's sake.

4 But I more than all would know
Afflicted souls to ease,
Grieved at every shape of woe
And spiritual distress,
Seek with sympathising care,
And kindly tend the sick of sin,
Feed the poor and clothe the bare,
And bring the wanderer in.

5 Joyful news I would proclaim
To spirits in prison bound,
Tell them, freedom through Thy name
And in Thy blood is found:
Jesus Thy compassion give,
And touch'd with sinners' misery,
All I shall assist, relieve,
By sending all to Thee.

6 For a moment's labour here
And by Thy Spirit done,
When Thou dost as Judge appear,
Thou wilt Thy servant own,
With the heavenly manna feed,
Bid me on Thy fulness feast,
Drinking at the fountain-head,
And lodging in Thy breast.

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653. *When saw we Thee an hungred?*—xxv. 37.

I WANT that unreflecting love
Which simply Thy command obeys,
(Content, if Thou at last approve,)
Nor fondly on the action stays:
Still would I my own good forget,
Which is not, gracious Lord, my own,
Till Thou Thy servant's works repeat,
And praise me for what grace had done.

654. *Ye have done* it *unto Me.*—xxv. 40.

To Christ who would not gladly give
Raiment, or food, or ease,
And in His substitutes relieve
His Saviour in distress?
Saviour, where'er conceal'd Thou art,
Thee may I plainly see,
And always bear it on my heart,
"Ye did it unto Me!"

655. *Prepared for the devil and his angels.*—xxv. 41.

NOT for the wretched sons of men
Was *Tophet* first prepared,
Intruders into hellish pain,
They snatch the fiends' reward:
If just, as well as good, Thou art,
Thy vengeance they require,
And force Thee, Lord, to say, "Depart
Into eternal fire!"

656. *Ye did* it *not to Me.*—xxv. 45.

EQUAL and just are all Thy ways!
For ever banish'd from Thy sight,
The wicked shall at last confess,
The Judge of all the earth doth right:

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Justly Thine utmost wrath they prove,
Who would not Thy salvation see,
Refused the faith producing love,
And in Thy poor neglected Thee.

657. *These shall go away into everlasting, &c.*—xxv. 46.

MOST gracious, most tremendous Lord,
The sentence which proceeds from Thee,
For punishment, or for reward,
Must stand through all eternity:
Our states assign'd by wrath, or love,
Shall neither change, nor period know,
But long as saints rejoice above,
Unhappy souls shall howl below.

CHAPTER XXVI.

658. *When Jesus had finished all these sayings, &c.*—xxvi. 1.

1 HE now had taught the favour'd race,
His final full instructions given,
Convinced by miracles of grace,
Mark'd out the' unerring way to heaven,
An all-complete example shown,
And lived on earth for them alone.

2 One only proof doth yet remain
His zeal for man to testify,
To crown His life of love and pain,
The Lamb prepares Himself to die,
To ransom sinners by His blood,
And bring them sanctified to God.

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659. *Ye know that after two days is...the passover, &c.*—xxvi. 2.

TRUTH of the Paschal sacrifice,
Both passovers He joins in one,
That all our offerings may arise
With His united to the throne,
That we may suffer with our Head,
And love the cross where Jesus bled.

660.

1 HE with Divine tranquillity
Foretells His death of pain and shame,
But spares who nail Him to the tree,
Forbears His cruel foes to blame;
The Son of Man hereby confess'd
The Son of God, for ever bless'd.

2 O could we with His calmness meet
Our destined share of grief and woe,
Meek as our Lord the men entreat
With love, who bitter hatred show,
Only to God their names declare,
And bless them in our dying prayer.

661. *There came...a woman having an alabaster, &c.*—xxvi. 7.

LOVE as generous as sincere,
Not by words but actions proved,
Doth to Jesus minister,
Pours the oil on its Beloved:
Who the use of riches know,
Who a precious Christ esteem,
They their all on Him bestow,
All too mean a gift for Him.

662. *They had indignation, saying, To what, &c.*—xxvi. 8.

MEN who never care for God
Never for His worship care,

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Count as lost the gifts bestow'd
On the' external house of prayer:
Yet our Lord the nard receives
Author of religion pure,
Yet the precedent He leaves
Shall from age to age endure.

663. *Ye have the poor always with you.*—xxvi. 11.

THE poor supply Thy place,
Deputed, Lord, by Thee,
To exercise our grace,
Our faith and charity,
And what to Thee in them is given,
Is laid up for ourselves in heaven.

664. There *shall also this...be told for a memorial, &c.*—xxvi. 13.

LET me thus her zeal record,
Thus my own for Jesus prove,
Render to my dearest Lord
All I prize, and all I love,
Him embalm with contrite tears,
Him perfume with humble sighs,
Till the rising God appears,
Mounts, and draws me to the skies.

665. *What will ye give me, and I will deliver, &c.*—xxvi. 15.

WHO would not start from avarice
Which paves the way to hell,
Which tempts us at so vile a price
Our Saviour-God to sell?
Thy only love can rescue me:
Jesus, Thy love impart,
And chase the cursed idolatry,
The *Judas* from my heart.

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666. *From that time he sought opportunity, &c.*—xxvi. 16.

WHEN once we let the tempter in
And cast our God behind,
The opportunity to sin
Sure as we seek we find:
Satan the' occasion will present,
Lead to the pleasing snare,
Employ his forward instrument,
And plunge us in despair.

667. *Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee, &c.*—xxvi. 17.

TRUE followers of their Lord,
To Christ who closest cleave,
They trust His providential word
For all they here receive:
Unknowing how or where
He will their wants supply,
In faith they cast on Him their care,
In peace they live, and die.

668. *The Master saith, My time is at hand.*—xxvi. 18.

THE time of death and pain
Our Master calls His own,
Who came our sorrows to sustain,
And groan our mortal groan:
And we who call Him Head
In Jesus' footsteps move,
His suffering life on earth we lead,
His blissful life above.

669. *One of you shall betray Me.*—xxvi. 21.

THE root of every ill
Thine eye discerns in me,
The wandering of my sinful will,
My inbred treachery:

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Do Thou my will restrain,
Nor suffer it to rove,
But save the feeblest child of man
By pure almighty love.

670. *Lord, is it I?*—xxvi. 22.

SAVIOUR, Thou seest the fear
Which haunts me night and day,
My heart so weak, my sin so near,
Shall I not Thee betray?
Ah, do not let me live
To cause the dire offence,
Rather this instant now forgive,
And snatch me spotless hence.

671. *It had been good for that man if he had not, &c.*—xxvi. 24.

BUT if the everlasting pain
Were in a course of ages past,
Great good it would be to that man
To perish—and be saved at last.

672. *Take, eat; this is My body.*—xxvi. 26.

TREMENDOUS words! they all contain,
Establishing the worship pure,
Delivering the new law to man
And making the new covenant sure!
They the last testament express
And kindness of our dying Friend,
Bequeath us life, and power and peace,
And endless joys when time shall end.

673. *This is My blood of the new testament, which, &c.*—xxvi. 28.

1 As many as in *Adam* died,
In Christ may be restored,
And freely saved in Christ confide,
And love their bleeding Lord:

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To purge the universal sin
The purple fountain flow'd,
To make our life and nature clean,
And bring us all to God.

2 His blood and body are the price
By which we all are freed,
The victim of our sacrifice
Which doth our spirits feed;
The bond of union with our Lord,
The seal of sins forgiven,
Our life of paradise restored,
Our antepast of heaven.

674. *I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the, &c.*—xxvi. 29.

1 JESUS, the true, immortal Vine,
The plenitude of bliss is Thine,
The Father's co-eternal Son,
Sufficient in Thyself alone,
Thyself Thou dost to saints impart,
And heaven is found where'er Thou art.

2 Thou with Thy own perfection bless'd,
Dost in Thy love for ever rest;
And Thou hast promised, Lord, that we
Shall the new wine partake with Thee,
Shall drink it in Thy courts above
The wine of Thy eternal love.

3 Hasten the long-expected day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
When all Thy church complete in one
Shall meet triumphant at Thy throne,
And drink the Spirit of their Head,
And on Thy glorious fulness feed.

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675. *All ye shall be offended because of Me this, &c.*—xxvi. 31.

How can Thine own apostles fall?
The' occasion of offence they take
From that Thou dost endure for all,
And basely all their Lord forsake:
And still there are who faith profess
Till call'd to suffer for Thy cause,
In times of trial and distress
They faint and stumble at Thy cross.

676. *After I am risen again, I will go before, &c.*—xxvi. 32.

1 THE sheep their faithful Shepherd leave,
His life He doth a ransom give,
To bring the wanderers back;
And whom He makes His tenderest care
And whom He in His arms doth bear
He never will forsake.

2 Before us still, great Shepherd, go,
Cause every sheep Thy voice to know,
And risen from the dead
Thy feeble, scatter'd followers raise,
And cheer'd and fortified by grace
To life eternal lead.

677. *Though all* men *shall be offended because, &c.*—xxvi. 33.

ONE moment, Lord, if Thou depart,
With like presumption I
Shall trust my own deceitful heart,
And give my God the lie:
Though all prove faithful to Thy cause,
Without Thy constant power
I only stumbling at Thy cross
Shall fall, and rise no more.

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678.

JESUS, my desperate helplessness
Forced by ten thousand falls to own,
With fear and trembling I confess
One hour I cannot stand alone;
I surely shall myself betray,
My Lord perfidiously deny,
Left to myself this very day,
And *Judas*-like despair and die.

679. *Though I should die with Thee, yet will, &c.*—xxvi. 35.

WHO trust in a supposed decree,
Or your own perfect purity,
And cannot fall from grace,
Before your Master ye deny,
Before ye curse your God and die,
Remember *Peter's* case!

680. *My soul is exceeding sorrowful.*—xxvi. 38.

THE Man of sorrows now
Thou dost indeed appear,
Beneath my guilty burden bow,
And tremble with my fear:
Thy pain is my relief,
And doth my load remove,
For O, if all Thy soul is grief,
Yet all Thy heart is love!

681. *He...fell on His face, and prayed.*—xxvi. 39.

WHAT posture should I use, who see
The suffering Son of God
In tears, in mortal agony,
And bathed in His own blood?
A sense of Jesu's grief unknown,
Father, to me impart,

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And hear His humble Spirit groan
In my poor, broken heart.

682. *Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.*—xxvi. 39.

A FOLLOWER of Thy patient Son,
I would the bitter cup decline,
Yet let Thy sovereign will be done,
My own I patiently resign,
And calmly rest, whate'er I feel,
Assured Thou art my Father still.

683. *Watch, and pray, that ye enter not into, &c.*—xxvi. 41.

THE pastor good with pious care
Doth still his flock defend,
Exhorts to watchfulness and prayer,
And warns them to the end:
Thus may I imitate my Lord,
The people's pattern be,
Obey, enforce Thy warning word,
And live and die like Thee.

684.

1 CAPTAIN, God of my salvation,
How shall I Thy word obey,
Press'd, surrounded with temptation,
Wanting power to watch and pray?
Humbly I implore Thy blessing,
Watching, supplicating power;
Fill my heart with prayer unceasing,
Wake my soul to sleep no more.

2 Set my soul upon the tower,
While the world and sin are nigh,
Through the dark, distressing hour
Hear me in Thy Spirit cry:

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Satan still desires to have me;
Lord, Thy ransom'd servant take,
Save, and every moment save me,
For Thy truth and mercy sake.

3 If I have with God found favour
Through Thy cries on *Calvary*,
Day and night my constant Saviour
Stand betwixt my heart and me;
If on Thee I boldly venture,
Thou my tempted soul restrain
That the snare I may not enter,
May not close with sin again.

4 Awed by Thy continual presence
Give me still on Thee to' attend,
Kept in faith but acquiescence,
Praying, watching to the end;
Till in life's extreme temptation
Calm I lay my burden down,
Sink a partner of Thy passion,
Rise a sharer of Thy crown.

685. *He went away again the second time, &c.*—xxvi. 42.

1 THUS may I with alternate care
The flock and my own soul attend,
Thus have recourse to God in prayer,
When danger's blackest storms impend,
And urge Him with redoubled cry,
When trouble, pain, and death are nigh!

2 I now my meek Example see,
The Man of agonizing woe,
With humble importunity
Jesus to Thee my griefs I show,

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With cries and tears my suit repeat,
Yet to Thy sovereign will submit.

3 Stand by me in this evil day,
My sorrows to Thy sorrows join;
(Thou hear'st me in Thy Spirit pray;)
With strength and fortitude Divine
Inspire me by that love unknown
Which put my fears and weakness on.

686. *He came and found them asleep.*—xxvi. 43.

WHOLE nights we to ambition give,
To avarice or diversions vain,
Yet grudge an hour for sin to grieve,
And prayer account a needless pain:
An hour for God we cannot spare,
(Who bids the sleeping soul arise,)
Or for our own salvation care,
Or watch to' ensure our paradise.

687. *He left them, and went away again, and prayed, &c.*—xxvi. 44.

O COULD I thus my wants declare
In humble persevering prayer,
With true simplicity
Repeat my words reduced to one;
Or prostrate in a speechless groan
Present my heart to Thee!

688. *The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands, &c.*—xxvi. 45.

HOLINESS in sinners' hands
With indignation see!
Bound Himself who bursts our bands,
And sets our spirits free!

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Who our Lord a prisoner made
Our anger against them be shown :
Sin the Son of Man betray'd
The sin I call my own.

689. *He came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Master ; &c.*—xxvi. 49.

THE world with courtesy like his
Doth Jesus' followers treat,
And calmly the perfidious kiss
We would, like Christ, admit ;
But full of rancorous despite
They do not Jesus know,
Who cannot bear the speech or sight
Of an ungrateful foe.

690. *Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore, &c.*—xxvi. 50.

So gentle toward my basest foe
O might I always be,
A like return with Jesus show
To hellish treachery !
O might I keep His patient word,
His temper to the end,
Taught by the meekness of my Lord,
Who call'd the traitor Friend !

691. *One of them...drew his sword, and struck, &c.*—xxvi. 51.

1 THE self-confiding man
Who will his Lord defend,
Exerts his zealous efforts vain,
Which in a moment end :
His hasty sword he draws
Against a troop, and flies,
Deserts the persecuted cause
And then his Lord denies.

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2 The humble man of heart
Depends on God alone;
His zeal to take the Saviour's part,
His power is not his own:
With weapons from the word,
With wisdom from above,
He fights the battles of the Lord
In meek and patient love.

692. *But how then shall the scriptures be, &c.*—xxvi. 54.

1 WHENE'ER Thou leav'st me in distress,
Thy wisdom graciously decrees
The sorrow, loss, or pain,
That I Thy hallowing will may prove,
And perfected in patient love
A crown immortal gain.

2 Entering into my God's design,
No longer I the cross decline,
With its annex'd reward,
Like Him for no deliverance pray,
But suffering until death obey
To triumph with my Lord.

693. *All the disciples forsook Him, and fled.*—xxvi. 56.

1 THUS in temptation I
Shall from my Saviour fly;
Trembling, as the foe draws near,
Wavering, ready to desert,
Save me from the sin I fear,
Help mine unbelief of heart.

2 I cannot faithful be
But by a power from Thee:

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Thee that I may not disown,
Vilely cast my shield away,
Jesus, leave me not alone,
With my soul for ever stay.

694. *Peter followed Him afar off, unto the, &c.*—xxvi. 58.

WHAT can feeble nature do?
One who on its strength relies,
Hardly keeps his Lord in view;
Dares not die when Jesus dies;
Closely who to Christ adhere,
Who His humble spirit breathe,
Only they shall persevere
Firm, and faithful unto death.

695.

ONE that overwhelm'd with fear
Dreads his suffering Lord to own,
Jesus' distant worshipper,
Dares he into danger run?
Who perceives his heart like mine,
Who his nature's weakness knows,
He the world will never join,
Never mix with Jesus' foes.

696.

POWER doth unto God belong:
God's own power, O Christ, Thou art:
Out of weakness make me strong,
By Thy dwelling in my heart:
Then I shall my Lord confess,
Follow on to *Calvary*,
Close in all Thy footsteps press,
Gladly live and die with Thee.

697. *The chief priests, and elders, and all the, &c.*—xxvi. 59.

1 'TIS thus the world in every age
Doth Jesus in His members use:

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To ruin us they first engage,
And then search out whereof to' accuse,
Fit means, howe'er unjust employ,
And seek a colour to destroy.

2 Jesus, Thou know'st our envious foes,
Before they cite us to their bar,
Thy people criminals suppose,
Thy people criminals declare;
And then our horrid crimes invent
To justify our punishment.

698. *This* fellow *said, I am able to destroy the, &c.*—xxvi. 61.

1 LORD in Thy humanity,
To mortal eye display'd
We an holy Temple see
For Thy great Father made:
At Thine incarnation built
The house Divine was fill'd with God:
When Thy sacred blood was spilt
The Temple was destroy'd.

2 When Thou didst to life return,
The' immortal Son of Man,
On that third triumphant morn
The Temple rose again,
Rose rebuilt by hands Divine
And stands to be destroy'd no more,
Glorious everlasting Shrine
Which earth and heaven adore.

3 Temple of the Deity,
Thou art the Victim too:
Rising by Thy ruins, we
Our smiling Father view:

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Jesus Thy destruction was
Salvation, life, for all mankind;
All ascending on Thy cross
May God in glory find.

699. *The high priest...said unto Him, Answerest, &c.*—xxvi. 62.

SAVIOUR, at Thy command I speak,
Or suffering in the truth's defence,
I stand, like Thee, submissive, meek,
Nor plead my injured innocence:
Thy silence teaches me to waive
The vehement, vain apology;
Thy silence the example gave,
And bought the speechless grace for me.

700. *But Jesus held His peace.*—xxvi. 63.

THAT silence of the' eternal Word
Confounds our eagerness of pride,
Who will not imitate our Lord
Or man's unjust reproach abide:
With warm, self-vindicating zeal,
Impatient we throw off the blame,
Answer, reply, dispute, appeal,
And all, except ourselves, condemn.

701. *Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said.*—xxvi. 64.

INNOCENCE will not descend
Himself to justify,
Yet He doth the truth defend
For which He came to die;
Owns the truth (that I am He
The Christ, the' eternal Son of God)
Truth of His Divinity,
And seals it with His blood.

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702. *Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man, &c.*—xxvi. 64.

How unlike the Person now
Which He shall soon appear,
When He doth the heavens bow
In awful pomp severe!
Robed with majesty and power,
Seated on His Father's throne!
Hasten, Lord, that happiest hour,
Eternal Judge, come down!

703. *Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, &c.*—xxvi. 65.

JESUS let all His saints revere
Treated as a blasphemer here!
Whom prostrate seraphim adore,
The blasphemous affront He bore,
That we may patiently endure,
May make the crown through sufferings sure,
He heard their charge without reply,
And stoop'd a silent lamb to die.

704. *They answered and said, He is guilty of death.*—xxvi. 66.

AND shall Thy followers, Lord, complain,
Unjustly doom'd by sinful men,
Or patiently Thy cross receive,
Judged by the world "not fit to live"?

705. *Then did they spit in His face, and buffeted, &c.*—xxvi. 67.

1 HAIL, *Galilean* King,
Thy humbled state we sing!
Mock'd, and spit upon below,
Smote by sacrilegious hands,
Man would not his Maker know;
Angels fly at Thy commands.

2 From spitting, shame, and scorn,
Thy face Thou didst not turn:

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How unlike our Pattern we!
Sacred is our character,
Every trivial injury
Seems too great for life to bear.

3 Our quick-resenting pride
Henceforth we cast aside,
Lay our honour at Thy feet,
Meeken'd by Thy Spirit's power,
Like the Lamb of God submit,
Jesus on the cross adore.

706. *He denied before* them *all.*—xxvi. 70.

1 THIS dire concupiscence within
Which tempts me to the treacherous sin,
Saviour I always feel,
The darkness of my carnal mind
Which casts Thy benefits behind,
The weakness of my will.

2 My memory, Lord, cannot retain
Ten thousand vows renew'd in vain,
Ten thousand promises:
Tempted I shall Thyself deny,
Unless Thou giv'st me to rely
On Thine almighty grace.

3 But if Thy grace my soul defend,
But if I on Thy grace depend,
With bold fidelity
I shall to all Thy foes maintain,
To all the world, I know the Man
Who lived and died for me.

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707. *And again he denied with an oath.*—xxvi. 72.

1 WHO weakly once to sin gives place,
Left to himself, by Jesus' grace
No longer now withheld,
Assail'd by sin's redoubled power,
His abject soul resists no more,
Or only fights to yield.

2 When rash into the snare we run,
One sin will draw a second on,
And to a third increase:
Fresh guilt chastises for the past
Till quite forsook we rise at last
To blackest perjuries.

708. *I know not the Man.*—xxvi. 74.

NOT know the Man (that God below)
With whom so late thou vow'dst to die!
Alas, thyself thou didst not know,
Or wouldst not now thy Lord deny:
Go, *Peter*, weep thy shameful fall,
And let thy grief o'erwhelm us all.

709.

WHAT end of man's apostasy,
If still the' apostate Thou forsake?
But stopp'd, almighty Love, by Thee,
The wandering sinner is brought back:
Thy look the gracious power supplied,
Or *Peter* had like *Judas* died.

710. *Peter remembered the word of Jesus.*—xxvi. 75.

BUT He who gave the slighted word,
Brought it again to *Peter's* mind,
The sinner's sleeping conscience stirr'd,
By shame and deep contrition join'd

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For him who had his Lord forsook,
Jesus had pray'd before the throne,
And cast the kind upbraiding look
Which smote and broke his heart of stone.

711. *He went out, and wept bitterly.*—xxvi. 75.

SEE, the sad fruit of sin appears,
While *Peter* weeps a briny flood!
But that which costs the servant tears
Must cost the Lord His richest blood!
The sea of tears which *Peter* sheds
Can never purge his crimson sin,
But Jesus for the sinner pleads,
And pours His blood to make him clean.

712.

1 THE dire occasion of my fall
O may I still, like *Peter*, fly,
My Saviour's words to mind recall,
And feel the influence of His eye!
My sins and past unfaithfulness
I would at Jesus' feet deplore,
Till comforted by pardoning grace
I rise, and trust my heart no more.

2 Jesus, almighty to convert,
On me Thy conquering mercy show,
Strike by Thy love this rocky heart,
And bid the contrite waters flow:
But let me still embrace Thy feet,
Weep on, when graciously forgiven,
Till Thou exalt me to Thy seat,
And dry these gracious tears in heaven.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

713. *When they had bound Him, they led* Him, *&c.*—xxvii. 2.

1 THEE, Jesus, Thee our hearts adore!
Bound as a criminal profane,
Given up into the judge's power,
Thou brav'st the punishment of man;
Haled to the Lord's tremendous bar,
The Governor of earth and sky,
Worthy to be condemn'd we are,
Worthy the second death to die.

2 But loosed by Thy captivity
Thy meritorious bonds we bless,
Rejoice, while led away with Thee
To life and endless happiness:
Deliver'd from the Judge Divine
With all Thy family above,
With all Thy saints on earth we join
The triumph of redeeming love.

714. *Judas...repented himself, and brought again, &c.*—xxvii. 3.

1 MY sins I may with horror own,
Break off, and the occasion shun,
My helpless case lament,
Restore my sinful ill-got gain,
Yet never feel that godly pain,
Or savingly repent.

2 In vain with guilty, slavish fear
I see the righteous Judge appear,
And shrink His wrath to bear:
Unless I in His mercy hope,
Dread of His wrath will shut me up
In damnable despair.

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3 But when I all my sins confess,
My only refuge in distress
Is a most gracious God,
Who will not suffer me to die,
When self-condemn'd to Christ I fly,
And plead His speaking blood.

4 Father, I now the' atonement plead:
Through Him who suffer'd in my stead,
And did my guilt remove
Bold to Thy throne of grace I come,
And thus escape the traitor's doom,
And thus obtain Thy love.

715. *He cast down the pieces of silver in the, &c.*—xxvii. 5.

SUCH, miser, is thy end, or worse,
Who wealth unjustly dost obtain,
By conscience gnaw'd with late remorse,
At death thou wouldst repent in vain,
In vain wouldst benefit the poor
By what thou canst no longer keep:
Self-murder'd soul, thy doom deplore,
And plunged in hell for ever weep!

716. *The chief priests took the silver pieces, and, &c.*—xxvii. 6.

1 THE conscience of chief-priests admire!
So carefully a gnat they strain!
The price of blood, the traitor's hire
Their sacred offerings would profane:
But guiltless blood they boldly spill,
And no remorse the ruffians feel.

2 The children with their sires compare:
How closely in their steps they tread!
For small indifferent things they care,
For superstitious trifles plead,

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But take the ancient murderer's part,
And hate their brethren in their heart.

3 With envious, fierce, vindictive pride,
Saviour, Thy servants they defame;
Cast out our names unheard, untried,
Resolved, impatient to condemn,
And in our innocence to' oppress
The truth with all its witnesses.

717. *Jesus stood before the governor.*—xxvii. 11.

Lo! the Son of Man appears,
To bonds and death pursued,
In a wicked judge reveres
The' authority of God!
Subject to His foes' command,
Mark that humble Prisoner there!
All mankind shall shortly stand,
And tremble at *His* bar!

718.

WITNESS to the truth He bears
Which sets His prisoners free,
Simply to the world declares
His own Divinity:
This His good confession was,
That we His kingdom might confess,
All the virtue of His cross,
And all the strength of grace.

719. *When He was accused of the chief priests, &c.*—xxvii. 12.

WHEN maliciously they seek
Occasion to accuse,
Urged by clamorous foes to speak,
We lawfully refuse:

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Innocence with generous scorn
May envious accusation slight,
Silence is the just return
To impotent despite.

720.

SPEECHLESS the Saviour stood
Beneath my guilty load,
He answer'd not, for I
Have nothing to reply:
But when condemn'd and dumb
I before God become,
His mouth is open'd then for me,
His blood proclaims the sinner free.

721. *Hearest Thou not how many things they, &c.*—xxvii. 13.

YES; their slanderous lies I hear,
As one that hears them not,
Silent at the bar appear
Where truth is never sought:
Let them every evil say,
Against the servants testify:
Judged in man's unrighteous day,
I as my Lord reply.

722. *He answered him to never a word.*—xxvii. 14.

JESUS answer'd not a word
To furious calumny:
But the silence of my Lord
Distinctly speaks to me:
Taught by this I now forbear
My eagerness of self-defence,
Leave to God the cause and care
Of blacken'd innocence.

723. *The governor marvelled greatly.*—xxvii. 14.

HAPPY soul who Jesus knows
By silence to proclaim!

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Nothing more confounds his foes
Or glorifies the Lamb:
Speechless when we stand, alike
Unmoved by man's reproach or praise,
More than miracle we strike
And all the world amaze.

724. *Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that, &c.*—xxvii. 17.

1 THE magistrate is oft inclined
Jesus's faithful flock to spare;
More mercy from the world we find
Than men of sacred character:
Pity for innocence oppress'd
May move a moral heathen's breast.

2 But those who bear the Christian's name,
And boast their form devoid of power,
They hate the followers of the Lamb,
(As wolves the harmless sheep devour,)
Christians they never can forgive,
Or let the true religion live.

725. *The chief priests and elders persuaded the, &c.*—xxvii. 20.

PASTORS corrupt their flocks induce
Sin before Jesus to prefer,
The world before their God to choose,
Riches before a life of prayer,
Pleasure to ask and sensual joy,
And the true life of Christ destroy.

726. *The governor...said,... Whether of the twain, &c.*—xxvii. 21.

1 I TOO have oft preferr'd
To Christ my sin abhorr'd,

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A robber and a murderer spared,
And crucified my Lord:
I spared the lust that stole
My heart, O God, from Thee,
The lust that would destroy my soul
To all eternity.

2 That just and holy One
Who suffer'd in my place
I would not for my Saviour own,
And kill'd His life of grace.
But Christ I now receive,
Myself not Him deny:
Henceforth in me let Jesus live,
And let *Barabbas* die.

727. *What shall I do then with Jesus which is, &c.*—xxvii. 22.

1 WITH Christ what shall I do?
What use of Jesus make?
For wisdom, strength, and justice too,
And holiness I take:
My Advocate and Peace,
My Life which never dies,
My Hope, and Refuge in distress,
My Leader to the skies.

2 I take Him for my Lord,
My only God above,
To be with confidence adored,
And served with humble love:
In all things I employ
My Prophet, King, and Priest:
I take Him for my present Joy,
And my eternal Rest.

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728.

1 WITH Christ what shall I do?
The Prince of life and peace
I will not crucify anew,
But yield to His release:
I will in Him believe,
By sin so long oppress'd,
Into mine arms of faith receive,
And cherish in my breast.

2 My Friend, my bosom Friend,
He never shall depart,
But stay and love me to the end,
And keep my faithful heart:
To Him I still will sue
For grace and purity,
And let Him reign, and let Him do
Whate'er He will with me.

729. *They cried out the more, saying, Let Him, &c.*—xxvii. 23.

WHY, what evil hath He done,
Asks the heathen judge in vain?
Crucify, for crimes unknown,
Crucify, they urge again!
No, there can be no reprieve;
Only blood will satisfy:
That our guilty souls may live,
Innocence itself must die.

730.

1 WITH full indignation fired
Now my hateful sins I see,
Sins that Jesus' death required,
Sins that nail'd Him to the tree:

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All the sins which I have done
Call'd and clamour'd for His blood :
Dying, by His blood alone
God could quench the wrath of God.

2 Shall I suffer them to live
Jesus' murderers abhorr'd?
No ; to daily death I give
Sins that crucified my Lord :
Let the fleshly *Adam* bleed,
Nature, self, its life resign,
Till I rise entirely dead,
Fill'd with purest life Divine.

731. *Then answered all the people, and said, &c.*—xxvii. 25.

1 HORRIBLE wish ! Thy murderers dare
The blessing to a curse pervert :
We turn the curse into a prayer ;
To cleanse our lives, and purge our heart,
In all its hallowing, blissful powers
Thy blood be, Lord, on us and ours !

2 On me, Thou bleeding Lamb, on me
Be pour'd the consecrating stream,
From all, from all iniquity
My life, my nature to redeem,
To fill with purity Divine,
And sign my soul for ever Thine.

732. *Then released he Barabbas unto them.*—xxvii. 26.

ME, the true *Barabbas*, me,
Me, and every soul of man
Jesus bought, and set us free,
For a world of sinners slain :

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Gladly I the grace receive,
I who shed my Saviour's blood,
Live, a pardon'd murderer, live
Ransom'd by the death of God.

733. *When he had scourged Jesus, he delivered, &c.*—xxvii. 26.
SCOURGED by wicked, cruel men,
When Thine only Son I see,
Father, shall I dare complain
Chasten'd for my sins by Thee?
Chasten'd for my good alone
To Thy gracious will I yield:
But let Jesus' blood atone,
Let me by His stripes be heal'd.

734. *Then the soldiers...took Jesus.*—xxvii. 27.
OUR meek, pacific Prince adore,
Abandon'd to the soldiers' power,
A Lamb with leopards join'd;
That outraged by the men of war,
His church their violences may bear,
And peace in Jesus find.

735. *They stripped Him, and put on Him a, &c.*—xxvii. 28.
JESUS with eyes of faith I see,
Stripp'd of His seamless coat for me,
Exposed to shame and scorn,
That I may cast my sordid dress
And with His purest righteousness
My naked soul adorn.

736. *They put a crown of thorns upon His head, &c.*—xxvii. 29.
1 STILL let the world with haughty pride
His suffering majesty deride,
And scoff His Spirit's power:

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I glory with the *Jews* unseen
To serve a Lord refused by men
An humbled King to' adore.

2 I worship whom the world despise,
His scorn and ignominy prize,
His scarlet robe put on,
And crown'd with thorns my bleeding King
To His, to my great Father bring,
And claim a glorious crown.

3 Jesus, Thy patient power I feel:
Insulted in Thy members still,
A King of sorrows Thou:
With love's unfeign'd sincerity,
I bow mine inmost soul to Thee,
And shall for ever bow.

737. *They spit upon Him, and took the reed, &c.*—xxvii. 30.

SIGHT incomprehensible,
Which sense will ne'er conceive!
His mysterious grief who feel
They only can believe:
Humbled at His feet we pray:
Or lost in awe that dares not move,
Silent adoration pay,
Unutterable love!

738.

1 KINGS of earth, from Christ alone
Your royal power proceeds:
Taught by Him, with reverence own
Your sceptres are but reeds:
Use them for your heavenly King,
To' advance on earth His reigning power,
All into subjection bring
To Him your hearts adore.

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2 Dare ye spurn the just command
Of your incarnate God?
Soon that reed in Jesus' hand
Shall prove an iron rod:
Him your sovereign Lord confess,
And Jesus shall His servants own,
Wave the sceptre of His grace,
And call you to His throne.

739. *After that they had mocked Him, they...led, &c.*— xxvii. 31.

STILL we see our Lord below
Mock'd by hypocrites profane,
Mock'd with forms and empty show,
Mock'd with acts of worship vain:
Twice a week they bow the knee,
Zealous in religion's cause;
Then away to *Calvary!*
Then they nail Him to His cross!

740.

FOLLOWERS of the silent Lamb,
Keep we still our Lord in view,
Charged with His reproach and shame
Him to *Calvary* pursue:
Saviour, let Thy Spirit lead,
Let Thy cross the power supply:
Then in all Thy steps we tread,
Then we come with Thee to die!

741. *Simon...they compelled to bear His cross.*—xxvii. 32.

SOON as we truly willing are
To serve the Saviour's cause,
Forced by an adverse world,
We bear the scandal of Thy cross:
At first we bear it through constraint,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood

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No more we shrink, no more we faint,
  But bless the welcome load.

742. *They gave Him vinegar to drink mingled, &c.*—xxvii. 34.
WORLDLY consolations see!
  Mix'd with gall the wine they give!
But who dies the death for me,
  Will not the support receive;
Will not lose one moment's pain;
  Bears the full unlessen'd load,
Bears the rage of fiends and men,
  Bears the utmost wrath of God!

743.
MEN would charm it or remove,
  To their pain insensible:
Saints who Jesus' sufferings love,
  All their own consent to feel,
Calmly fill their measure up,
  Sure that all their griefs are His,
Drink His passion's deepest cup,
  Die with Him in perfect peace.

744. *And sitting down they watched Him there.*—xxvii. 36.
1 HAPPY might I station'd be
Near the ignominious tree!
Lamb of God my suit admit,
Place me at Thy wounded feet:
Here I would through life abide,
Watching with the Crucified,
Fix'd in silent wonder gaze
On Thy marr'd yet heavenly face:

2 Humbly at Thy cross adore,
Feel its crucifying power,
Catch the sanctifying blood,
Die with an expiring God!

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Give me thus Thy death to see,
Till my soul is all like Thee,
Meet to live the life above,
Swallow'd up in praise and love.

745. They *set up over His head His accusation, &c.*—xxvii. 37.

1 THEE Jesus, Thee Thy foes confess,
Lord of lords and Prince of peace,
Beyond their own design:
King of the inward *Jews* Thou art;
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,
And all my heart is Thine.

2 Thy right acquired by mortal pain
Over this poor worm maintain,
And challenge for Thine own,
And reign o'er every child of grace,
And fix in all the ransom'd race
Thine everlasting throne.

746. *Then were there two thieves crucified with, &c.*—xxvii. 38.

1 NUMBER'D with the transgressors, Thee,
Betwixt the felons crucified,
Coming again we soon shall see
The good and evil to divide,
To' assign their states unchangeable
In joys of heaven, or pains of hell.

2 I see Thee now to sinners join'd,
That sinners may Thy life partake,
That I may Thy salvation find,
And pardon'd for Thy passion's sake,
Be number'd with Thy saints above,
To' adore the depths of dying love.

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747. *They that passed by reviled Him, &c.*—xxvii. 39, 40.

1 MAN mocks a Saviour, and High-priest
Who comes the temple to destroy,
His power that rescues the distress'd,
Who will not for Himself employ,
A Son of God the world deride,
A Man exposed and crucified.

2 But we our great High-priest admire,
Himself the temple fill'd with God,
The God who doth for man expire,
Who buys and saves us through His blood,
And bids us on His cross ascend
To reign with our immortal Friend.

748. *Himself He cannot save.*—xxvii. 42.

1 HIMSELF He *will* not save, that we
His saving grace may taste and see:
He dies, that His worst foes may find
His death the life of all mankind.

2 Himself, *and* us, He cannot save,
And therefore sinks into *our* grave,
A voluntary Victim dies,
That we may to *His* glory rise.

749. *There was darkness over all the land.*—xxvii. 45.

DARKNESS the whole earth o'erspreads,
And fills with sad affright,
While the' eclipse of death invades
That uncreated Light:
But that Sun shall soon appear,
All the gloom of hell disperse,
All the frown of heaven, and cheer
Our brighten'd universe.

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750. *Jesus cried.*—xxvii. 46.

O JESUS, let Thy dying cry
  Pierce to the bottom of my heart,
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
  And bid its unbelief depart,
Slay the dire root and seed of sin,
  Prepare for Thee the holiest place;
Then, then essential Love, come in,
  And fill Thy house with endless praise.

751. *My God, My God, why hast Thou, &c.*—xxvii. 46.

1 WHO comprehends the reason why,
  Must God's whole mystery explain,
Must know how all in *Adam* die,
  That all may live in Christ again;
Must God's eternal purpose see,
  (A secret to His host above,)
And sound the depths of Deity,
  The wisdom, righteousness, and love.

2 Hast Thou forgot, Thou Man of woe,
  The end of all Thy sorrows here,
For whom Thou didst Thy heaven forego,
  For whom in mortal flesh appear?
Didst Thou not thirst to drink the cup,
  To' accomplish Thy great sacrifice,
And yield Thy spotless spirit up,
  And draw us after to the skies?

3 'Tis not for sin which Thou hast done,
  Thine angry Father hides His face,
But on Thine innocence is shown
  The vengeance due to *Adam's* race;

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Thou all our sin and curse hast took,
That we may bless'd and holy be;
Thou by Thy Father art forsook,
That God may ne'er abandon me.

752. *Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud, &c.*—xxvii. 50.

1 JESUS, was ever love like Thine!
Thy life a scene of wonder is,
Thy death itself is all Divine,
While, pleased Thy spirit to dismiss,
Thou dost out of the flesh retire,
And, like the Prince of Life expire!

2 Thy death supports the dying saint:
Thy death my sovereign comfort be!
While feeble flesh and nature faint,
Arm with Thy mortal agony,
And fill, while soul and body part,
With life, immortal life, my heart.

3 O let Thy death's mysterious power
With all its sacred weight descend,
To consecrate my final hour,
To bless me with Thy peaceful end;
And breathed into the hands Divine
My spirit be received with Thine!

753.

BENEATH my sins He bow'd His head,
My sins and those of all mankind!
His soul a victim in our stead
Into His Father's hands resign'd!
The' immortal God He breathed His last!
The sight all earth and heaven amazed;
Their silent harps aside they cast,
And angels trembled as they gazed.

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754. *The veil of the temple was rent in twain.*—xxvii. 51.

RENT by Thy expiring groan
The temple's veil I see,
Rent the flesh Thou didst put on,
Eternal God, for me :
Viewing now the heavens thrown wide,
I to my Father's house repair,
Boldly enter through Thy side,
And claim a mansion there.

755. *The earth did quake, and the rocks rent.*—xxvii. 51.

SAVIOUR, let Thy dying love
Its virtue still exert,
Earth to its foundations move,
And break the rocky heart :
Sinners by Thy passion shake,
The most obdurate spirits rent,
By Thy death the dead awake,
And bid the world repent.

756. *The graves were opened ; and many, &c.*—xxvii. 52, 53.

1 EARTH explains the plaintive cry,
While to its centre shook,
Nature's works inform us *why*
Thou wast of God forsook :
Now the wondrous cause we trace,
Thy love in its effects we find,
Joyfully Thy death confess
The life of all mankind.

2 By Thy death the living way
Is open'd to the skies,
Judgments horribly display
The death that never dies !

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Earth with conscious dread is fill'd!
But lo! the riven rocks proclaim
Penitential grace reveal'd
Through Thy almighty name.

3 Lo, the open'd graves declare
Thy death destroys our sin,
Doth on twice-dead souls confer
The life of God within:
Lo, the saints by rising show
That all may feel Thy quickening power,
May Thy resurrection know,
And wake to sleep no more.

4 Rising saints forsake the tomb,
To us, they testify
We our bodies shall resume,
And mount above the sky;
We shall leave the sepulchre
In that *Jerusalem* above,
Glad before Thy face to' appear,
And sing Thy dying love.

757. *Now when the centurion, and they that, &c.*—xxvii. 54.

1 WHO knowingly the truth oppose,
More distant from salvation stand,
More unconvincible than those
Blind instruments of their command,
That serve their execrable will,
And all their bloody mind fulfil.

2 The first effects of dying love
Wrought on the *Pagan* soldiers see!
Their hearts with conscious awe approve,
And own the suffering Deity,

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To *Jews* a bless'd example give,
And bid the heathen world believe.

758. *And many women were there beholding.*—xxvii. 55.

LEFT to themselves the strong give place,
The weak are fortified by grace:
The men forsake their Lord and fly,
The women stand and see Him die!
His death its sovereign power imparts
With bolder faith to female hearts,
And bids the feebler vessels prove
The utmost strength of bleeding love.

759. *He went to Pilate, and begged the body, &c.*—xxvii. 58.

CHRIST and His truth when all desert
'T is then our time to take His part,
Ourselves with boldness to declare,
And show, that we His followers are,
Resolved to suffer by His side,
And die with Jesus crucified.

760. *There was Mary Magdalene, and the other, &c.*—xxvii. 61.

1 FAIN would I my affection show,
Keep the sepulchre in view,
Nor ever hence remove:
Through life my whole employment be
To muse on Jesus' love for me,
On Jesus' dying love.

2 The friendship of my heavenly Friend
Death itself can never end:
The love on me bestow'd
Establish'd by His death I feel,
Confirm'd by His own Spirit's seal,
And cemented with blood.

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3 Station'd by my Redeemer's grave,
Waiting for His power to save,
Adhering to His word,
I prove my firm fidelity,
Conceal'd with Him I cannot see,
And buried with my Lord.

4 To all who watch His sepulchre,
Jesus shall again appear,
His faithful followers own;
The Head shall bid the members rise,
And draw us after to the skies,
And seat us on His throne.

761. *Command therefore that the sepulchre be, &c.*—xxvii. 64.

1 How vain the care of Jesus' foes
The truth to bury and suppress!
The avenues of faith they close,
And thus confirm the witnesses,
By hindering serve our God's design,
And prove the prophecy Divine.

2 Can all the art of devilish man,
The stone, the soldiers, and the seal
Eternal life in death detain,
When Jesus bursts the gates of hell,
And bids at last the dead arise,
And meet their sentence in the skies?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

762. *As it began to dawn...came Mary Magdalene, &c.*—xxviii. 1.

DEATH and the grave can never cool
The zeal of a believing soul:
With love to her Redeemer fired,
With earnest holy haste inspired,

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Led to the cross who mourn'd to see
Her Saviour breathless on the tree,
Shall first at Jesus' sepulchre,
With joy behold her Lord appear.

763. *Behold, there was a great earthquake, &c.*—xxviii. 2—4.

1 OMNIPOTENCE alone
Can roll away the stone,
The mountain-bar remove,
The obstacle to love,
The rock of infidelity,
And let my Lord arise in me.

2 O that this earth might quake,
And all the keepers shake!
O might I feel the fear
Which speaks my Saviour near!
Let nature now as dead become,
While Jesus rises from the tomb.

3 Even now a sketch I see
Of Jesus' victory,
My rising Lord I feel,
Who shakes both earth and hell,
His foes as slaves, aghast, submit,
And death expires beneath His feet!

764. *Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, &c.*—xxviii. 5.

1 READER of the trembling heart
Those who seek the Crucified,
Bid our every fear depart,
Bid us in Thy death abide,
Waiting at Thy tomb to see,
See, and share Thy victory.

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2 Thee to seek by Thee inclined,
On Thy promise we depend
" Every one that seeks shall find,"
Shall out of Thy grave ascend,
To true holiness restored
Quicken'd with our rising Lord.

3 Thee we cannot trust in vain :
Thou wilt every bar remove,
Show Thyself alive again,
Show to us the life of love,
Fill our drooping hearts with peace,
Raise us up Thy witnesses.

765. *He is not here: for He is risen, as He said, &c.*—xxviii. 6.

1 WHO seek the Crucified,
Dismiss your needless fear:
He once for sinners died,
But lives no longer here :
This is the third triumphant day :
Come see the place where Jesus lay.

2 Among the dead in vain
Ye seek your heavenly Lord :
He lives, He lives again
According to His word !
Receive the power His life imparts,
And find Him risen in your hearts.

766. *Go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is, &c.*—xxviii. 7.

1 WITH *Magdalene* and me
Let every mourner come,
By faith behold and see
His late deserted tomb,

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And swift to His disciples fly,
The joyful truth to testify.

2 Who now lament and grieve
As Christ would ne'er appear,
His witnesses believe,
And cast away your fear:
Him we have seen to life restored:
Rejoice in our immortal Lord.

3 No longer weep and mourn,
The Lord is risen indeed!
By faith to Jesus turn,
By Jesus' Spirit led,
With us to *Galilee* repair,
And see your living Saviour there.

767. *They departed quickly from the sepulchre, &c.*—xxviii. 8.

Joy unmix'd I would not know:
When Thou dost to me appear,
Guard the joy Thou dost bestow,
Moderate it with humble fear;
Fear of my unworthiness,
Fear lest I Thy grace should hide,
Fear of nature's fond excess,
Fear of losing it by pride.

768. *As they went to tell His disciples, behold, &c.*—xxviii. 9.

To carry Thy disciples word,
With trembling haste I move:
O come, and meet Thy servant, Lord,
And turn my fear to love:
The servile, base, tormenting dread
Is scatter'd by Thy voice,
Which bids me circumspectly tread,
And reverently rejoice.

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769.

My Saviour lost if I have found,
Again reveal'd in me,
Sent forth to spread the gospel-sound
O may I cleave to Thee:
I live to testify and praise
Thy goodness, truth, and power:
But let me still Thy feet embrace,
Thy majesty adore.

770. *Go tell My brethren.*—xxviii. 10.

Wilt Thou as such the cowards own,
All who deserted Thee?
Then I am of Thy brethren one,
And mercy is for me.

771.

1 Whom Christ His brethren owns,
Are God's adopted sons:
Jesus with His brethren shares
All that God to Him hath given;
Join'd with Him, the sons are heirs,
Heirs to pompous thrones in heaven.

2 'Tis then we soon shall find
The joy for us design'd,
That inheritance receive
Purchased by our Brother's blood,
All His image bear, and live,
One with Christ, as Christ with God.

772. *So they took the money, and did as they, &c.*—xxviii. 15.

They always, Lord, who money love
Thy bitterest persecutors prove:
The *Pharisees* Thy life pursued,
The traitor bargain'd for Thy blood:

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The soldiers to conceal Thy rise,
For money sold their current lies;
And worldly priests their malice spend
On Thee and Thine, till time shall end.

773. *When they saw Him, they worshipped Him.*—xxviii. 17.

JESUS when by faith we see,
His Father we confess,
Fulness of the Deity
Shines glorious in His face:
Open now my spirit's eyes,
And I Thy worshipper shall prove,
Bless the Lord of earth and skies,
And never doubt Thy love.

774. *But some doubted.*—xxviii. 17.

HAD they no true faith received,
Because they wanted more?
Have not I, O Lord, believed
Who groan for larger power,
Trust Thee, that my latest doubt
Thou wilt at Pentecost remove,
Cast, and keep the tempter out
By perfect peace and love?

775. *All power is given unto Me in heaven, &c.*—xxviii. 18.

1 THE power is on the Man bestow'd,
Not on the one eternal God:
And every messenger from Thee,
Clothed with Thy own authority,
Proclaims the world through Thee forgiven,
Thee, the great Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Fulness of power in heaven is Thine
Who giv'st the Comforter Divine:

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Thy Spirit on our earth bestow'd
Descends to witness with the blood,
To fill us with Thy purity,
And draw Thy members up to Thee.

3 Our mighty Intercessor there,
For us Thou dost the place prepare,
Thine own redeem'd possession claim,
And mark a mansion with my name,
And purchased for Thy ransom'd ones
Thy hand shall fix us on our thrones.

4 Fulness of power in earth is Thine,
Who canst the sinful heart incline,
The virtue of Thy cross display
And bow the nations to Thy sway,
Make every soul of man submit,
And fall, and kiss Thy bleeding feet.

5 Thou by Thy energy of grace
Canst sanctify Thy chosen race,
Protect Thy little flock below,
And wash and keep us white as snow,
Thy love's omnipotence make known
By perfecting Thy saints in one.

6 God over all and Judge supreme,
Thou canst absolve us or condemn ;
Thou wilt Thy dreadful power declare,
And doom the wicked at Thy bar,
Consign to flames unquenchable,
And seal them up with fiends in hell.

7 Jesus Thy saving power employ,
My evil nature to destroy,
Exterminate Thy foe in me,
And set my heart at liberty

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To serve Thee, like Thy hosts above,
With perfect holiness and love.

8 O that with all Thy people I
Might prove Thy power in earth and sky!
Now by Thy power with God obtain
His Spirit in my heart to reign;
And with Thine heavenly Father come,
And claim Thine everlasting home.

776. *Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, &c.*—xxviii. 19.

1 GREAT triune God, Thy servants own,
And while they make Thy nature known,
Let them Thy promised presence find,
Sent to baptize into Thy name,
Sent a lost world for Thine to claim,
Sent to disciple all mankind:

2 With signs their high commission seal,
In every ordinance reveal
Thyself, and shed Thy love abroad,
Their apostolic labours crown,
Come Father, Son, and Spirit down,
And fill our universe with God.

777.

1 ADOPTED by the Father's grace,
Incorporated with the Son,
Fill'd with the Spirit of holiness,
God One in Three, and Three in One,
Christians throughout their lives proclaim,
And bear the great Jehovah's name.

2 Partakers of His nature pure,
They all His words with joy receive,
His church, they labour and endure,
His saints, for God alone they live,

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His host they see the glittering prize,
And fight their passage to the skies.

778. *Teaching them to observe all things, &c.*—xxviii. 20.

1 No preachers of Thy gospel they,
Who teach *believe*, but not *obey ;*
The faithful servants of their Lord
Enforce Thy every sacred word,
By precept and example press
True, universal righteousness.

2 Themselves instructed from above
Who *preach the law* of faith and love,
Whate'er they at Thy mouth receive
Who freely to Thy people give,
Thy Spirit owns their ministry,
Thy presence proves them sent by Thee.

779. *And, lo, I am with you alway,* even *unto, &c.*—xxviii. 20.

1 THIS is the word in every age
Which doth support and keep
From sin, the world, and Satan's rage,
The shepherds and the sheep :
Thy ministers and people too
On this alone depend,
Thou said'st "I always am with you,
Till time and death shall end."

2 Jesus I faithfully receive
The promise made to me,
And happy in Thy service live,
To gather souls for Thee :
I trust Thy truth and love and power,
Thy messenger to bless,
Till brought through every fiery hour
Thou bidd'st me die in peace.

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S. MARK.

CHAPTER I.

780. *The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ.*—i. 1.

1 GOSPEL indeed! the' eternal God
His Son on mortals hath bestow'd!
Rejoice! ye favour'd sons of men,
Jehovah in your flesh is seen:
He brings you news of sins forgiven,
Of peace restored 'twixt earth and heaven.

2 Triumph ye ransom'd worms of earth,
Exult in your Creator's birth,
Your long expected Saviour greet,
And gladly to His sway submit:
Good tidings of great joy He brings
Exalting beggars into kings.

3 Sure earnest of the joys above,
He bids you reign, enthroned in love;
His gracious kingdom here receive
With meekness in His sight to live,
And then His glorious kingdom share,
And reign with Christ triumphant there.

781. *And were all baptized of him in the river, &c.*—i. 5.

1 WHAT, to man my follies own!
Pride will never give consent:
Lord, Thou seest my heart is stone,
Till the stricken rock is rent:

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Touch my heart with contrite shame,
Speak my stubborn pride removed;
Then I can to all proclaim
What a monster Thou hast loved.

2 Bid me step into the pool,
By repentance I obey:
But my filthiness of soul
Cannot thus be purged away:
Tears may wash my actual sin;
Guilt requires a stronger flood:
Plunge, and make my spirit clean
In the fountain of Thy blood.

782. *There cometh One mightier than I after me, &c.*—i. 7.

1 A TRUE forerunner of his Lord
Will point to Him that comes behind,
Worthy to be of all adored
The God, the Saviour of mankind!
The servant strives with jealous care
Himself out of our minds to' efface,
His image from our hearts to tear
And print his Maker's in the place.

2 A preacher of repentance true
Impatient of esteem and praise,
Withdraws himself from human view,
And sends us to the God of grace;
Skilful to turn our heart and eyes
On Him that doth our hearts require,
Doth with the Holy Ghost baptize,
And purge our earth with heavenly fire.

783. *He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.*—i. 8.

1 WHAT avails the outward sign,
Without the inward grace?

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Lord, I want Thy Spirit Divine
The spark of love to raise,
Straiten'd through intense desire
To feel the pure baptismal flame
Let the Holy Ghost inspire,
And plunge me in Thy name.

2 Unbaptized, in sin I live,
Till I Thy Spirit feel;
To Thy ransom'd servant give
That Gift unspeakable,
Witness, Pledge of joys unseen
Thy Spirit breathe into my breast:
Partner of Thy nature then
And one with Thee I rest.

784.

THAT Spirit Divine, that Water clean,
Jesus, Thou only canst impart,
That Fire which burns up all our sin,
And purifies the foulest heart:
O might He now the filth remove,
The burden of this wretched breast,
And kindling here a flame of love
For ever in His temple rest!

785. *Coming up out of the water, He saw the, &c.*—i. 10.

1 WHERE'ER the pure baptismal rite
Is duly minister'd below,
The heavens are open'd in our sight,
And God His Spirit doth bestow,
The grace infused invisible,
Which would with man for ever dwell.

2 But ah, we lost the grace bestow'd,
Nor let the Spirit on us remain,

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Made void the ordinance of God,
By sin shut up the heavens again,
Who would not keep our garments white,
Or walk as children of the light.

786. *Immediately the spirit driveth Him into, &c.*—i. 12.

By the legal goat foreshow'd
The heavenly Victim see,
Burden'd with the people's load,
A world's iniquity!
God on Him our sins did lay:
And lo, into the desert driven
Jesus bears them far away;
And we are all forgiven!

787. *He was there in the wilderness forty days, &c.*—i. 13.

1 LIFE a temptation is!
Its troubles never cease:
Grief to grief doth still succeed,
Woe to woe, as wave to wave,
Till the last o'erwhelms our head,
Sinks us to the quiet grave.

2 Soon as one fight is done,
Another is begun:
Satan watches us to see
When the flesh is mortified,
Tempts us by our victory,
Drives us on the rock of pride.

3 Ah, whither shall I run
By grace itself undone?
How escape my inbred foe,
While I in the furnace dwell,
Hunted by the fiends below,
Compass'd with the toils of hell?

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4 To Christ the tempted I
Tempted for help apply,
Meekly suffer to the end
Forty days or forty years,
Till the flaming guards descend,
Till the angel-God appears.

788. *Repent ye.*—i. 15.

1 SINNERS with true repentance turn
To Him your sins have pierced, and mourn;
Pardon'd, with deeper sorrow grieve,
Nor e'er on earth yourselves forgive;
When grace hath form'd your souls anew,
The sadly-pleasing task pursue,
And weeping show, till life is pass'd,
That the first duty is the last.

2 Through life your change of mind express
By following after righteousness,
By humble zeal and watchful prayer
The fruit of true repentance bear:
And still when all in Christ complete,
Lamenting at your Saviour's feet,
The height of your perfection prove
By lowest depths of contrite love.

789. *Straightway they forsook their nets, &c.*—i. 18.

WITHOUT reluctance or delay,
The call I cheerfully obey,
Drawn by no sensible reward
To follow my celestial Lord:
Made willing by the God unknown
My all to leave for Him alone,
Meanest of His disciples I
With Christ resolve to live and die.

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790. *He entered into the synagogue, and taught.*—i. 21.

1 DOTH Christ the passive people lead
By instincts or impressions blind?
Or doth He gradually proceed
To' inform and teach the reasoning mind?
The outward knowledge of His word
His Spirit's inward light afford!

2 From Him His ministers should learn
To' instruct the unenlighten'd crowd,
To show poor souls their first concern,
To' explain the oracles of God
And lead them on in all His ways
To search His word and seek His grace.

791. *They were astonished at His doctrine: for, &c.*—i. 22.

1 FROM servile fear and flatterers free
Who ministers the gospel-word,
With wisdom, life, and energy
He only seeks to please his Lord
And labours sinners to convert,
And gains, by preaching to, the heart.

2 He doth not learnedly declaim,
His gifts or eloquence to show,
But preaches peace in Jesus' name:
And all the man of God may know
Distinguish'd by an heavenly sign,
Clothed with authority Divine.

792. *When the unclean spirit had torn him, &c.*—i. 26.

1 WHAT violence and convulsive throes
Doth Satan's struggling captive feel!
Happy the man who soonest knows
To' escape the toils of sin and hell:

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But if resolved to serve thy God,
Sinner, for sorer toils prepare;
Satan will aggravate thy load,
Thy flesh torment, thy spirit tear.

2 His utmost rage and efforts vain,
Sure token of deliverance nigh,
His fiercest last assaults sustain,
With all thy strength to Jesus cry.
Invoke Him with redoubled prayer,
And soon the Saviour from all sin
Shall pluck thy soul out of the snare,
Shall bid thy sprinkled heart be clean.

793. *What new doctrine* is *this?*—i. 27.

1 WHO soften and corrupt the word,
The power of God who never knew,
They stumble at our pardoning Lord,
They call the ancient gospel new;
New to poor souls by them misled,
To teachers blind and sinners dead.

2 New as the word of truth and grace,
In *Abraham* and his sons fulfill'd,
In every age and every place;
New as the woman's Seed reveal'd,
New as the Lamb from *Adam's* fall
Promised, and preach'd, and slain for all!

794. *His fame spread abroad throughout all, &c.*—i. 28.

HIS own renown, His own great name
Could never hurt God's only Son:
But listening to the voice of fame,
A human preacher is undone;

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He lets the pleasing poison glide
Insensible through every part,
Till praise, and vanity, and pride
Corrupt his whole unwary heart.

795. *They entered into the house of Simon.*—i. 29.

In the houses of the great
Jesus doth not seek repose,
Pleased with an obscure retreat
To the poor and sick He goes.
Troubled with His creatures' pain,
Glad to answer their requests
Sojourns with a fisherman,
Humbly in a cottage rests.

796. *He came, and took her by the hand, and lifted her, &c.*—i. 31.

1 Happy the sin-sick soul to whom
Jesus doth in pity come,
Physician from the skies!
He touches by His sovereign grace,
Commands the fever to give place,
And bids the patient rise.

2 He rises glad to tend his Lord,
Renders back his strength restored,
And labours to approve
His faithful gratitude sincere,
By serving all who serve or fear
The God of pardoning love.

797. *In the morning, rising up a great while before, &c.*—i. 35.

1 Preventing the first dawn of day,
Thus may I steal myself away,
As Jesus leads me on;

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My labours leave to pray apart,
And pour out all my earnest heart,
And talk with God alone.

2 Howe'er in serving Him employ'd,
Oft will I quit the works of God,
And to the mount repair,
With thankfulness His grace request;
Or borrow the soft hours of rest
To spend in praise and prayer.

798. *When they had found Him, they said unto, &c.*—i. 37, 38.

1 An humble instrument of God,
Whom all men seek, esteem, applaud,
Their praises casts behind,
Far as his ministry permits
Into the wilderness retreats,
And flies from all mankind.

2 Glad to be hid, unknown, obscure,
Servant and preacher to the poor,
He leaves the wilderness;
To sinners rich the poor prefers,
Chief object of their Saviour's cares
And His expiring grace.

799. *There came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, &c.*—i. 40.

1 Where but at his Saviour's feet
Should a guilty sinner lie?
Languishing Thy touch to meet,
Jesus, for Thy help I cry,
Sin's inveterate leprosy
Humbly here expose to Thee.

2 Loathsome, foul, and self-abhorr'd,
Most unholy, most impure,

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From the pity of my Lord
May I not expect a cure?
Trusting in Thy power to heal,
Need I doubt Thy gracious will?

3 No I cannot doubt Thy love,
Love in every age the same;
Still my Saviour's bowels move,
While I invocate Thy name,
Humbly in Thy love confide,
Wait for Thy deserts applied.

4 Thou in Thy humanity
Instrument of grace Divine,
Dost apply Thyself to me,
Holiness to sinners join,
If I can believe that Thou
Willing art to cleanse me now.

5 Lord, I can, I do believe
Sin retires at Thy command:
Now the word almighty give,
Now extend Thy healing hand,
Bid my leprosy depart,
Touch, and purify my heart.

CHAPTER II.

800. *Many were gathered together, insomuch that, &c.*—ii. 2.

THE forwardness of listening *Jews*
Condemns our backwardness to hear,
Who now the word of God refuse,
Reject the gospel messenger,

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With envious wrath exclaim aloud,
And fiercely chide the flocking crowd.

801.

1 FEW on their ministry attend
Who preach themselves, not Christ the Lord :
But if our God His Spirit send
And give the dead-reviving word,
When *Shiloh* doth Himself reveal
To Him the people gather still.

2 Who preach the genuine word of God,
His presence doth their labours bless,
And while the eager multitude
Doth to the joyful tidings press,
Both minister and people join
In faith, to prove the word Divine.

802. *Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*—ii. 5.

1 SAVIOUR, Thy Spirit's power exert,
To seal my pardon on my heart,
To' assure me God is reconciled
And owns His dear adopted child,
Received into Thy family,
A member of Thy church and Thee.

2 Soon as I know my guilt removed
I know myself in Thee approved,
I feel that for Thy sake alone
A pardon'd sinner is a son,
And cry, constrain'd by love Divine,
The Father of my Lord is mine.

803. *Whether is it easier to say,...*Thy *sins be, &c.*—ii. 9.

SAVIOUR, Thou canst with equal ease,
As when Thou on our earth didst dwell,

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The body's and the soul's disease
By virtue from the Godhead heal:
With perfect life inspire my soul:
And if I yet may serve my Lord,
Pronounce this languid body whole,
And bid me rise, to preach Thy word.

804. *The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.*—ii. 10.

1 JESUS, the mortal Son of Man,
While humbly sojourning below,
Had power to purge our guilty stain,
And did His pardoning grace bestow:
But now He hath for sinners died,
But now He doth for ever live
Triumphant at His Father's side
Can Christ the Lord no more forgive?

2 Exalted on Thy glorious throne,
Thee, Prince of Peace by faith we see,
To make Thy power on sinners known,
To' impart Thy grace and purity:
A Saviour still in Thee we have,
Our Friend on earth, our Friend in heaven,
And *when* they trust Thy power to save,
A helpless world *are* all forgiven.

805. *He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto, &c.*—ii. 10, 11.

1 JESUS, Thine eye with pity sees
The fallen soul's severe disease:
Fallen in sin it lies,
Seeks in the creature its repose,
And weaker still, and weaker grows,
Till it for ever dies.

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2 Thou hast to me my case made known:
The palsy of my soul I own,
So impotent to good,
I cannot my old habits break,
Or once stir up myself to seek
And walk the heavenly road.

3 Attach'd to earth, and dead within,
Past feeling of my desperate sin,
My desperate misery,
One virtuous step I cannot take,
I cannot the least motion make
Toward happiness and Thee.

4 But O, Thy grace which comes to all
Attends to raise me from my fall,
My malady to heal,
And conscious of my helpless state,
A sinner at Thy feet I wait,
Till Thou Thy power reveal.

5 Thy word of evangelic grace
Can in this solemn moment raise
A penitent forgiven;
Speak then, my kind almighty Lord,
And bid me now by faith restored
Walk after Thee to heaven.

806. *They were all amazed, and glorified God, &c.*—ii. 12.

1 THEE, almighty God, we praise
For the wonders of Thy grace,
Wonders which our eyes have seen
Wrought among the sons of men,
Jesus, at Thy feet we own
Thine the work, and Thine alone.

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2 Many a paralytic soul
Thou hast spoke entirely whole,
Raised by Thy redeeming love,
Set their hearts on things above,
Certified of sin forgiven,
Lifted up from hell to heaven.

807. *He went forth again by the sea-side; &c.*—ii. 13.

SERVANT of Christ, thy talent see,
The people's confidence improve,
By turning their regard from thee
By teaching them their Saviour's love,
To Christ in vain they cannot go,
His grace is then to sinners given
When by thy ministry they know
The Truth, the Life, the Way to heaven.

808. *As Jesus sat at meat in his house, &c.*—ii. 15.

1 LORD, if I have indeed believed,
And Thee into my heart received,
Amidst the sinful crowd
O let me never blush to own
My Master, by the world unknown,
My Saviour and my God,

2 O may I never dare despise
The most abandon'd slaves of vice,
Or scorn their company,
But humble love for sinners show,
And prove my own conversion true,
By turning them to Thee.

3 Not to the just, but sinners sent,
I bid them in Thy name repent,
Thy following joy to prove:

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And O, that all with pardon bless'd
Would share with me the gospel-feast,
The banquet of Thy love.

809. *How is it that He eateth and drinketh, &c.*—ii. 16.

1 "So high, so holy, and so great,
Why doth your Lord with sinners eat?
Unfold His strange design:"
A *Pharisee* inquires in vain;
Faith only can the depth explain
Of charity Divine.

2 God over all, for ever bless'd,
Whose presence is the heavenly feast,
For us His throne He leaves,
His love the Man of Grief constrains,
And makes Him live with publicans,
And makes Him die with thieves!

810. *They that are whole have no need, &c.*—ii. 17.

1 RIGHTEOUS in our own esteem,
Far from Jesus we remove,
Just, we have no need of Him,
Him, or His forgiving love:
But if sick of sin we groan,
To the kind Physician cry,
He doth then His patients own,
He doth then His blood apply.

2 When He hath begun our cure,
Seal'd the pardon on our heart,
Made our life and nature pure,
Shall we bid Him then depart?

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No, unless with us He stays,
  Still applies His balmy blood,
We shall forfeit all His grace,
  Live to sin, and die to God.

811. *I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, &c.*—ii. 17.

SINNERS if Thou cam'st to call,
  Surely, Lord, Thou cam'st for me:
Me uplift out of my fall,
  Pardoning my iniquity:
Pardon'd let me still repent,
  Struck with deeper sorrow mourn,
Still my former sins lament,
  Weeping to Thy arms return.

812. *Why do the...Pharisees fast, but Thy disciples, &c.*—ii. 18.

1 A *Pharisee* his neighbours blames,
More to reprove their conduct aims
    Than to reform his own;
Eager that others should embrace
All his religious forms and ways,
    And copy him alone.

2 Of others with design he speaks,
And marking their omissions, seeks
    To draw the' admiring eye,
By branding them as less severe,
Himself he studies to prefer,
    Himself to magnify.

3 Far from his sour hypocrisy,
Thou inexperienced novice flee,
    The poisonous leaven shun;
Thy censure rash forbear to deal,
Nor boast thy forwardness of zeal
    To serve a God unknown.

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4 Thou feeble soul unsaved from pride,
All thy external rigours hide,
With humbly prudent care:
The inward true religion seek,
Be poor, self diffident, and meek,
And then for God declare.

813. *No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an, &c.*—ii. 21.

1 A PASTOR should consider long
The task, and strength to fit,
Nor much require from converts young,
Or services too great:
By urging novices too fast
While yet their grace is small,
He stops and makes them worse at last,
He mars and ruins all.

2 Satan himself will push them on
To' affect the high estate
Of men to perfect stature grown,
And preach, "they need not wait;"
Will dash their souls against the rock,
The babes by pride ensnare;
And when he can no longer mock,
Implunge them in despair.

3 A guide and master-builder wise
The deep foundation lays,
That souls from humble love may rise
To reach the perfect grace:
Humility preserves, and takes
For saints the lowest seat,
Love only edifies and makes
The man of God complete.

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814. *The Pharisees said unto Him,... Why do they, &c.*—ii. 24.

1 A *Pharisee* the law defends,
Whose end and spirit he o'erthrows,
Boldly the judgment-seat ascends,
Censures, rebukes, on all bestows,
Sets himself up as judge supreme,
And all must give account to him.

2 Full of himself, and swollen with pride,
All sects, except his own, he blames:
With confidence he dares decide,
O'er others the dominion claims.
He adds their followers to his own,
And reigns o'er all the church alone.

815. *Have ye never read what David did, &c.*—ii. 25, 26.

1 God in mercy to our race
Did all His laws ordain:
Precepts positive give place
To' ensure the good of man:
Every word from heaven reveal'd
Subservient to its end must prove,
Lose its binding force, and yield
To the great law of love.

2 When our neighbour's wants declare
Extremity of woe,
Taught by God, we nothing spare,
But freely all bestow:
God abandon'd in their need
The things reserved for Him alone,
Pitied those that wanted bread,
And fed them with His own.

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816. *The sabbath was made for man.*—ii. 27.

CHRIST'S is the religion pure,
Which only doth contain
Means effectual to secure
The happiness of man:
God by each command requires
The creature's happiness, not His,
Here our real good desires,
And our eternal bliss.

CHAPTER III.

817 *There was a man...which had a withered hand.*—iii. 1.

1 OUR weakness in this emblem we,
Our total inability
Of doing good, may find;
While strangers to restoring grace,
We here behold our helpless case,
The case of all mankind.

2 A wither'd hand the miser is,
So careful not to give amiss
He never gives at all!
A magistrate is dead and dry,
Who never doth his power apply
Where truth and justice call.

3 Who, of authority possess'd,
Neglects to succour the oppress'd,
Nor takes the injured part,
Dead in the sight of God is he,
And by the eye of faith we see
His impotence of heart.

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4 We see the unbelieving crowd,
Who cannot do one act of good,
Till Thou Thy love reveal,
Till Thou, almighty Lord, restore
The' effectual will, the gracious power
We lost, when *Adam* fell.

818. *He saith unto the man which had the withered, &c.*—iii. 3.

THE good which *Pharisees* gainsay
We should perform in open day,
Nor to their wrath attend:
Offended if with us they be,
Saviour, for imitating Thee,
We will, we must offend.

819. *They held their peace.*—iii. 4.

THE' insidious foes of truth become
Ofttimes through pride and envy dumb;
The good they would reprove
They dare not openly decry;
Nor dare they speak, to justify
The men they will not love.

820. *He...looked round about on them with anger, &c.*—iii. 5.

1 SUCH may all my anger be,
Sin when I in others see,
Not the pagan passion blind,
Rage of a vindictive mind,
But the fervency of zeal
Pain'd for those who cannot feel.

2 Lord, impart Thy grief to me,
Grief for man's obduracy;

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Angry at the sin alone,
Let me for the sinner groan,
Till his hardness Thou remove,
His, and mine, by dying love.

821. *He saith unto the man, Stretch forth, &c.*—iii. 5.

1 WHO follow Christ in good delight:
The soul they in His name invite,
Sinner, thy hand extend,
In alms and prayer thy faith to show,
Extend thy hand to grasp a foe,
And turn him to a friend.

2 But Thou, my Saviour, must confer
The energy of faith and prayer,
The life of charity,
Whoe'er exerts his wither'd hand,
Transmitted through Thy sole command
The virtue comes from Thee.

3 Thy hand, O Lord, o'er us extend,
To bless and strengthen and defend,
To heal and sanctify,
To fit for every righteous deed,
To mould after Thy will, and lead
And lift us to the sky.

822. *The Pharisees...took counsel...against Him, &c.*—iii. 6.

1 WHAT is an heart with envy fraught,
And pride, the *Pharisaic* leaven!
It poisons every word and thought,
Into the hands of Satan given,
Contrives to' advance the murderer's cause,
And nails the Saviour to His cross.

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2 By the malicious fiend possess'd,
Evil he counts his only gain,
Virtue he turns into a pest,
The balm of *Gilead* into bane;
By good his wretched soul he kills,
By good his own damnation seals.

823. *Jesus withdrew Himself.*—iii. 7.

SHALL we by resistance vain
Tempt the rage of wicked men?
No; but till our work is done,
Humbly wise, their malice shun;
Guided by our Saviour's eye,
When to stand and when to fly.

824. *He...healed many; insomuch that they pressed, &c.*—iii. 10.

1 SEE the patience of our God,
Jesus' love with wonder see!
Gracious He received the crowd,
Bare their importunity:
Who to Him for help applied
None unsuccour'd He repell'd!
Kind relief to none denied,
Spake their every sickness heal'd.

2 Surely then if sick and poor
Sinners of their hearts complain,
Jesus will their spirits cure,
Give them back their health again:
When we will not let Him rest,
He our holy violence loves,
Urged and importuned and press'd,
All our sins and griefs removes.

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825. *He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth, &c.*—iii. 13.

1 OUR sovereign Priest above,
Who first went up the hill,
Doth by His secret Spirit move
And call whome'er He will :
Fountain of priestly power
And ministerial grace,
The church's Head our souls adore,
The God of holiness:

2 His ministers He takes,
Ordains them all alone,
Associates with Himself, and makes
In mind and spirit one.
Close after Him they press,
The holy mount ascend ;
And Jesus with His servants stays
Till time and death shall end.

826. *And He ordained twelve...that He might send, &c.*—iii. 14.

1 SENT forth by Christ indeed,
His true apostles go,
Through earth the joyful tidings spread
Of heaven display'd below :
Physicians under God
They for His patients care,
And all the grace on them bestow'd
To others minister.

2 War with the fiend they wage,
From strength to strength go on,
And cast him out in every age,
And tread his kingdom down:
Their Lord sets to His seal,
His own great power applies,

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O'erturns by them the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

827. *The multitude cometh together again.*—iii. 20.

1 WHO of the rich or great appear?
The vulgar run in flocks to hear,
The refuse of mankind,
Whom all the wise and noble scorn,
To Jesus from their sins they turn,
And sure salvation find.

2 To' abase the loftiness of man
Their grandeur, power, and honour vain,
The despicable herd,
The poor to their Redeemer cleave:
And few besides will e'er receive
A mean rejected Lord.

828. *They could not so much as eat bread.*—iii. 20.

1 DISPENSERS of the joyful word,
Taught by the' example of our Lord,
We in His footsteps tread,
Servants of souls, for them we live,
Our utmost strength and labour give,
To serve their every need.

2 On them we day and night attend,
Our graces, gifts, and talents spend,
Each precious moment buy,
Forget our needful rest and food,
Spend all our lives for sinners' good,
And in their service die.

829. *When His friends heard* of it, *they went out, &c.*—iii. 21.

1 HIS body if a Christian slight,
A pastor toil by day and night,

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His health in serving souls impair,
His madness all mankind declare:
But let a fool his God disdain,
Expose his life and soul for gain,
Destroy his health, abridge his days,
And all mankind his wisdom praise.

2 Above my Lord I would not be,
Prized by a world that branded Thee,
But scorn their scandalous esteem
Who dared my God Himself blaspheme:
My portion of Thy shame I take,
A madman for my Master's sake,
And made unto salvation wise,
Pursue my Pattern to the skies.

830. *He called them* unto Him, *and said, &c.*—iii. 23.

JESUS' blacken'd follower may
His own innocency clear,
Inconsistent lies display,
Guard the simple and sincere:
Call'd sometimes for God to speak,
Foulest slanders to disprove,
Then he answers mild and meek,
Full of truth and power and love.

831.

1 FOOLISH world, who brand the men,
Men of God, as tools of hell!
Tell us not they preach for gain
Who their lives for Jesus sell;
Tell us not they preach for fame,
Sinners while to Christ they call,
Cover'd with contempt and shame,
Hated and abhorr'd of all.

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2 Would the wise malicious fiend
Weapons 'gainst himself employ,
Raise up instruments and send
His own kingdom to destroy?
Who with sin incessant fight,
Satan of his prey disseize,
God declares they must be right,
Owns the messengers for His.

832. *No man can enter into a strong man's house, &c.*—iii. 27.

1 WHEN Satan rules the simple heart,
Jesus alone can drive him thence:
Jesus, Thy Spirit's power exert,
Bring in Thy love's omnipotence,
The fiend out of my soul to chase,
And plant Thy kingdom in its place.

2 The strong man arm'd this moment bind,
The bold usurper of Thy throne,
His armour seize, the carnal mind,
The unbelieving heart of stone,
Out of my flesh the evil tear,
And pluck my soul out of the snare.

3 My soul redeem'd from Satan's toils
Now for Thy lawful captive claim,
Stir up Thy strength and take the spoils,
Thy double property I am,
Mark'd with Thy name, the goods are Thine,
Thy work, and bought with blood Divine.

833. *Verily I say unto you, All sins shall, &c.*—iii. 28.

1 ALL! shall all forgiven be!
Mercy then there is for me:
Great as my offences are
Christ prohibits my despair:

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If to Jesus' name I bow,
Ready is my pardon now,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood,
Promised by the oath of God.

2 Saviour at Thy feet I fall:
All! hast Thou forgiven all!
All the sins I e'er have done!
O the depth of love unknown!
Lost in love unknown I cry
Why, Thou Friend of sinners, why?
Cry through all eternity,
Why would God expire for me?

834. *He that shall blaspheme against, &c.*—iii. 29, 30.

1 WHOE'ER rejects Thy sacrifice
Disdaining to be saved by Thee,
The Spirit of holiness decries,
The fulness of the Deity;
Which dwells for man in Thee alone,
Who scorns that He in him should dwell,
In spite of all Thy love hath done
He will his own damnation seal.

2 But O, my Lord and God Thou art,
Thou hast the Spirit to confer,
Who sprinkles with Thy blood my heart,
Renews me in Thine image here:
Jesus, the purchase of Thy death,
The Spirit pure of ripest grace
Into my panting bosom breathe,
And fit me thus to see Thy face.

835. *Whosoever shall do the will of God, &c.*—iii. 35.

WHO do the will Divine,
In heaven their bless'd abode

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The church of the first-born they join,
The family of God:
Obedient faith and love
Our soul to God allies,
And makes us one with Christ above,
Our Brother in the skies.

CHAPTER IV.

836. *And said unto them in His doctrine.*—iv. 2.

1 CHRIST and whoe'er *His* doctrine preach,
Not as the world's declaimers teach;
His doctrine speaks of Him alone,
With secret energy unknown,
And sweetly doth the heart incline,
And proves itself the word Divine.

2 Who publish His authentic word,
Preach not themselves, but Christ the Lord,
Preachers of real righteousness,
Of glorious joy and heavenly peace,
They spread the virtue from above,
The pure morality of love.

3 Jesus, Thy messengers prepare,
Thy genuine gospel to declare;
Reveal in them the mystery,
And make them apt to teach, like Thee,
And faithfully Thy people feed,
And nourish souls with living bread.

4 Attended by Thy Spirit's power
Before them set an open door;

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The word Thou dost vouchsafe to bless
Shall yield an hundredfold increase,
And every prosper'd messenger
Save his own soul, with theirs that hear.

837. *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.*—iv. 9.

He understands the word aright
Of Jesus' ministers,
Who hears with care, and takes delight
To practise what he hears:
But only God the willing mind,
The listening ear can give,
The grace which all may seek and find,
May ask it, and receive.

838. *When He was alone, they...asked of Him, &c.*—iv. 10.

Thy own word I bring to Thee
(Left with my great Lord alone);
Scatter the obscurity,
Make the hidden meaning known:
Dark Thou know'st I am and blind,
Let Thy Spirit's grace bestow'd
Lead me into all the mind,
All the mysteries of God.

839. *Unto you it is given to know the mystery, &c.*—iv. 11.

1 Reason's glimmering light is vain,
Till Thy Spirit I receive:
He Thy language must explain,
He must give me to believe:
When the precious gift is mine,
Then I know the mystery,
Feel the power of love Divine
Stablishing its throne in me.

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2 Yet I cannot proudly scorn
Those without, who nothing know :
Of Thy word and Spirit born
All I am to grace I owe,
Those without may be brought in,
I receive the faith in vain,
I may forfeit it by sin,
They by grace the kingdom gain.

840. *Know ye not this parable? and how, &c.*—iv. 13.

OUR ignorance 'tis Thine to show,
And make us sensible
We never can the mysteries know
Which Thou dost not reveal:
All Scripture hence we plainly see
By inspiration given,
And wait, O Lord, till taught of Thee
We teach the way to heaven.

841. *The sower soweth the word.*—iv. 14.

THE word in every one
Who faithfully receives,
An earnest of his bliss begun,
A seed of glory lives:
But let it still increase,
A tree of life arise,
And yield the fruits of righteousness,
The fruits of paradise.

842.

THE bare external word
A human sower sows;
But our unseen almighty Lord
The power and grace bestows,

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The soul's attentive ear,
The persevering root,
The fertile ground, the heart sincere,
The growth and perfect fruit.

843. *They...receive* the word *with gladness, &c.*—iv. 16, 17.

WHO untried himself can know?
Trials make the heart appear:
Joy if Thou on me bestow,
Guard it, Lord, with modest fear;
Nature's ostentatious pride,
Self-delight far off remove,
Then I shall the test abide,
Rooted deep in humble love.

844. *The lusts of other things entering in, choke, &c.*—iv. 19.

SAVIOUR I in Thee confide:
How shall I Thy grace retain?
Aught if I desire beside,
All my good desires are vain:
Lest the world ensnare my heart,
Banish every thought of Thee,
Entering now, no more depart,
Christ be all in all to me.

845. *These are they which are sown on good ground, &c.*—iv. 20.

WITH humble joy the word who hear
And faithfully retain,
And practise it with zeal sincere,
The full reward they gain;
In faith they more and more increase,
In hope and patient love,
Have here their fruit to holiness,
And endless life above.

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846. *Is a candle...to be put under a bushel, or, &c.*—iv. 21.

TRUTH will not be suppress'd,
Our faith by works is shown,
Our Saviour openly confess'd
By all who Christ have known:
Christians as lamps appear,
Light to the world we give;
And if our words they will not hear,
They must behold us live.

847. *There is nothing hid, which shall not be, &c.*—iv. 22.

TRUTH never shuns the light,
The light it loves and spreads:
But well the conscious sons of night
May hide their wicked deeds—
Till that eternal day
Their works and hearts reveal,
And all the secret good display
Which humble saints conceal.

848. *Take heed what ye hear.*—iv. 24.

LORD, if Thou giv'st the hearing ear,
The faith that works by love,
Thy word we cautiously shall hear,
And carefully improve;
Savour of life it then shall be,
Thoughts, words, and actions leaven,
And build us up complete in Thee,
And give us thrones in heaven.

849. *He that hath, to him shall be given.*—iv. 25.

THE hope of Thy redeeming love
Ah, give me, Saviour, to retain,

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To use, and carefully improve
One talent, till the rest I gain:
On me, if still I clasp Thy feet,
Thou wilt bestow the gospel-peace,
And then the righteousness complete,
And then the crown of righteousness.

850. *So is the kingdom of God, as if a man, &c.*—iv. 26. 27.

1 YE bold to' explain, describe, define
The progress of the life Divine,
Your learned ignorance allow,
And own it grows ye know not how!

2 No mortal eye the manner sees,
The imperceptible degrees,
By which our Lord conducts His plan,
And brings us to a perfect man.

851. *The earth bringeth forth...first the blade, &c.*—iv. 28.

1 THOU dost not say, The seed springs up
Into an instantaneous crop;
But waiting long for its return,
We see the blade, the ear, the corn:
The weak; and *then* the stronger grace,
And *after that* full holiness.*

2 Thou then the fond delusion stop
Of nature's unsupported hope,
Which bids us snatch the' unlabour'd prize,
And into sudden pillars rise,
Step o'er the cross, and work between,
And sleeping dream—"we cannot sin"!

* "So the soul, in an inexplicable manner, brings forth *first* weak graces, *then* stronger, *then* full holiness."—The Rev. Mr. *J. Wesley's* Notes on the New Testament. [*Author's Note.*]

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3 Let *us* with lawful violence strive,
And toil to rest, and die to live,
Humbly in all Thy footsteps go,
From babes to youths, and fathers grow,
From faith, by just gradation move,
Through patient hope, to perfect love.

852. *Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? &c.*—iv. 30.
No turns of eloquence He seeks,
Or flowing ornaments of phrase,
But truth in apt expressions speaks,
To' explain the mysteries of grace,
That simple humble men may know
That which the proud and learned miss,
The way to happiness below,
The way to everlasting bliss.

853. *Spake He the word unto them, as they were able, &c.*—iv. 33.
1 SAVIOUR, instruct us to declare
Thy word as every one can bear,
Milk, or strong meat to give,
As every soul hath gain'd from Thee
A large or small capacity
Thy doctrines to receive.

2 Who the first elements would know,
To these we cannot stoop too low,
Or speak in words too plain,
While step by step we bring them on,
Till all Thy saints through faith alone,
Come to a perfect man.

854. *But without a parable spake He not unto, &c.*—iv. 34.
1 To men of their own knowledge proud,
In every age the truths of God
As riddles dark appear:

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The things in parables conceal'd
From them, are to the poor reveal'd
The simple and sincere.

2 The secrets of the Lord are known
To them who follow Christ alone,
And leave themselves behind ;
To sinners who His cross embrace
He shows the mysteries of grace,
And tells them all His mind.

855. *There arose a great storm of wind, &c.*—iv. 37, 38.

1 WHO sail with our Lord in the ship,
Before we arrive at the skies,
Long toss'd on a perilous deep,
When storms of affliction arise,
We daily in jeopardy live
While sorrow and heaviness seize,
Of death the sad sentence receive
And shrink at a gaping abyss.

2 The floods of ungodliness swell,
The passionate hurricanes roar,
The prince of the air and of hell
All threaten our souls to devour !
The waves they go over our head,
The waves they beat into the ship,
O'erwhelm us with horrible dread
And whirl us immersed in the deep !

3 O where is our Friend in distress ?
He sleeps, but His heart is awake :
Our danger and trouble He sees,
His church He will never forsake :

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He sleeps, to redouble our prayers,
Our groans and importunate cries:
And still for His people He cares,
And soon we shall see Him arise.

856. *Master, carest Thou not that we perish?*—iv. 38.

MASTER, can Thy follower be
Excluded from Thy care,
Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,
And sinking in despair?
Now command the storm to rest,
Hush the wind, the sea reprove,
Spread throughout this troubled breast
A calm of faith and love.

857. *And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said, &c.*—iv. 39.

1 O JESUS awake and be near,
A sinner in mercy to save;
I perish unless Thou appear,
And rescue my soul from the wave:
Assail'd from without and within,
The storm I no longer can bear,
But sink in an ocean of sin,
But plunge in a gulf of despair.

2 Arise in the power of Thy love
My turbulent passions to bind,
Temptation and sin to reprove,
And still the tempestuous wind;
The storm in a moment allay,
Pronounce the omnipotent word,
And ocean at once shall obey,
And nature acknowledge her Lord.

858.

1 PEACE of the tempestuous soul,
Rise and all our fears control,

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Calmer of the troubled breast,
Bring Thy tempted people rest:

2 In a world of evil toss'd,
Wilt Thou let Thy church be lost?
Can we perish in the deep,
Sink with Jesus in the ship?

3 Waking at our plaintive cry,
Show our sure salvation nigh,
By the brightness of Thy face
Sin, the world, and Satan chase.

4 Nothing can withstand Thy will,
Speak and bid the storm be still,
Then the wind shall cease to roar,
Then the sea shall work no more.

5 Lord, if Thou the tempest chide,
Sin shall suddenly subside,
Man to Thy command submit,
Satan fall beneath our feet.

6 Then to perfect peace restored,
Calm'd by Thy almighty word
All our troubles we outfly,
Reach our haven in the sky.

859. *Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?* – iv. 40.

1 Ask we, now the storm is laid,
Wherefore was my heart afraid?
Lord, with shame the cause I see,
Want of confidence in Thee.

2 But Thy love doth not despise
Nature's most imperfect cries,
Souls o'erwhelm'd with doubts and fears,
Faith which next to none appears.

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2 Thou my little faith increase
Till my last temptations cease,
Till Thy goodness I adore
Safe on the eternal shore.

860. *They feared exceedingly, and said one to, &c.*—iv. 41.

1 WHEN the trying hour is pass'd,
Saved by miracle at last,
Mindful of the death so near,
Should we not rejoice with fear?

2 Should we not the dread retain,
Talking of the wondrous Man,
Mighty both in deed and word,
Sovereign universal Lord?

3 Him whom wind and sea obeys,
Him omnipotent in grace,
Him to worship we agree
God from all eternity.

CHAPTER V.

861. *There met Him out of the tombs a man with, &c.*—v. 2.

1 A SINNER'S heart by lust possess'd,
Of birds unclean the loathsome nest,
Of fiends the dark abode;
A stinking sepulchre it lies,
While the poor wretch with horror flies
The sight of man and God.

2 Shut up within himself he dwells,
Corruption, rottenness, conceals,
Till the Deliverer come:

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Tormented then with sudden light
The slave of hell bewrays his fright,
And rushes from his tomb.

3 Jesus, Thy Spirit drags him thence,
Compell'd by Thine omnipotence
He shows himself to Thee,
His putrid heart, his shameful vice
Exposes to Thy glorious eyes,
Thou God of purity.

862. *Who had* his *dwelling among the tombs ; &c.*—v. 3, 4.

1 THE soul o'ercome by vile desires,
When his last spark of grace expires,
Is number'd with the dead,
Buried in a foul body dwells
And all the rage of passion feels,
By sin and Satan led.

2 Impatient of control he flies,
Breaks through the strongest sacred ties
And ranges unconfined,
Nor shame nor conscience can restrain,
Nor all the laws of God and man
The fiend incarnate bind.

863. *And always, night and day, he was in the, &c.*—v. 5, 6.

1 WHERE social virtue never comes,
Among the dead in sin he roams,
Nor finds a moment's rest,
Tortured by contrary desires,
Pride, lust, and rage, he stirs the fires
The *Tophet* in his breast.

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2 How shall he 'escape the hell within?
The' intolerable yoke of sin
How can he break or bear?
O, let him run our Lord to meet,
And worship at *his* Saviour's feet,
And cry for mercy there.

864. He *cried with a loud voice,... What have I to, &c.*—v. 7, 8.

1 YET still the sin to which he cleaves,
Not without violence he leaves
And nature's sorest pain;
As dreading to be dispossess'd,
The fiend he harbours in his breast,
And hugs the tyrant's chain.

2 But Jesus by a sinner seen
Will never bear the spirit unclean
Should in His presence stay:
The powerful word He speaks alone,
The demon foul He bids begone,
And *Legion* must obey.

865. *My name* is *Legion.*—v. 9.

LEGION the true infernal name
Of him, who lost to virtuous shame
The slave of passion lives:
A multitude of passions rise,
And fill'd with one, he every vice
Into his heart receives.

866. *He besought Him much that He would not, &c.*—v 10.

WITH sin we must entirely break,
No truce or composition seek,
But all occasions fly,
No commerce with our lusts maintain,
Or, when the foe's expell'd, remain
With the temptation nigh.

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867. *And see him that was possessed, sitting, &c.*—v. 15.

SEE the soul redeem'd indeed,
From his evil habits freed,
See the pardon'd sinner sit
Listening at his Saviour's feet,
Clothed with Jesus' righteousness,
Fill'd with purity and peace,
To a sober mind restored,
One in spirit with his Lord !

868. *And they began to pray Him to depart out of, &c.*—v. 17.

EARTHLY things who counts his gain,
Christ he will not long retain,
If the world is in his heart,
Christ he wishes to depart,
Dreads the grace on sinners shown,
Happy in their God alone,
Lust prefers to love Divine,
Damns his soul to keep his swine.

869. *He that had been possessed...prayed Him that, &c.*—v. 18.

BLACKER far in my own eyes
Than the foulest slaves of vice,
Saviour I have no pretence
To the place of innocence ;
Yet, my God, I humbly pray,
Suffer me with Thee to stay,
In Thy loving heart to' abide,
Never leave Thy wounded side.

870. *Go...tell...how great things the Lord hath, &c.*—v. 19.

1 SHALL I through prudent fear forbear ?
Or thankfully His grace declare
Who hath my sins forgiven ?

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His grace I will to all proclaim,
That all may praise my Saviour's name,
And earth be turn'd to heaven.

2 Now, Lord, at Thy command I go,
And to my friends the wonders show
Which Thou to me hast shown:
Thou hast Thy pardoning love reveal'd,
The fiend out of my heart expell'd,
And claim'd it for Thine own.

3 While thus I testify of Thee,
With genuine meek humility
Thy witness, Lord, inspire,
That all my friends may wake, and fear,
And listen, till Thyself they hear,
And catch the heavenly fire.

4 Didst Thou in me Thyself reveal,
That I Thy goodness might conceal,
Or boastingly proclaim?
No: but Thou wilt my wisdom be,
And give me true simplicity
To glorify Thy name.

5 Wherefore in confidence of grace,
I tell to all the ransom'd race
What Thou for me hast done,
That all the ransom'd race may find
The present Saviour of mankind,
And praise my God alone.

871. *And had suffered many things of many, &c.*—v. 26.

1 A FOUNTAIN of infectious blood
Hath made my heart and life unclean:

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Most loathsome in the sight of God
The dire concupiscence within,
The filthiness of lust and pride,
Of flesh and spirit I bemoan;
And having all physicians tried,
Confess, I can be heal'd by none.

2 A length of years in sin and pain
Have I not rather died than lived?
Yet no relief from means or men,
Sufferings, or works, have I received:
My strength is spent, my life is gone,
The last faint spark of hope and grace,
And sunk in deep despair I own
I am all sin and wickedness.

872. *When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press, &c.*—v. 27.

BUT lo, at last with joy I hear
Of Jesus and His wondrous name,
And pressing through the crowd, draw near
In hope to touch His garment's hem:
Clothed with our flesh I Him believe
My spirit with His own to join,
And trust by contact to receive
The virtue of that Man Divine.

873. *For she said, If I may touch but His clothes, &c.*—v. 28.

THAT Man, the surety of our peace,
All power doth in Himself contain,
The cure of every soul-disease,
The balm of every grief and pain:
True faith on me if He bestow,
His Spirit then shall make me clean,
The fountain from His side shall flow,
And drain the spring of inbred sin.

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874. *And straightway the fountain of her blood, &c.*—v. 29.

1 THE spring of sin is proud self-love;
And if my Lord His blood apply
His blood the evil shall remove,
His blood shall wholly sanctify;
Shall first of sin obstruct the course
In this frail flesh and heart of mine,
And then dry up corruption's source
By perfect charity Divine.

2 The plague which all my soul o'erspreads
Jesus can in a moment heal:
The long delay from me proceeds,
From mine and not my Saviour's will:
O could I touch the' incarnate God,
And boldly my Redeemer praise,
Cured by the virtue of His blood,
The emanation of His grace!

875. *Jesus, immediately knowing in Himself, &c.*—v. 30.

WISDOM Himself surprised would be
(If man his Maker could surprise)
At confident humility
Which secretly to Christ applies:
Where'er it apprehends its Lord,
He knows the soul no longer pain'd,
The conscious sinner is restored,
The Saviour by a touch is gain'd.

876. *His disciples said unto Him, Thou seest, &c.*—v. 31.

WHAT crowds, O Lord, Thy name profess,
Nor know their sinful malady!
On Thee in vain they throng and press,
Who never touch or cleave to Thee:

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Thou singlest out the soul sincere,
That comes behind, Thy grace to prove,
That seeks abash'd, with speechless fear
And humble faith, Thy healing love.

877. *But the woman fearing and trembling, &c.*—v. 33.

SELF-diffidence may souls abase,
And blind to their own virtues make,
The humble trembling sons of grace
Faith for presumption may mistake:
But Christ delights in faith's excess,
He smiles to see the prostrate soul,
To hear the heal'd with awe confess
The confidence which made them whole.

878. *And He said unto her, Daughter, thy faith, &c.*—v. 34.

WHEN Jesus hath a sinner heal'd,
He will the healing word repeat,
Again confirm the pardon seal'd
To all who tremble at His feet:
"Be heal'd," He every moment saith
In effluxes of gracious power,
And while He speaks, we live by faith,
Go on in peace, and sin no more.

879. *As soon as Jesus heard the word,...He saith, &c.*—v. 36.

1 AT first our wisely silent Lord
Slighted the' afflicted father's prayer,
Gave him no hopes or cheering word,
As quite excluded from His care,
He seem'd to cast his suit aside,
And to another's cure applied.

2 But when his faith begins to fail
O'erpower'd with trials too severe,

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Jesus doth by a word dispel
His sad despondency and fear,
Bids him believe from first to last,
And hold his faith and patience fast.

3 Brought to the point, a sinner still,
When ready to receive his cure,
May greater shocks and conflicts feel,
May sorer agonies endure,
As press'd above what he can bear,
As faith were conquer'd by despair.

4 But then in his extreme distress
The long entreated God will hear,
The sinner's staggering faith increase,
Reveal His great salvation near,
Make all His power and mercy known,
And save his soul by grace alone.

880. *He suffered no man to follow Him, save Peter, &c.*—v. 37.

VAINEST man affects applause,
All his good to man displays;
Jesus from the world withdraws,
Hides His miracles of grace,
Teaches His disciples true
Noise and pomp, like Him, to shun,
Secretly their works to do,
Praise to seek from God alone.

881. *Why make ye this ado, and weep?*—v. 39.

SINNERS who bewail your dead,
See from whence your sorrows flow:
If from nature they proceed,
Stop the unavailing woe:

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Happy who in Jesus sleep:
  Mourn aright ye noisy crowd,
For yourselves, not others, weep,
  Foes to Christ, and dead to God.

882. *They laughed Him to scorn.*—v. 40.

STILL the faithless world deride
  Jesus and His witnesses,
Us who in His power confide
  In His love the dead to raise:
Still their mockings we despise,
  Daily, Lord, Thy wonders see,
Souls who from their sins arise
  Quicken'd by a word from Thee.

883. *Talitha cumi!*—v. 41.

1 JESUS, I wait the Spirit's power
  Which ever doth from Thee proceed,
Which did the breathless maid restore,
  To raise my spirit from the dead:
I look continually to prove
The hidden life of holy love.

2 O bid my dead, dead soul arise,
  In real holiness renew'd,
O give me back my paradise,
  The image and the life of God,
My life, my resurrection be,
And manifest Thyself in me.

3 By one almighty word begin
  Our life of faith and holiness:
And while we daily die to sin,
  Thyself, by swift or slow degrees,

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Diffuse through all Thy members here,
And then our heavenly Head appear.

884. *They were astonished with a great astonishment.*—v. 42.

1 WHAT but Omnipotence can raise
The dead in trespasses and sins?
Jesus the infidels amaze,
The world by miracles convince,
Thy people call out of their tomb,
And prove, Eternal Life is come.

2 Who now Thy living church admire
O may they all our blessings share,
And while Thóu dost their souls inspire,
The quickening power of faith declare,
The world's astonishment increase
By a new life of righteousness.

885. *He...commanded that something should be, &c.*—v. 43.

1 THE life by miracle restored
Must be by common means sustain'd:
But quicken'd by my loving Lord
The life which through His grace I gain'd
Each moment by His grace is fed,
And nourish'd with immortal bread.

2 Whoe'er by Thy command impart
The children's bread, the strengthening grace,
Thou, Lord, both Food and Feeder art;
Thy Spirit to our souls conveys
Perceived and unperceived supplies
Of heavenly life that never dies.

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CHAPTER VI.

886. *Many hearing* Him *were astonished, &c.*—vi. 2.

To' elude the force of truth severe,
Many admire in vain,
And praise the powerful word they hear,
But cavil at the Man.

887. *Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, &c.*—vi. 3.

THE world with spurious wisdom blind
Always reject the true,
Occasion of offence they find
In Him they never knew;
They stumble at His low estate
Who left His throne above,
Humbled Himself, to make us great
And crown us with His love.

888. *He could there do no mighty works, save that, &c.*—vi. 5.

THE' ungrateful unbelieving crowd
Tie up the bounteous hands of God,
And stop His saving power;
Yet with the sick of sin He stays,
And every soul that needs His grace
He doth to health restore.

889. *He marvelled because of their unbelief.*—vi. 6.

THOU wonderest at our unbelief,
That with astonishment and grief
We our own sin may see,
Our incredulity confess,
Ask at Thy feet the saving grace
And faith receive from Thee.

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890. *And began to send them forth by two and two, &c.*—vi. 7.

1 WHO sends His servants forth by pairs,
To make His power and goodness known,
Thus to their successors declares
That two are better far than one,
And wills the preachers in His name
To think, and speak, and live the same.

2 The force of unity Divine
Nor men nor devils can oppose;
If Jesus' love our spirits join,
We trample on our hellish foes,
And spoil *Abaddon* of his crown,
And turn his kingdom upside down.

891. He *commanded them that they should take, &c.*—vi. 8.

1 TRUE ministers of gospel grace,
Detach'd from all the things below,
The cross and poverty embrace,
After the Lamb's apostles go;
And partners of the Crucified,
They nothing know or seek beside.

2 Strangers to every priestly vice
The world they neither fear nor love,
They hoard their treasure in the skies,
Fix their desire on things above,
They nothing have, yet all possess,
And fill the earth with heavenly peace.

3 But where, alas, may such be found,
Themselves to Christ who wholly give,
Spread the good news to all around,
And only for their Saviour live,
And glad at last their lives lay down
To gain an apostolic crown!

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892. *Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, &c.*—vi. 11.

1 THE more a preacher toils to save
Rebellious souls that will not hear,
The sorer punishment they have
Scorners of Jesus' messenger:
And justly their neglected Lord
Deprives them of His slighted word.

2 Nor yet His servant He permits
Vengeance on sinners to require:
The meek ambassador retreats,
And never calls for heavenly fire;
Suffers without resentment still,
And answers all his Master's will.

893. *They went out, and preached that men should, &c.*—vi. 12.

1 THE Baptist and his heavenly Lord,
The chosen twelve by Jesus sent,
Dispensers of the gospel-word
Began with all mankind, "Repent,"
Before the Lamb was crucified,
After He had for sinners died.

2 Repentance should be preach'd to all:
And who its preachers vilify,
Blind leaders of the blind miscall,
Wisdom Himself they dare decry,
Jesus and His apostles blame,
Who preach'd repentance in His name.

3 Jesus, Thy contrite Spirit shed
On every gospel-messenger,
Give them a voice to rouse the dead;
Let all the sons of thunder hear,
Let all awake to righteousness,
Repent, believe, and go in peace.

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894. *Herod...said, That John the Baptist was risen, &c.*—vi. 14.

WHAT though a *Sadducee* maintain
The soul doth with its body die,
The infidel believes again,
When conscience waked renews her cry,
Tormented by the saint oppress'd,
The tyrant must his judgment feel,
Nor can he in his palace rest
Who bears about him his own hell.

895. *Herod himself had sent forth and laid, &c.*—vi. 17.

THE servant of unbridled lust
Is always cruel and unjust:
His idol, if for blood she cries,
He gluts with human sacrifice;
And left his measure to fulfil,
To persecute the saints and kill,
He rushes on with conscience sear'd,
And murders whom he once revered.

896. *John had said unto Herod, It is not lawful, &c.*—vi. 18.

IN flattery nursed, the lawless great
A man of rigid virtue hate,
Who faithfully the truth declares,
And neither sin nor sinner spares;
Who no respect of persons knows,
No incense on the gods bestows,
And bold rebukes the royal vice,
And martyr'd for his conscience dies.

897. *Herod feared John, &c.*—vi. 20.

THE wicked may, through pride affect
The good and righteous to respect,
While yet they no disturbance give,
And let them in their passions live.

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But if a zealous preacher rise
And contradict their bosom-vice,
Vengeance his old admirers breathe,
And hurry him to bonds and death.

898. *When a convenient day was come.*—vi. 21.

A CRIME resolved upon
Is more than half complete,
And who no more occasions shun
Will soon occasions meet:
Who bow to passion's sway
Shall find, from fear released,
For sin, the most convenient day
Is a licentious feast.

899. *When the daughter of...Herodias came in, &c.*—vi. 22, 23.

1 How can a child of God
His innocence maintain,
At feasts assembled with the crowd,
Where mirth and pleasure reign?
Where thought and reason yield
To appetite and sense,
Truth for impertinence is held,
And God is banish'd thence.

2 In riotous excess
They with each other vie,
Their irritated passions please,
And modesty defy.
Their joy in sin they seek,
They glory in their shame,
And never of their Maker speak
But to blaspheme His name.

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900. *She...said unto her mother, What shall I ask? &c.*—vi. 24, 25.

1 How dire the ball, the feast,
By its effects we find!
Passion it wakes in *Herod's* breast,
And strikes his judgment blind;
It stirs the vengeful rage
Of the adulterous brood,
And helps a damsel's tender age
To shed a prophet's blood.

2 The sacrilegious three
Become in murder one,
And all the silent guests agree
To make the crime their own:
And who approve their deed
May still with frantic zeal
For innocent diversions plead,
And dance, like them, to hell.

901. *For his oath's sake, and for their sakes, &c.*—vi. 26, 27.

SEE the hypocrite profane,
Satan's superstitious tool,
God defies through fear of man,
Dares not let his passion cool,
Scrupulously he keeps his word;
(Such the fruit that honour brings!)
Slays a prophet of the Lord;
Such the gratitude of kings!

902. *And brought his head in a charger, &c.*—vi. 28.

1 CAN one of the soft gentle kind,
With timorous bashfulness endued
Her joy in hellish murder find,
A prophet's head that swims in blood

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View with unnatural delight,
And feast her vengeance on the sight?

2 Who with the smallest act begin
May still go on, from bad to worse,
Rise to its most gigantic sin,
The sin his nature most abhors,
And one who can his God forget
Can every other crime commit.

903. *When his disciples heard* of it, *they came, &c.*—vi. 29.

1 THE first of saints, the Bridegroom's friend
Doth thus his course of sufferings end,
The Baptist by oppression dies,
A headless trunk the prophet lies,
Till carried from the dungeon's gloom
In silence to his darker tomb.

2 And can we doubt a future day
Which shall the patient saints repay?
The day of man will soon be pass'd
The Judge of all descend at last,
And souls beneath the altar rise
To brightest thrones above the skies.

904. *The apostles gathered themselves together, &c.*—vi. 30.

1 REST succeeding work is sweet,
(Sweetness to the world unknown,)
When we listen at His feet,
Commune with our Lord alone,
When out of ourselves we fly,
After all our preaching toil
Gather'd in by Jesus' eye,
Recompensed by Jesus' smile.

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2 While we in His sight review
Every deed and word and thought,
Faithfully to Him we show
All that we have done and taught,
Prove our lives and doctrines good,
Own we have not run in vain,
Then go forth with strength renew'd,
Preach and live the word again.

905. *Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, &c.*—vi. 31.

A PASTOR who o'erlooks the rest
Should for his fellow-labourers care,
Nor tempt the weak, by toils oppress'd,
With burdens more than they can bear;
He should not urge the strong to' exert
Their utmost powers with restless zeal,
But weigh their needs with pitying heart,
And all their nature's weakness feel.

906. *Jesus...saw much people, and was moved, &c.*—vi. 34.

1 TROOPS of priests and doctors proud
And *Pharisees* there be,
But we cannot in the crowd
A single shepherd see:
Jesus is the Shepherd good,
And Him they madly cast behind,
Him who offers life and food
To them and all mankind.

2 Pastors can we them confess
The flock who never feed,
Never by the word of grace
Supply the people's need?

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Thou, O Lord, their need supply,
Who no kind-hearted pastor have,
Millions at the point to die
Thyself instruct and save.

907. *Send them away, that they may go, &c.*—vi. 36.

SEND the multitude away?
To whom should sinners go?
Jesus, if with Him they stay
Will living bread bestow,
Hungry souls the' immortal meat
May without price and money buy;
Bread, which all who daily eat
Shall never faint or die.

908. *They did all eat, and were filled, &c.*—vi. 42.

1 MANY eat, but are not fill'd
With manna from above,
In all outward knowledge skill'd,
Yet destitute of love:
Without faith the word they read,
Without grace receive the sign,
Take the sacramental bread,
But not the life Divine.

2 But if Christ the bread impart,
The grace to each divide,
Every true believer's heart
Is fill'd and satisfied:
Fill'd, we hunger still, for love
For larger tastes of heavenly grace,
Till we share the feast above,
The sight of Jesus' face.

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909. *He constrained His disciples to get into, &c.*—vi. 45, 46.

CALM retreat and fervent prayer
To labour should succeed,
Every prosper'd messenger
In Jesus' footsteps tread :
If we linger, Lord, behind,
Constrain Thy servants to depart,
Bless us with an active mind
And with a praying heart.

910. *When even was come, the ship was in, &c.*—vi. 47.

JESUS shall I always be
A frail bark amidst the sea,
Labouring against wind and tide,
All these storms of life to' outride,
Toss'd and destitute of aid,
Compass'd round with darkest shade,
Yielding to temptation's power,
Trembling lest the deep devour !

911. *He saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind, &c.*—vi. 48.

1 SAVIOUR, till Thy face I see,
All is contrary to me,
Me whom Thou hast left alone,
Me whose toils to Thee are known :
In this dark tempestuous night
Me Thou keepest still in sight,
Wilt at last dispel the gloom,
Wilt to my deliverance come.

2 Nature cries, Deliver now !
Nature's will to Thine must bow :
Patience taught by Thy delay,
Lord, I for Thy coming stay,

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Wait the leisure of the Lord,
Wait the soul-becalming word,
Hoping against hope believe,
Till my heart its peace receive.

912. *They knew Him, and ran through that, &c.*—vi. 54, 55.

We cannot rest, who Jesus know,
Till others know Him too,
Till Christ on them His gifts bestow,
On them His wonders show:
Sinners we bring to Christ where'er
Distemper'd souls we find,
And wish that all with us may share
The Saviour of mankind.

913. *And besought Him that they might touch, &c.*—vi. 56.

God as He will His grace bestows
Through the external sign:
We touch His sacramental clothes,
And feel the power Divine:
Annex'd to water or to bread
His Spirit we receive,
And help'd by Christ, and heal'd, and fed,
The life of angels live.

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